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NEW YORK

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Widows of Wall Street

By Ralph Gardner Jr.

JUN 1 2 1998

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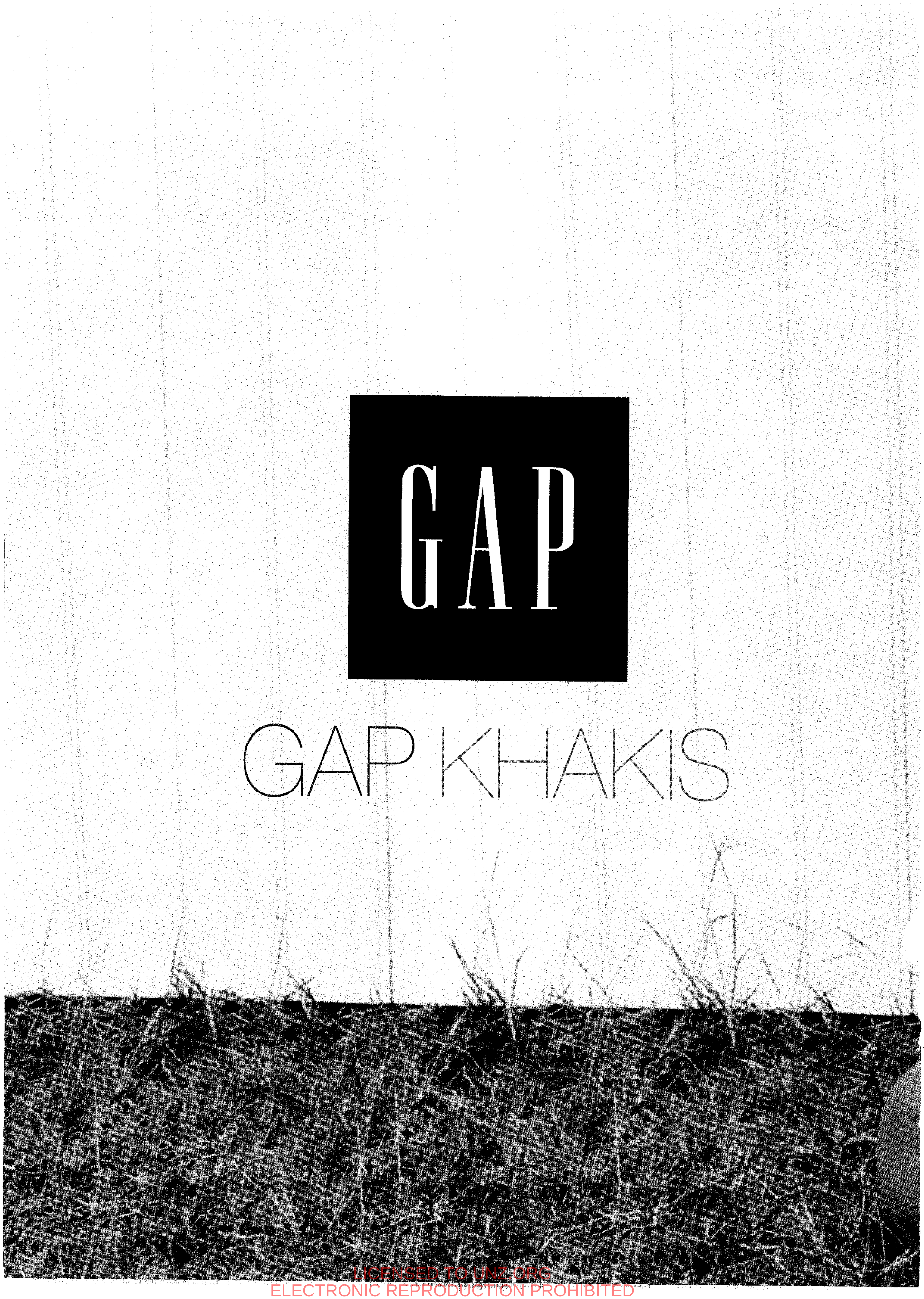
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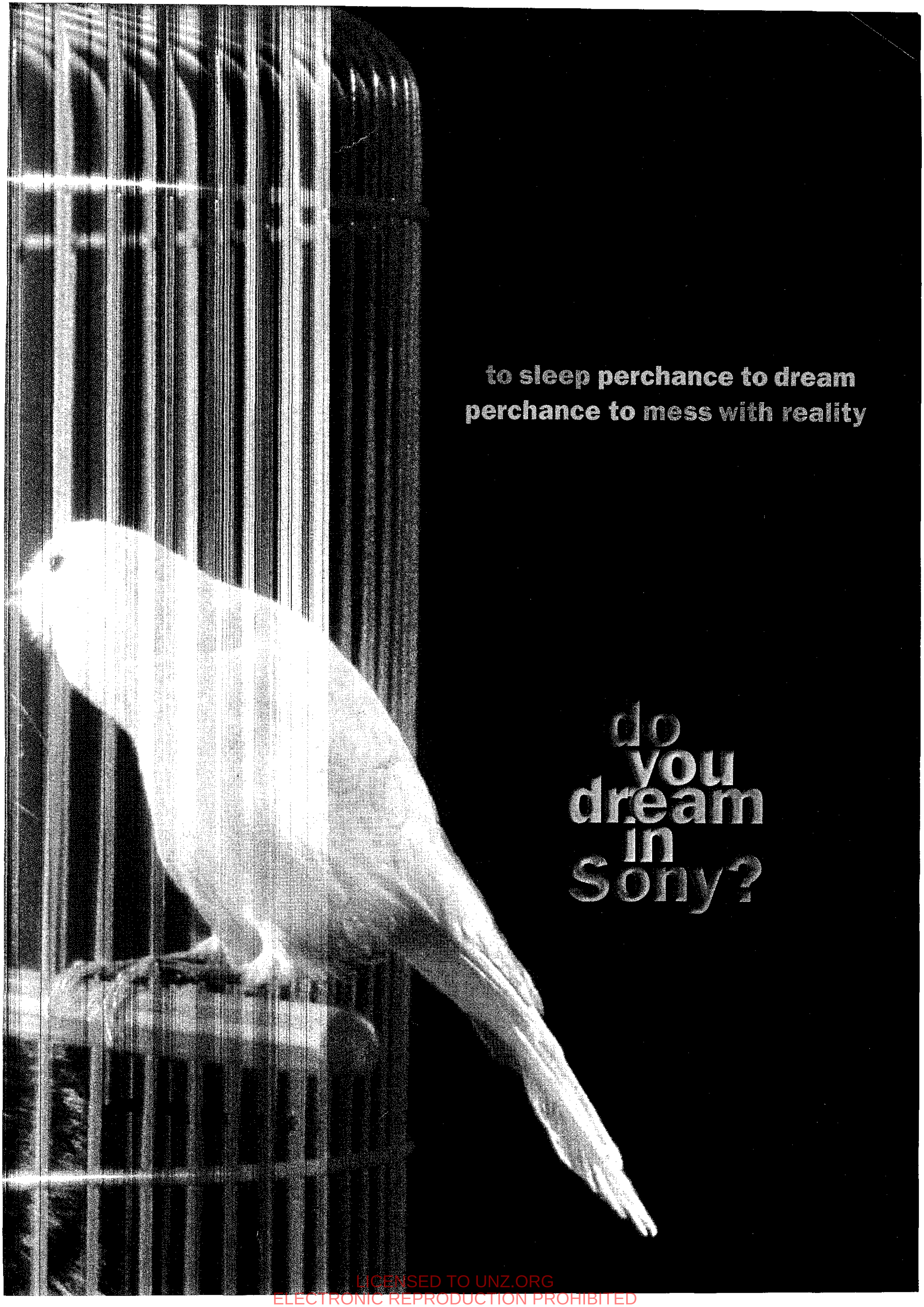
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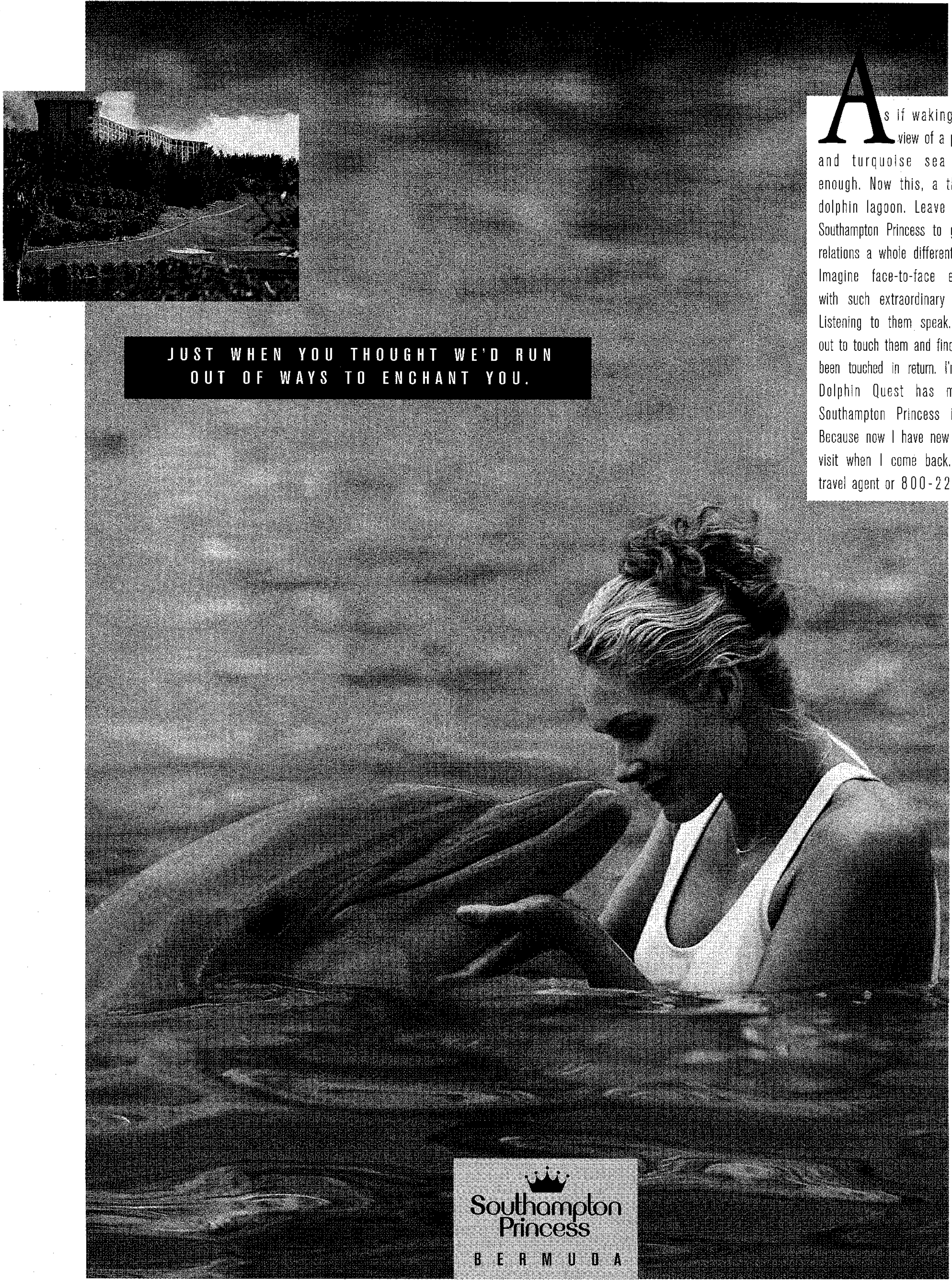
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THE SOUL OF BERMUDA. THE HEART OF YOUR VACATION.

Contents June 15, 1998

> *"I had to sit down with my baby-sitter and explain to her she was going to have to function as another parent in the household. I said, 'Basically, you're my other half.'"*
>
> AN UPPER EAST SIDE HOUSEWIFE, PAGE 24

24 Widows on the World

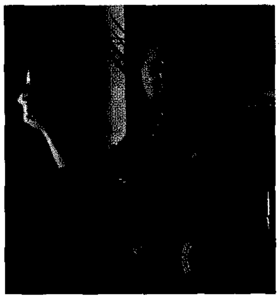
By Ralph Gardner Jr.

It sure *looks* like the good life: Park Avenue perch, ample staff, perfect kids. The gilded cage of the Wall Street wife has never been quite so well-appointed, and as the market booms, the money-and-power-besotted husbands who feather the nest work nonstop. The wives, meanwhile have their charities, their kids, their lunches—and their loneliness to cope with.

30 Chip Beef

By James Surowiecki

New Journalist turned cyberhead Michael Wolff saw it all: His start-up Internet company was on the fast track to scoring on Wall Street until it crashed like an overworked PC. His new book, *Burn Rate*, is a *Liar's Poker* for the Net set.



36 World Blues Tonight

By Meryl Gordon

As he finally takes over ABC News, David Westin has to contend with shaky ratings, giant egos, a disaster of a morning show, and the indelible presence of Roone Arledge (not to mention that nosy Mouseketeer holding the purse strings). This ABC isn't so simple.

42 After Breakfast

By Alissa Quart

In Ally Sheedy's new independent movie, *High Art*, she plays a troubled lesbian artist trying to reclaim a bit of her early, spectacular success. Sheedy—dancer with ABT by 6, published author by 12, Brat Packer and recovering bulimic by 20—says she's never played a part so close to her own life. The fire is back.

Gotham

15 India vs. Pakistan in New York; hockey gets rolling; a star chef defends food carts

19 Gotham Style *New York* goes to the prom

Departments

20 The Culture Business

Jeremy Gerard

For the happy hawkers of the Great White Way, the T-shirts are as important as the show

22 The Image

Barbara Lippert

A diminutive but fierce former Family Court judge now courts stardom on daytime TV

56 The Insatiable Critic

Gael Greene

Montrachet's continuing cachet; a tasting of $19.98 summer lunches

Marketplace

44 Best Bets

Corky Pollan

Cool cars for your cuffs; a puzzling bookcase; sybaritic stuff for the bathroom

46 The Goods

Manny Howard

Easy riding: A safe-driving class for the new breed of bikers

48 Sales & Bargains

Ondine Cohane

Tangled up in blue: Azure plates, sharp suits, and sparkling topaz

The Arts

49 Movies

David Denby

Michael Douglas's magnetism grounds *A Perfect Murder;* the languorous seriousness of *High Art*

51 Books

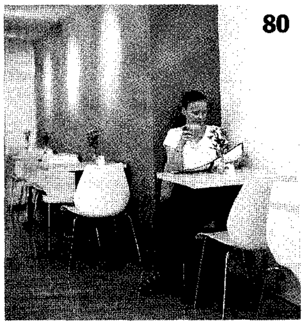
Walter Kirn

Capitalism—both bad and beneficent—is the protagonist of Richard Powers's *Gain*

52 Theater

John Simon

Old wives' tale: *Henry VIII* makes human drama out of pure pomp



80

54 Art

Mark Stevens

Andrew Wyeth and Edward Burne-Jones, seen past their reputations

Cue

59 Cale's tale; Pó two; fresh *Breath;* Coney Island babies

Misc.

Letters 9

Intelligencer *by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell* 11

***New York* Competition** *by Mary Ann Madden* 102

***Guardian* Crossword** 104

'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson* 104

Classified 91

Strictly Personals 99

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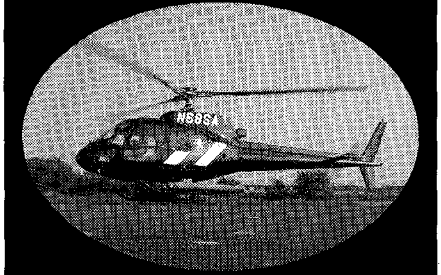

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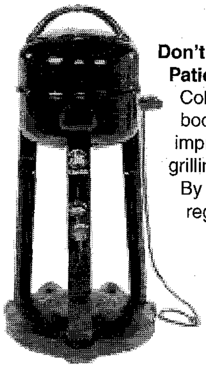

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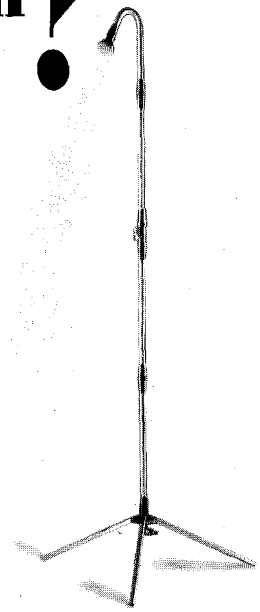

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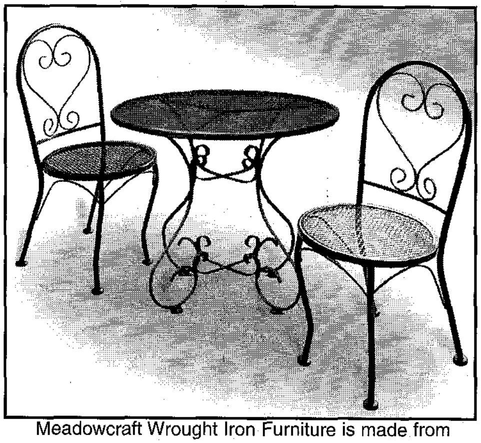

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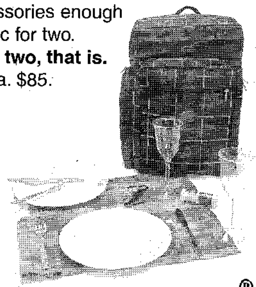

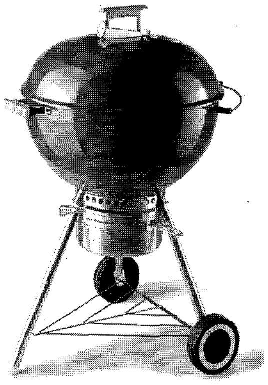

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Lite and Lively

Healthiness at noon; Tim Russert's true talents and ambitions; more venues for human-canine bonding; who had time for affairs at 'The New Yorker'?

WE LOVE CHARLOTTE GOULD'S Skinny Lunch ["The Lite Stuff," by Karen Angel, May 11]. We marvel at how she manages to deliver a tasty and delightful meal for a reasonable price each day of the week. Whether it's smoked salmon with lemon, capers, and thinly sliced seven-grain bread or Yucatan marinated chicken with a roasted-poblano sauce, we look forward to a truly happy meal. Gould is a master with legumes and grains and a wizard at saucery. We have been devotees for a year now, and we admire her skill with menu planning, visual presentation, and tantalizing flavors. She's the best-kept secret in New York for lunch.

Monique Luchetti
Jeffrey Ruesch
MANHATTAN

VEGETARIAN CUISINE HAS NEVER REALLY appealed to me in the past, because of its cardboard texture and lack of creativity. However, I had a meal delivered to me at the office from Healthy Home Cooking and I was amazed by its palatable delights. As a full-time financial professional working on Wall Street and attending business school in the evening, I find it a challenge to eat nutritiously. I consider Healthy Home Cooking's dishes to be comfort food, like the meals that Mom would make with tender loving care.

Richard Tom
MANHATTAN

On the Record

"SOME WELL-PLACED SOURCES INSIST THAT Gartner exiled Russert to Washington because he feared the ambitious executive had an eye on his own job," writes David Brock in "Sunday, Bloody Sunday" [May 18]. Had Mr. Brock asked, I would have said: I asked Tim Russert to become Washington-bureau chief of NBC News because I thought he knew more about politics than anyone I've ever met, with the possible exception of Al Hunt. I then asked him to go on *Meet the Press,* and ultimately to become the moderator, because I thought he had not only a knowledge and understanding of politics and Washington but also a tough but fair style and what my 96-year-old father calls an "affidavit face." I then added an extra half-hour—Russert didn't have to persuade me; I had to persuade him—because he had made the show so interesting and informative. I doubt that Russert "had an eye" on my job, anyway; he's too smart to want it.

Michael G. Gartner
AMES, IOWA

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Puppy Love

EMENDATION IS REQUIRED REGARDING Ruth Katz's "Helping Paws," on pet therapy at St. Luke's–Roosevelt Hospital [May 18]. Robin Kovary was another key figure in bringing pets into city hospitals. Robin not only tirelessly volunteered her time and energy to the visiting program at St. Luke's but was instrumental in paving the way for pet therapy at St. Vincents Hospital. St. Vincents landmark program, run by Ellen Martin, put in place to challenge the state's "no dogs in hospitals" policy, can boast that on May 20, the law legalizing pet therapy in acute-care hospitals took effect.

Shelley Davis
MANHATTAN

I WAS DISAPPOINTED THAT NORTH SHORE Animal League's very successful Pet Outreach Program was not included in Ruth Katz's article. Each week, caring and dedicated Outreach team members bring adorable puppies from the League's Adoption Center to visit with folks in nursing homes, children's hospitals, Alzheimer's respites, cerebral-palsy care facilities, and senior centers, to name just a few. Countless letters from directors of these organizations attest to the incredible difference these little animal orphans have made in the lives of many of the elderly and chronically ill.

Perry Fina
Director of Operations
North Shore Animal League
MANHATTAN

Office Romance

FOR THOSE WHO WERE THERE, THE ASTONishing quality of *The New Yorker* was its empathy for writers and its relaxed collegiality, the spirit of which is a million miles away from Paul Alexander's recent steamed-up portrait ["The Talk of the Town," April 27]. The one thing Alexander got right that pertains to me was that I was initially hired at *The New Yorker* as a fact checker. Though I worked there for a few years under my maiden name, I soon became a staff writer and published under my married name, Lis Harris, for more than two decades. There are other errors: Richard Harris was never an editor but a well-known investigative reporter. By the time he and Kennedy Fraser married, I had long since left fact checking and so, of course, could not have been checking her pieces (or anybody else's). The truth is that most of the time, most of the people described were glued to their desks rather than their beds, producing the work that made *The New Yorker* the magazine that it was.

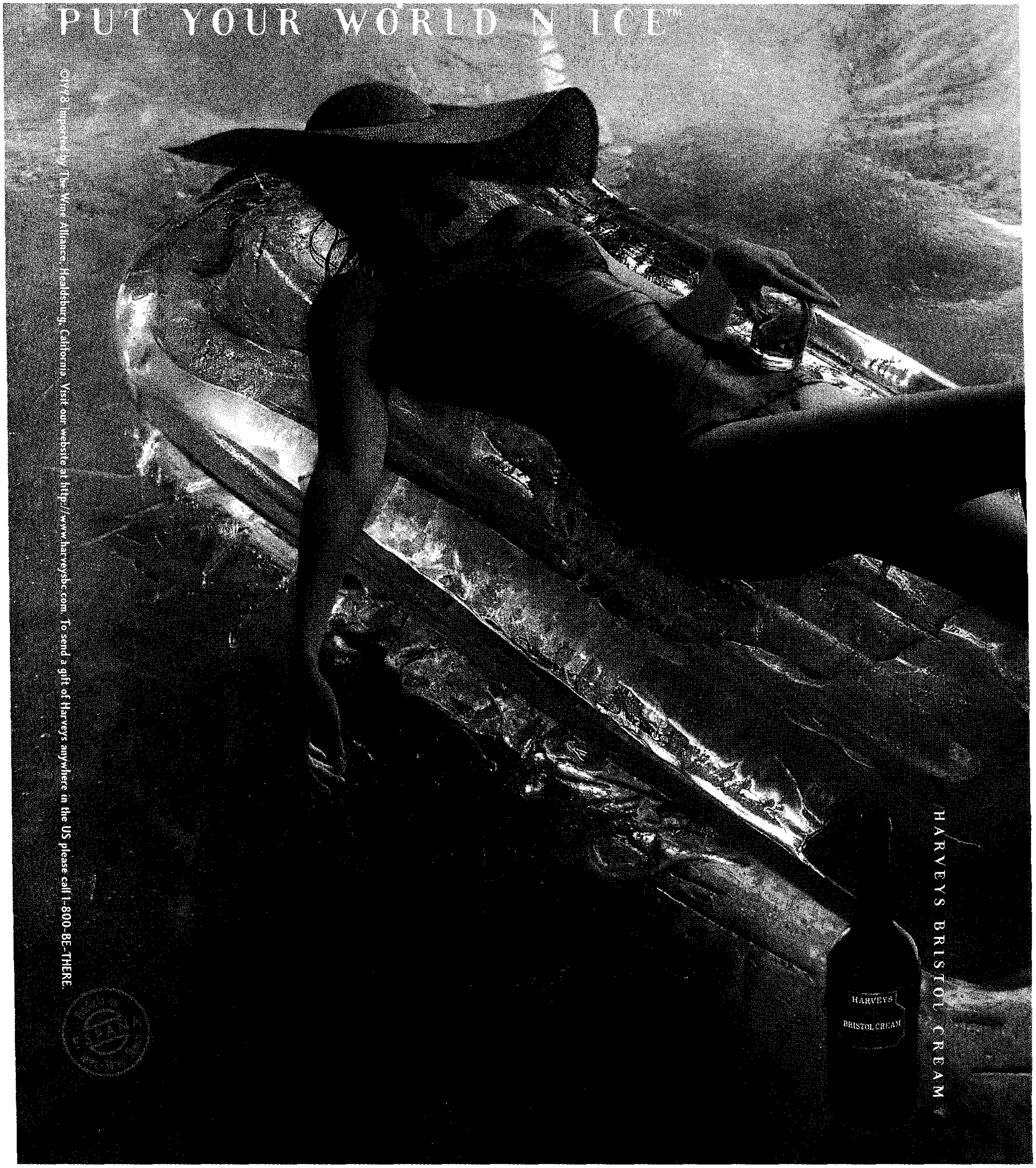
Lis Harris
MANHATTAN

Earnest Rebuttal

IN DAVID DENBY'S REVIEW OF WARREN Beatty's new film *Bulworth* ["Movies: Candid Chimera," May 18], which incidentally features walk-ons by *Nation* contributors Bob Scheer and Stanley Sheinbaum, among others, he contrasts Beatty's "blast of craziness and scorn" protesting the abandonment of liberalism with "the pained, earnest tones" of *The Nation.* Calvin Trillin, Alex Cockburn, Christopher Hitchens, Katha Pollitt, Eric Alterman, David Corn, Patricia Williams, *moi* "pained and earnest"? We'll match our craziness and scorn against Warren's any day.

Victor Navasky, Publisher
Katrina vanden Heuvel, Editor
The Nation
MANHATTAN

David Denby responds: Take it easy, guys. What I complained of was the "pained, earnest tones of a *Nation* editorial." I never had in mind *The Nation's* unspeakably distinguished columnists.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HARVEYS
Interludes

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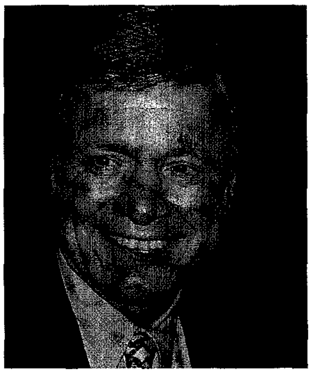
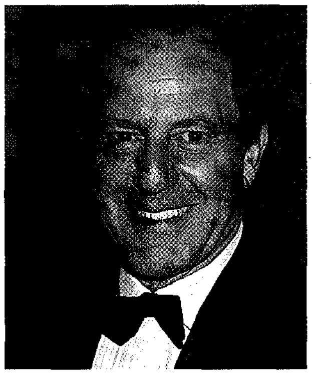
INTELLIGENCER



Peter Vallone:
A late call

MORT'S MUM ON HIS FALLOWS PERIOD

John McLaughlin got a taste of sweet revenge recently when **Mort Zuckerman** was on his show. After the taping, according to an eyewitness, McLaughlin turned to Zuckerman and asked, "So, are you going to fire **Jim Fallows**?" Before he became editor of Zuckerman's *U.S. News & World Report,* Fallows wrote *Breaking the News,* a 1996 book that called McLaughlin "a buffoonish character" and took him to task for creating the "political talk industry." Zuckerman deflected the question neatly (if ambivalently), according to the source, answering, "Well, that's up to Harry," a reference to Zuckerman's new editorial director, **Harry Evans.** After a piece in *Washingtonian* came down hard on Fallows—and Fallows complained to Zuckerman—the media mogul did write a letter to the staff, disavowing one section of the article that has Zuckerman complaining to his friends that Fallows "has 'broken' his magazine." Still, the rumors persist that Fallows may not last long as the editor of *U.S. News.* A spokesperson for the magazine says management is "satisified" with Fallows, adding, "It's all good news at *U.S. News.*" Zuckerman, McLaughlin, and Evans could not be reached at deadline.



Mort Zuckerman:
Not breaking the news?

THE RACE TO BE NUMBER TWO

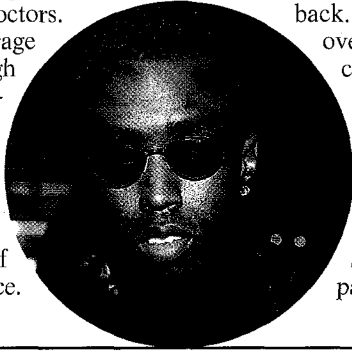
"**Peter Vallone**'s word is gold: You can take it to the bank," his running mate, **Clyde Rabideau,** said at the recent Democratic convention in Rye. But just hours before, members of the New York gubernatorial candidate's staff were furiously trying to dump Rabideau from the ticket, according to several inside sources. Rabideau, the mayor of Plattsburgh, had promised to deliver upstate votes to the City Council Speaker, according to one convention insider—assurances that led Vallone's staff confidently to predict a 51 percent landslide. When Vallone eked out only 44 percent of the vote, his people "were very angry" and "felt they had no obligation to Clyde, because he hadn't delivered," the insider continues. That's when they approached Brighton supervisor **Sandra Frankel,** who was already committed to a rival gubernatorial candidate, Brooklyn D.A. **Charles (Joe) Hynes.** "About 2:30 in the morning, someone from the Vallone campaign came to see someone on our side," confirms a source close to Frankel, who adds that Vallone's staff member seemed ready to dump Rabideau. But since Frankel was unwilling to desert Hynes (according to sources from both camps), the talks went nowhere, leaving Vallone with Rabideau. Vallone's spokesperson, **Peter Ragone,** insists that the 2:30 A.M. meeting never happened. "It sounds like someone who didn't get chosen as Vallone's running mate . . . [is] trying to rewrite history. It's laughable," says Ragone.

LOFTIER PLANS FOR SPY SPACE

Say good-bye to Spy. **Tony Goldman,** who owns the space on Greene Street that houses the high-profile club, a celebrity stomping ground over the past couple of years, is transforming the building (along with four adjacent ones) into a 100-room loft hotel. "We are going to build bigger rooms with higher ceilings than at other hotels," explains **Joey Goldman,** Tony's son and partner in the pro-

HUFFING AND PUFFING IN THE DELIVERY ROOM

Even before he was born, only the best would do for **Sean "Puffy" Combs**'s little boy, **Christopher.** When Combs's girlfriend, **Kim Porter,** went into labor at Mount Sinai, Combs and his troop of burly bodyguards wound up squaring off against the hospital's team of elite doctors. As the entire entourage watched Porter go through labor, Combs suddenly became alarmed when it seemed that an intern was about to give Porter her epidural. "So you had this squad of goons staring down this team of white coats," says a source. Explains a rep for Combs: "Puffy just wouldn't stand for an intern doing the procedure. He wanted the No. 1 doctor in the hospital doing it. I mean, you've got your girlfriend lying on a table, screaming in pain—you don't want some intern jabbing her in the back." The anesthesiologist who oversaw Porter's delivery declined to comment, citing patient confidentiality. Porter may have enjoyed a pain-free few hours, but it remains to be seen whether Combs can somehow make his rumored relationship with *Out of Sight* star **Jennifer Lopez** less painful for Porter to bear.



Photographs: clockwise from top left, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; Henry McGee/Globe Photos; Steve Azarra/Sygma.

Bob Guccione Jr.:
Gearing up

ject. As for the SoHo Kitchen and Bar, currently in one of the buildings scheduled for renovation, the Goldmans plan to leave that restaurant intact. "We are going to work miracles and build around it," says Joey. The hotel is projected to open by the end of next year.

BOB IS IN THE *DETAILS*

Compare the June issue of *Details* with the March prototype of *Gear,* and get ready to keep score. Both magazines used the headlines SEX FILES and POSTCARDS FROM THE EDGY, and both featured articles on Brazilian soccer star **Ronaldo.** *Gear* editor **Bob Guccione Jr.** insists he's been a lifelong soccer fan but that *Details* has never run a story on the sport before. *Details* editor **Michael Caruso** says he played soccer in college and explains that the interview had been in the works for almost half a year. "Give them credit for good taste," shrugs Guccione. "Just coincidence," counters Caruso, who maintains that neither he nor anyone on his staff even saw *Gear*'s prototype. Guccione's magazine doesn't start publishing until August, and it'll go monthly next March. "Then we can be a more efficient source of ideas for them," jokes Guccione. "Well, I guess there's no need for *Gear,* because *Details* is already doing the stories," snipes Caruso.

CHANEL TO SHISEIDO: YOUR NUMBER'S UP

What's in a number? Apparently a lot, if it's the right number. Chanel has served the Shiseido Company with papers, demanding that it stop using 5S as the name of its new product line and store on Prince Street. Says a Shiseido representative, "Chanel has asked us to cease and desist using the number five because it infringes on their trademark. We are aware the suit is pending and we are very surprised." Though the two companies are currently in negotiation, a spokesperson for Chanel says, "For over 70 years, the number five has been associated with Chanel and its world-famous fragrance and cosmetic products . . . Chanel has no choice but to put Shiseido on formal notice of its legal position."

CRAMER'S SHOW; MCCALL'S DOUGH

CRAMER'S ABC'S: "It's not that I'm turning into **Warren Beatty** or anything," laughs **Jim Cramer,** the fund manager and financial journalist who's ready for his close-up. Cramer's television pilot, *Real Money,* is enjoying a dramatic debut—a top-secret sneak preview dropped into last Sunday's *Good Morning America* on ABC. The idea, Cramer says, is "to let you see what I do for a living." Cramer wants to teach his principles of trading, instead of broadcasting stock tips that cause people to "buy high and sell low." For his first show, he's scheduled a *mano a mano* talk between stock-fund manager **Mario Gabelli** and Vanguard Index pioneer **John Bogle.** Working in broadcast news, Cramer says, makes him appreciate "the relative sanity I have coming to work on Wall Street."

THE RUBIN SANDWICH: Treasury Secretary **Robert Rubin** is making a campaign stop this week at Tavern on the Green, where he's the special guest at Comptroller **Carl McCall'**s fund-raiser. "If you're running for comptroller, you can't do better than to have the secretary of the Treasury as your sponsor, particularly this secretary of the Treasury," says Democratic consultant **Philip Friedman,** who does not work for McCall. Rubin was criticized in Boston papers last month when he appeared at a fund-raiser for the state's Democratic senatorial committee. "Criticism like that doesn't count when the stock market is at 8,800," counters Friedman. And Rubin's spokesman, **Howard Schloss,** says, "Historically, the Treasury secretaries have done fund-raising." Monday night's party, along with recent efforts by Calvin Klein's **Barry Schwartz,** real-estate mogul **Jerry Speyer,** and P.R. man **Howard Rubenstein,** are expected to add some $400,000 to McCall's war chest of $3 million.

PASSING THE BUCK: Move over, **Michael Milken.** More millionaires are planning to give back by helping America's children. On Tuesday, **Ted Forstmann,** Wal-Mart's **John Walton,** and **Mike Ovitz** are having a joint press conference to announce their new scholarship fund to help low-income students around the nation attend private schools.

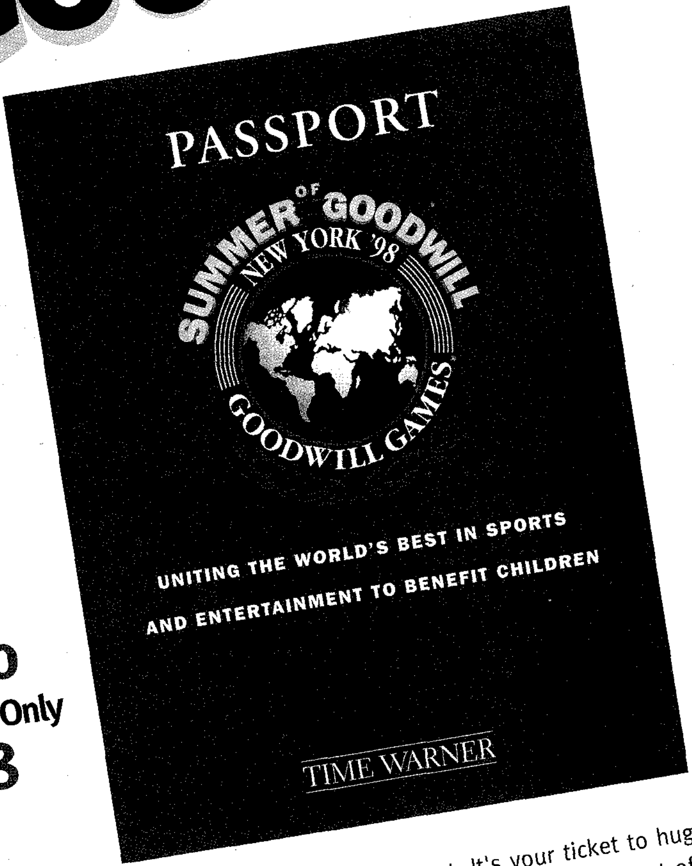
Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

NOT RUSSIAN TO GIVE UP HER TITLE

It's nice to know yesterday's beauty queens aren't always written off as over the hill. Oddly, **Anna Malova** was allowed to compete in this year's Miss Universe pageant even though she was Miss Russia in 1995. According to beauty-world sources, it's not a coincidence that the stunning Slav, who wound up a finalist in last month's event, is a friend of **Donald Trump,** co-owner of the event. Did the Donald pull a few strings on an old friend's behalf? "That's something that's never done," a Miss Universe spokesperson says. "Russia has a pageant, and she won it fair and square. It's impossible for Donald to select someone from another country." Another spokesperson agrees. "That's not the ethics of the pageant; our company has a great degree of integrity, and that's not the way we run our company . . . that kind of stuff doesn't go on in modern-day network TV." While the Miss Universe camp insists Malova won the Russian event honestly, Malova's agent says, "I don't think she was Miss Russia this year. She was Miss Russia several years ago." When asked for documentation that Malova—who lives in Trump Tower—won the title a second time (perhaps an occurrence unique to Russian contests), the Miss Universe Pageant headquarters refused to furnish it. Trump was out of the country and could not be reached for comment, and a spokesperson would only say, "I haven't heard about Trump giving any preferential treatment to Malova.'

Photographs: top, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; middle, Peter Murphy/Outline.

The Summer of Goodwill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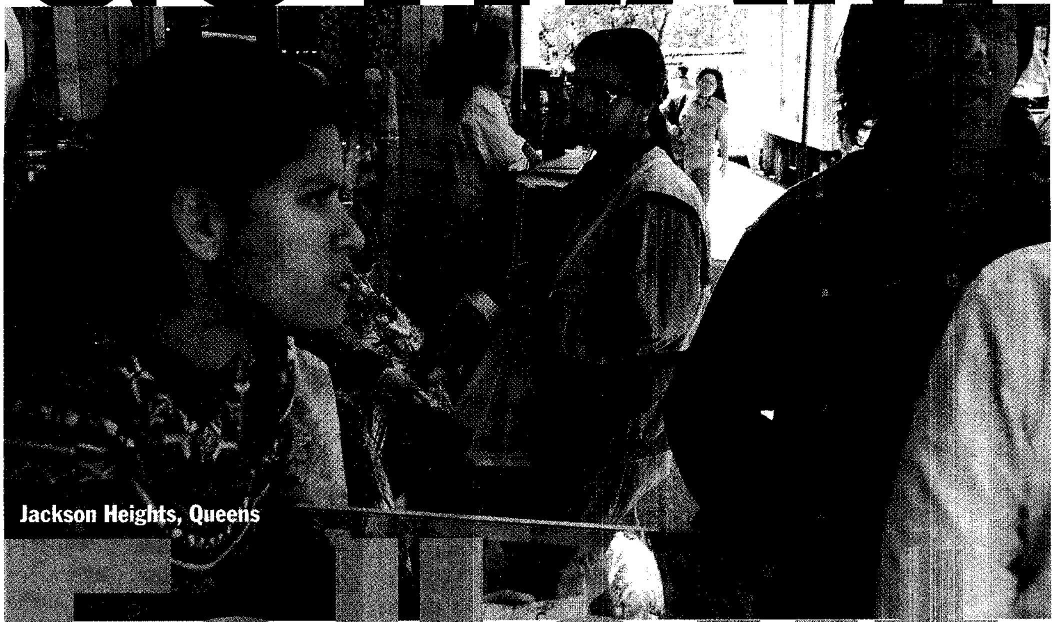
THAT IT IS PRE-EMINENTLY AMERICAN IS ITS GLORY OR ITS DISGRACE—*ANTHONY TROLLOPE*

GOTHAM


Jackson Heights, Queens

Fallout

The Subcontinent's sworn enemies keep the peace in New York.

ZAHOOR ILAHI, A PAKistani immigrant who sells peanuts on a midtown sidewalk, usually greets passersby with an innocuous "Very delicious nuts." But he's been a bit fired up ever since the nuclear tests began back home. *"Ab dekhna kaun pancho India hamare saath takkar legi,"* he shouts—"Let's see how that sister-fucking India can take us now."

Over in Jackson Heights, Gian Singh, a retired soldier, would be only too happy for the chance to try. Standing ramrod straight outside a music shop, the native Indian brags about his country's newfound nuclear capability. "I'm happy that we have tested these bombs. So what if Pakistan has also? They are smaller."

Such belligerent voices are a familiar aspect of the escalating tensions on the Subcontinent. Each day's news brings more images of hawkish politicians rattling their sabers. But despite the huge numbers of transplanted Indians and Pakistanis now living in New York, these sentiments are surprisingly rare on our shores. Uprooted from the soil where the old poisons reside, the populations that once lived on opposite sides of a hostile border now live cheek by jowl. In bustling neighborhoods like Jackson Heights and the East Twenties in Manhattan, they occupy the same buildings, shop in the same stores, and attend the same schools, all under the new umbrella term "South Asians." Often, restaurants run by Pakistanis call themselves Indian, so as to avoid confusing the locals.

"Look, basically we are here to make money," says Shiv Dass, the mild-mannered owner of the Shingar Boutique on 74th Street in Queens. "I am being honest. We are businessmen. Traders, you know. We don't like politics. If we talk about politics, we talk about it at home. There's so much enmity between India and Pakistan, and these nuclear tests are bad, very bad. I don't like them. No one in Jackson Heights does."

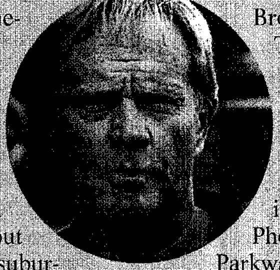
Next door in Sona Music Center, the customers are all enjoying "Ho Jaayegi Balle Balle," the hit song by Daler Mahndi, India's latest pop sensation. But Gurpeet, a young Sikh who works there, shakes his head and mutters darkly: "These tests. Why? Do they want world war? They're crazy. Stupid."

The experience of the countless Indians and Pakistanis liv-

(continued on page 16)

CAMEO

The Golden Bear Sun-Belts the Bronx



FOR YEARS, URBAN PLANNERS HAVE BEEN warning a disbelieving nation of mall-shoppers and home-builders that someday the suburban frontier would close. The time would come, they said, when we'd have to stop developing ever-more-remote planned communities and turn back to the places we left in the dust. It hasn't quite worked out that way. The cities are the new suburban frontier. The latest proof: Rudy's announcement that the legendary Jack Nicklaus will design an 18-hole golf course in the Bronx, atop an old garbage dump. That's *Jack Nicklaus*, practically a poster boy for easygoing Sun Belt leisure, who looks as out of place in the South Bronx as Betsy McCaughey Ross does at a Democratic Party fundraiser. Rebuilding the Big Apple in the image of Phoenix? It may not play on Pelham Parkway, but you can bet it'll be a hole-in-one at the next Republican convention.

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Fallout *continued from page 15*

ing in New York is far from universal among the city's immigrant groups. Many other expatriates have found that the animosities of their native lands remain just as strong in America as back home. Within the five boroughs, numerous conflicts have flared—often violent ones—that originated on other continents, or even in other centuries. But the logic of the currently intensifying contest between the nuclear community's two newest members seems remote to its émigrés.

The surrounding debate, on the other hand, is often altogether too present. "My real issue is with the shrill preaching and self-righteousness we've had to listen to from others," said Neeraja Narayanan, a young executive with a major bank. "As an Indian woman living in New York, it's been impossible for me to get away from this topic, and I'm frequently accosted by wild-eyed evangelists condemning this 'dastardly' act. There's no escape, and frankly, I'm getting rather sick of it."

In addition to the common drive to succeed, these expatriates say they're brought together by their outsider status here in New York, where most people aren't even aware of these two nations' bloody history. As Mohammad Ashfaque, a cab driver, explains, "Brother, you are Indian. I am from Lahore, from Pakistan. You are in my taxi. I have a bomb, you have a bomb. But we are the same people." He points to a car driving alongside. "Look at that driver, he's an American. Can he know who is a Pakistani here and who is Indian? You tell him you're from Lahore, and will he know?"

"Indians and Pakistanis have their shops side by side," said Ishrat Ansari, the owner of a stylish café in the West Village. "They mix. The only time there's a rivalry is when there is a cricket match. I remember in 1996, during the cricket World Cup, India was playing Pakistan in the quarterfinals. The match was shown live at a cinema in Queens, and there were slogans. There was more rivalry then than there is now."

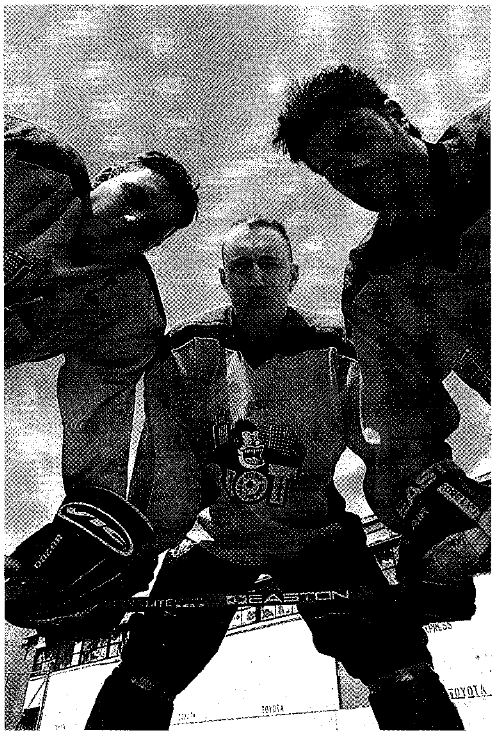
TUNKU VARADARAJAN

SPORTS

Slap Shot in the Dark

The New York Riot aim to be pro roller hockey's Cinderella team.

IT WAS ONE OF THE NEW YORK Riot's first-ever games, a roller-hockey contest last summer against the Pennsylvania Posse at the Chelsea Piers outdoor rink. Riot captain Joe Tamburino was digging the puck out of a corner when two Posse players checked him hard into the boards. Too hard. The boards gave way, and all three players went sprawling out onto the pavement that surrounds the rink. "I was okay after a minute," says Tamburino, who landed next to a hot-dog cart, "once I remembered who I was and what I was doing there."



Captain Joe Tamburino (left) and his Riot teammates.

Such is the bewildering life at the frontier of a new and unproven professional sport. For the past five years, the 24-year-old Tamburino has been a minor-league nomad, playing both roller and ice hockey in far-flung locales such as Boise, Idaho; Unity, Saskatchewan; and Ogden, Utah. But the Riot aren't just another port of call for the Long Island native. This is his chance to play in front of a hometown crowd and to help build a team, a league, and a new sport from the ground up. He even recruited his high-school ice-hockey coach, Roger Talbot, to guide the Riot. For his troubles, Tamburino will earn about $400 a week during the twenty-game season, plus $25 a day in meal money on the road. "Barely enough to cover McDonald's," he says cheerfully.

The Riot play in Major League Roller Hockey, which, after a brief inaugural season last year, is attempting to put itself on the map this summer with fourteen clubs in North America and six in Great Britain. The sport, which is played with in-line skates on iceless hockey rinks, has tended to do better in smaller markets, and that's why MLRH franchises are based in such obscure outposts as Port Huron, Michigan, and Florence, South Carolina. But league organizers, intent on living up to the word *major* in their name, are committed to having a team in New York, no matter the obstacles.

"Most of our cities, I get a thank-you call from the mayor, telling me how glad he is we're there," says MLRH founder Bill Raue, who ran a public-interest design-and-marketing firm in Washington, D.C., before becoming smitten with roller hockey. "In New York, it's a miracle to get a call returned from some mysterious character whose rink you want to pay real money to rent."

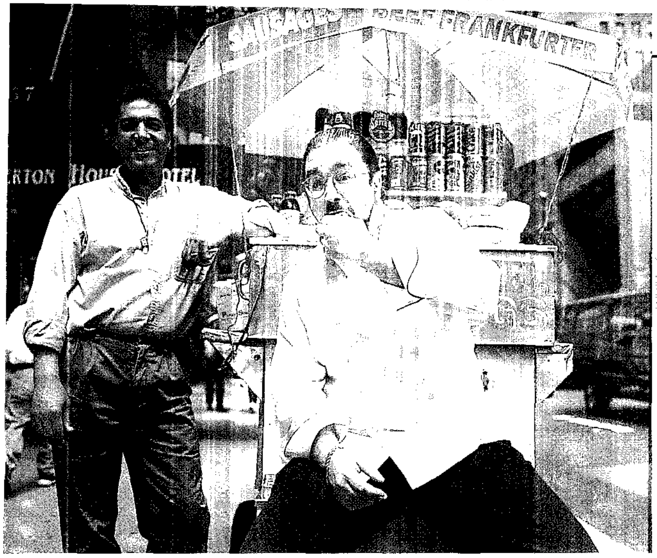
Raue has been unable to nail down a local owner for the Riot, so the league is operating the team for the time being (Manhattan-based Tuchman Sports Enterprises is planning to take it over next season). Finding a place to play was a hassle that was sorted out just weeks before the home opener, against the Toronto Torpedoes on June 21. "Madison Square Garden costs 100 grand a night, so that would've blown our budget to kingdom come," says Raue. With no seats for spectators, Chelsea Piers wasn't an option, either. So Raue was left looking at "community rinks mostly used for birthday parties and bar mitzvahs." Finally, a deal was struck for the Riot to play at the Roller Dome in Larchmont, where the crowd capacity is 1,000, provided the fire marshal isn't looking. "If we pack the place every night, we're still in the red," says Raue. "So we've got our eye on the future in New York."

For now, the Riot can't afford to offer players housing or cars as incentives to relocate. So the entire team is made up of local talent, and in league circles, they're generally considered lightweights—especially compared to the likes of the veteran Anaheim Bullfrogs, who've drawn as many as 13,000 fans for a game. "Part of the reason you want a New York team," says Raue, "is that everyone around the country loves the idea of beating up on them."

The Riot don't mind being underdogs. "Yeah, we know that's what everyone thinks," says Coach Talbot, grinning. "I can't wait to hear what they say when we kick their butts."

HUGO LINDGREN

Photograph by Rick Mill



David Ruggerio, chef at Le Chantilly, with a vendor on 57th Street.

FOOD

Cuisine à la Cart

A three-star chef praises curbside dining.

HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU come up to a curb and before you know what you're doing, you're sneaking a hot dog from a Sabrett's man? I do it, sometimes even when I'm on my way to dinner. With all this nonsense about street vendors, let's just recall that umbrella'd hot-dog carts and donut wagons and baked-potato trucks are part of what makes living in this city worthwhile. Remember, as a child, coming out of Radio City on a blistery cold night and being met with the smells of the roasting chestnuts and hot pretzels?

I'm the chef of Le Chantilly, a three-star restaurant, but I couldn't tell you what exactly they do to those franks to make them taste so good. Maybe it's the water they're boiled in, or the light dusting of diesel exhaust. Truth is, the less I know, the better I like them.

And hot dogs are just the beginning. Once, when I was shopping for hard-to-find ingredients in Chinatown, I got such a whiff of garlic from a vendor's cart near Canal Street, I had to look. Chicken feet, that's what he was cooking. And serving them in a paper cone, like a stew. I'll be honest, it was a little nasty. My grandmother used to stick 'em in soup to gel it up, but she would have never expected us to eat one. The guys I was with dared me. It had some bite to it. Good hit of coriander. I didn't love it, but I was impressed that such a thing was available on the street, and plenty of other people seemed to be enjoying them.

The same with goat, which can be had from a whole slew of pushcarts around downtown Brooklyn. And it's not just Jamaicans and island people eating it. All kinds of New Yorkers devour curried goat off the street. It's like some weird twist on the cliché of the city as melting pot.

I have a couple of carts that I remember to go back to. I've had some excellent cumin-scented falafel at 42nd and Seventh. At Columbus Circle, the shish kebab is top-notch, and there may be no better gyro in the world than one you can get outside Penn Station. Around the Brooklyn Museum, Jamaican vendors sell jerk chicken perfumed with allspice, which I really like. Right next to them, for dessert, how about the fresh, ripe mangoes-on-a-stick? Delicious. And don't forget those guys who shave the gigantic blocks of ice into paper cones and top it with syrup. They've saved me on a few August days.

The vendors are resourceful, too. Not long ago, I was bugging one of my chefs about why we didn't have any cherries. He starts going on about a shortening of the growing season. A purveyor gives me the same line. So I figure, fine, no cherries. Then I walk out the door, first fruit guy I see, with his cartons out on the street, what's he got? Lots of great-looking cherries.

Granted, a lot of the food you buy on the street is nothing special. Those metal-and-Plexiglas huts often sell a pretty low-grade cup of coffee. But they're still convenient, and the vendors are better than the old mailman. They brave rain, snow, and sweltering summers to provide us New Yorkers, the toughest food critics in the world, with the ultimate fast food. Banish hot dogs from the streets of New York, and what kind of city are we left with? So give the street vendors a break, Mr. Mayor—we all know you enjoy 'em, too.

DAVID RUGGERIO

BUREAUCRACY

Sonic the Hedgehog Has Fallen and He Can't Get Up

From the recent Mayoral Task Force Report on Macy's Annual Thanksgiving Day Parade, Attachment No. 3: Sample History of Reported Prior Balloon Mishaps.

- **1984** Big Bird collided with a window ledge, tore apart, and collapsed.
- **1985** During inclement weather conditions:
  The 104-foot tall Superman ruptured.
  Snoopy hit a lamppost.
  Betty Boop's ropes tangled in lampposts.
  Kermit was punctured by a tree, sustained a four-foot hole, and sailed out of control.
- **1986** During strong wind gusts:
  Superman was blown into a light pole, breaking off his hand.
  Olive Oyl was blown into a tree, injuring her arm.
  Garfield deflated a paw.
  Raggedy Ann's suspension line wrapped around a light pole, breaking the light.
- **1989** During a snowstorm:
  Snoopy's nose and Bugs Bunny's side were punctured, grounding them.
- **1993** A wind gust forced Sonic the Hedgehog to crash into a street light, shattering the glass and injuring a ten-year-old girl and an off-duty police officer.
  Rex ripped his head section when he bashed into a light pole.
- **1994** Quik Bunny's ear and Snoopy's paw deflated as a result of collisions.
  Barney hit a lamppost, tearing a hole in his side.
- **1995** Sonic the Hedgehog crashed into a lamppost for the second time in three years.
  Dudley the Dragon smacked into a lamppost and showered glass on the crowd.
  Garfield bounced off a light post.

Handlers rein in Peter Rabbit at the 1997 Thanksgiving Day Parade.

WILDLIFE

Paparazzi of Birdland

Baby hawks' first flights draw a crowd.

PALE MALE AND HIS LATEST wife, Blue, have done well for themselves. In a crowded city, they found a perch at 927 Fifth Avenue—upstairs from Mary Tyler Moore and across the street from Woody Allen—with excellent views of the park. But the nest must have seemed empty. This past March, Blue started laying eggs. By mid-April, the red-tail hawks had three beautiful nestlings.

Over the past couple of weeks, dozens of New York's most avid birders gathered each day at the 74th Street boat pond, hoping to witness one of birdwatching's seminal moments: a fledgling's first flight. Many of these birders have spent years observing Pale Male, whose relationship with a previous mate (now deceased) is the subject of Marie Winn's recent book, *Red-Tails in Love: A Wildlife Drama in Central Park.* They travel from distant neighborhoods; one even keeps photos of the bird in his wallet. "You keep rooting for him," says Doris Heitmeyer. "He's a terrific father. He becomes part of your family." In fact, the birders themselves have formed something of a makeshift family. "We've become like twin brothers," engineer Tom Tomsen says of Merrill Higgins, a Rikers Island driver.

"You don't expect something like this nest in the middle of Manhattan," says Higgins.

In Central Park, bird watchers focus in on the red-tail hawks.

"She should just shove them out there already," Tomsen adds.

The nest's unusual location affords a better vantage than experienced bird-watchers are used to: "A college text says there's only one known example of seeing a red-tail catch a bird in flight," he says. "We've seen it a dozen times."

And witnessing a young bird's first flight, Heitmeyer explains, "has a special cachet. It's like seeing a baby take her first steps. You can brag about it to the others." Still, such anticipation creates a lot of anxious moments. At 3 P.M. last Tuesday, a shiver ran through the group as one of the birds hovered in the air, then flopped back down. Then, at 3:53, someone started screaming, "He's out there. He's out there!" A fledgling cut a graceful arc across the sky and landed atop an oak tree.

"So natural," one birder said.

"No hesitation," another added.

"Another Lindbergh," someone else concluded.

ERIC MESSINGER

THE SCENE

Green Day

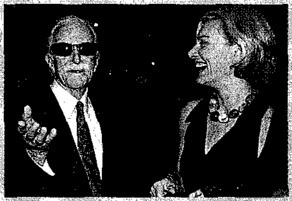
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Text by Vanessa Grigoriadis

IT WASN'T QUITE OUTWARD Bound, but the five ecosystems re-created in Rumsey Playfield for the Nature Conservancy's fête were as close to nature as many guests cared to get. "I'd rather be in Paris," rasped Liz Smith, sipping a daiquiri in the Coral Reef of the Caribbean tent—which, curiously, included a stilt-walking "witch doctor" and a Dominican hand-rolling cigars. "What's that called, a horny toad?" Dan Rather asked, pointing at an otter in the Florida Everglades. Over in Yellowstone, Don Henley was preaching: "You should get into soy. That's the fruit of the gods." But Donna Hanover remained skeptical: "Wyoming didn't look like this when I worked there as a nurse." As "This Land Is Your Land" crescendoed, she was asked to name her favorite animal. "Other than what I have at home?" she wondered.

James Naughton, Howard Stringer, and Don Henley at the Nature Conservancy's Third Great Party to Save the Last Great Places.

Gwyneth Paltrow, Fiona Apple, and Paul Thomas Anderson following the premiere of Warner Bros.' *A Perfect Murder.*



Dr. William Cahan and Eileen Guggenheim at the Fendi boutique for an exhibit of Italian and American painters.

The models Tyra Banks and Kimora Lee with Brandy at the MTV Movie Awards, which were held at the Santa Monica Airport.

Spike and Tonya Lee at the Plaza for the 1998 Mother Hale Awards, to benefit Hale House.

Sandy Dalal and Gerard Malanga celebrating *Detour* magazine's eleventh anniversary at Bulgari.

Ione Skye, Ingrid Casares, and k.d. lang celebrating Casares's birthday at the Kit Kat Klub.

Photograph by Maike Schu

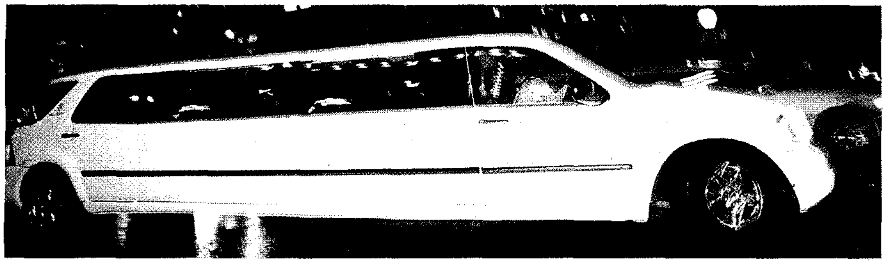
GOTHAMSTYLE

EDITED BY DANY LEVY

Promarama

'PROM IS ABOUT BEING WHO YOU REALLY are," says Sabrina, a 17-year-old gamine at the Chapin prom. Cutting to the subtext of that oracular pronouncement, er companion—a Collegiate senior on the first f his five prom dates—points to her purse and ays, "That's real Chanel, you know." Sabrina hrugs. "I'm a Chanel kind of girl," she confesses. ● Kimika, a Harvard-bound senior, emerged rom a Rolls Royce showing enough of her true elf to draw gasps from the crowd. "That body is *ick,"* whispers the prom chair, Caroline, admirng Kimika's bustier and Ally McBeal–length kirt. "Omigod, pull your skirt down, Kimika," ays Sabrina. "Yeah, it's soooo short," adds Carline. Kimika keeps walking. ● Arriving an hour late to Tatou, 18-year-old Laura shows off a red corseted dress and declares, "This is very me." Which might come as a surprise to the teachers who are used to seeing her in the school's uniform—but that's just the effect she's hoping for. She purchased the dress six months ago at Religious Sex, on St. Marks Place, and has been waiting ever since to unveil it (and her inner vamp along with it). Over at Horace Mann's prom at the Pierre, Todd Schechter, a University of Wisconsin–bound student, was more taken with the rewards of spontaneity. "I got my tux, my limo, and her corsage all in the last three days," he said, forgetting to mention his similarly late-vintage date. "And everything's working out fine."

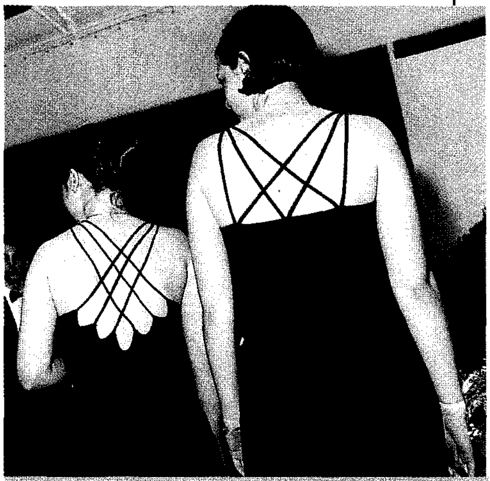
VANESSA GRIGORIADIS



Why Don't We Do It in the Road?

Call it an answer to the unleaded-gasoline glut, or call it just plain peacockish, but the incomparably massive Mercedes ML320 4x4 stretch limousine has become the chariot of choice for this year's promgoers. With every conceivable amenity—and the approximate dimensions of Godzilla's jaw—it threatens to relegate the old white stretch Town Car to a spot on the coolness spectrum between mint-green ruffled tuxedo shirts and Gunne Sax dresses. Easily big enough for six Korbel-swigging couples at a time, the car can turn into a self-contained mobile party. And the bigger the guest list, the more people there are to chip in for the $2,400 rental fee. Excalibur Extravaganza Limousine service attributes the behemoth's appeal, in part, to the chassis's "no-hump factor." But Justine Coccaro, a senior at Bay Ridge's Fontbonne Hall Academy who, with a dozen friends, took the ML320 to her prom at the Plaza, had a less technical explanation: "My date said to me, 'This is the phattest limo I've ever been in!' "

BRETT KELLY



PROM DATA

Below are the results of an informal and totally unscientific survey of guests at some of this year's earlier proms:

Best period in which to secure a date for the event:
Right after winter break

Most popular dress designer:
BCBG Max Azria

Most age-inappropriate dress designer:
Victor Costa

Most popular tuxedo rental:
Zeller

Most "in" hair salon:
Frederic Fekkai

Most popular accessories:
Strappy sandals, beaded bags with short handles, feather boas (for girls), colored bow-ties and matching vests (for boys)

Best excuse for carrying a cell phone:
"It was a birthday present," said Katia Asch. "And you must specify that the only reason why I got it is that my dad earned so many free minutes that it's completely free."

Most creative date proposal:
"We're both peer counselors," said Matt Kaftor, "and I asked her to help me translate some sentences—the last one being 'Will you go to the prom with me?' She corrected my grammar."

Most popular last song:
"All My Life," by K-Ci & JoJo, and "My Heart Will Go On," by Celine Dion

Most popular post-prom destinations:
South Street Seaport, East Hampton, Sound Factory, Vegas Diner

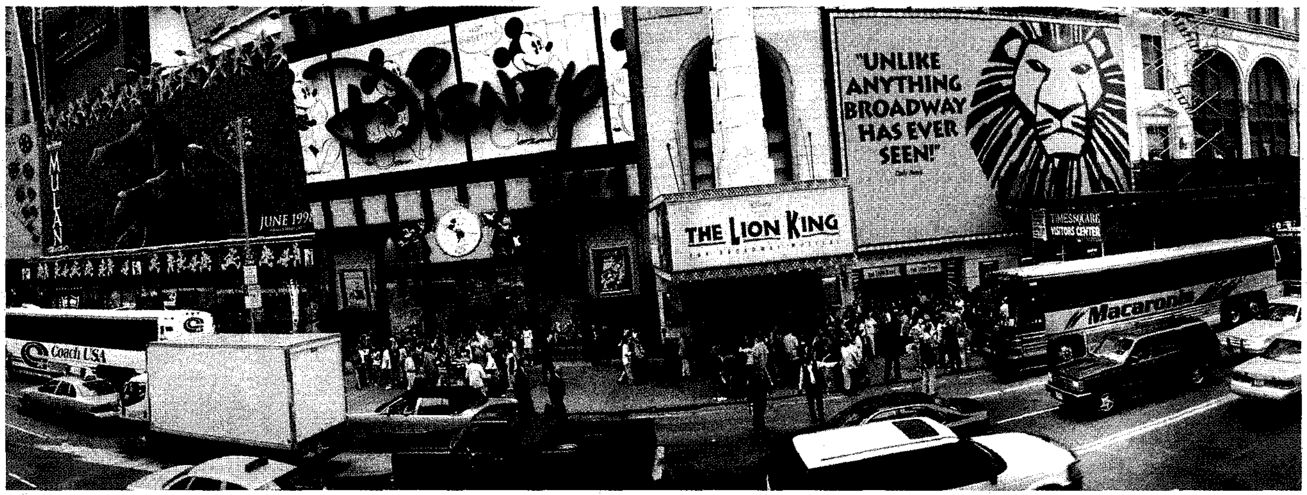
itional reporting by Karen Robinovitz.

THE CULTURE BUSINESS JEREMY GERARD

The Happy Hawkers

The folks who brought us 'The Lion King' and 'Ragtime' changed forever the way Broadway sells itself to the world—and pretty much killed off the low-profile producer.

BROADWAY'S END-OF-SEASON, from early May through early June, roughly coincides with pro basketball's post-season, a period when the makers of both events promote, promote, promote like crazy right up to the big finale, the nationally televised shootout—in the case of the NBA, between two clubs; in the case of Broadway (this year, anyway), between franchise players *Ragtime* and *The Lion King*.


Disney
MULAN
JUNE 199
"UNLIKE ANYTHING BROADWAY HAS EVER SEEN!"
THE LION KING
TIMES SQUARE VISITORS CENTER
Coach USA
Macaroni

The avenue I'm taking you to: On 42nd Street, Disney planted its biggest retail store right next to its New Amsterdam Theater, home of *The Lion King*.

Photograph by Evan Kafk

Sure, other musicals and plays were vying for the Tony awards that were handed out June 7. But it was *The Lion King* and *Ragtime* that broke through the Broadway barrier this season into the larger cultural consciousness. Or, more accurately, they were the shows that spent millions breaking through the barrier. And therein lies the real story of the season: The face-off between these two musicals rendered the other Tony contenders all but invisible. Moreover, they made Broadway producing *and* theatergoing more expensive, and the little guys virtually obsolete; witness the quick demise of two comparatively intimate musicals—*Side Show* and *Triumph of Love*—embraced by critics but just squashed by the *Lion King*/*Ragtime* juggernaut. The compulsion to spend huge sums of money promoting hugely expensive spectacles has altered the business and the art of Broadway forever.

For this state of affairs the producers have no one to blame but themselves. Over the past two decades, the commercial theater has grown into a billion-dollar-plus industry heavily dependent on tours, meaning the audience for Broadway-caliber shows was no longer confined to Broadway's traditional mix of to-the-manner-born theatergoers along with the tourist and expense-account trade. It was only a matter of time before someone realized the product—*Broadway*—could be bigger than any single play or musical. A few years ago, Broadway's fractious trade association, the League of American Theatres and Producers, hired Jed Bernstein, a seasoned marketing executive with a soft spot for musicals. Taking its cue from NBA commissioner David Stern's smashing transformation of basketball from sports sideshow to living-room hegemony, the league told Bernstein to get out there and sell Broadway. After hearing from the standard battery of statisticians, numbers crunchers, chart-makers, audience profilers, and the like, the league came up with the thuddingly uncatchy catchphrase "Live Broadway" (not exactly "*I love this game!*") and began signing up big names like Continental Airlines and First USA Bank for promotional tie-ins. Suddenly, the favored buzzword on Broadway was branding (even if most producers remained skeptical about selling a concept instead of their show).

For years, the Tonys, rather like Broadway itself, had been definitively local. But producers, desperate for national exposure, became TV's willing handmaidens, and the promotional value of the Tony telecast had to be protected at any cost. (CBS insists the Tonys cram everything into two prime-time hours? *No problem!* Rosie O'Donnell wants billing as producer? *Done!*) To some extent it's all paid off: Broadway attendance this season gained more than a million customers over '96–'97, and the box office stands at $546.4 million, compared with $477.8 million last year, according to *Variety*. The growth extends well beyond Times Square, which is one reason behemoths like Disney recently began paying attention.

THE LION KING WAS PUT UP BY DISNEY IN the restored New Amsterdam Theater, once home to the Ziegfeld Follies and now the first of Disney's Broadway venues. The company scored brownie points for hiring Julie Taymor, a brilliant director with no commercial experience, to bring *The Lion King* to Broadway. But the musical itself had already been seen by millions of people; it's one of the most profitable movies of all time. The name recognition was established long before the curtain first rose at the New Amsterdam. Four years ago, *Beauty and the Beast* proved that the Disney machine could turn even a leaden mediocrity into box-office gold. The Mouse planted its largest retail shop right next to the New Amsterdam, and they share more arteries than the singing Siamese twins in *Side Show.* The store becomes a kind of black hole sucking in winded parents attached to the arms of children launched from the house after the show. In this Disney bazaar, you can buy everything from $5 Mickey Mouse pens to $5,000 so-called animation art.

Across from the New Amsterdam is *Ragtime*'s home, the Ford Center for the Performing Arts. The lobby of the Ford Center is given over almost entirely to a *Ragtime* boutique where you can buy mugs, T-shirts, hats, teddy bears, CDs, and the like. The folks selling these goods are in your face the moment you pass through the portals, and they're all over you as you make your way down the aisle after intermission, pushing bottled water as you try to reclaim your seat.

ON THE STREETS WHERE WE LIVE, IT'S HARD to evade *The Lion King* and *Ragtime.* Their logos are plastered on taxicabs and billboards; their cast albums are prominently displayed at Tower Records and HMV. Each takes in more than $800,000 a week at the box office, and in a business where discounting is the norm, their per-ticket prices are among the highest. Determined to ensure a long life for these shows, Disney and Livent have made branding—their *own* branding, that is—a huge part of their business strategy. They don't give a fig about "Live Broadway."

In a world of $200 million movies, these developments seem merely inevitable. Over a decade ago, British producer Cameron Mackintosh—whose shows include *Cats, The Phantom of the Opera, Les Misérables,* and *Miss Saigon*—went head-to-head with the Broadway Establishment over everything from ticket sales to merchandising. His model, of course, might as well have been Disney, creators of the original tentacular entertainment megadelivery system. Instead of hawking stars like Michael Crawford and Colm Wilkinson, Mackintosh sold images—the Phantom's mask, Cosette waving the Tricolor, that damned helicopter—that need no contracts renewed every six months. The result? Collectively, *Cats, Phantom, Les Miz,* and *Miss Saigon* have been on Broadway for 44 years.

Of course, *Phantom* and *Les Miz* cost so much to mount that they *had* to run for years, and they had to run everywhere, not just in New York and London, to repay their backers. They needed to develop the kind of product loyalty that makers of detergent and toothpaste create: Not only must the *Phantom* your cousin saw in Detroit be as good as the one you saw on Broadway, but the one on Broadway in 1998 had better be as good as the one that opened in 1988. Sort of like French fries at McDonald's.

THIS WILL BE REMEMBERED AS THE SEASON Broadway went corporate in a big way, when independent producers threatened with extinction formed alliances to raise capital, exploit markets—and sell lotsa stuff. Forget about art. Thus Dodger Productions, once a free-form collective that worked out of the Brooklyn Academy of Music and brought you *The Who's Tommy, A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum,* and last year's Tony winner, *Titanic,* hooked up with Joop van den Ende, whose Amsterdam-based Endemol Entertainment is one of Europe's biggest TV and theater producers. And Jujamcyn Theaters, the smallest of Broadway's three theater-owning chains and a frequent Dodger partner, linked up with Houston-based Pace Theatrical Group, a major touring outfit that has also been developing its own new shows (like *Jekyll & Hyde,* a loser of a musical with everyone but the audience). The venerable Shubert Organization looks prescient, having a longstanding co-producing deal with ABC—whose parent, of course, is Disney.

Though Disney and Livent had produced on Broadway before, this year it was in their own theaters—and on their own terms. All attention is focused on them, and on what they come up with in Act Two, but in truth, their arrival closes a chapter in Broadway history. It's no longer enough to produce the shows, sell the tickets, promote the tours, and, if you're lucky, walk off with a Tony or two. Just as the NBA, about to open its own huge Fifth Avenue store, is now as much about merchandising as about sport, every Broadway theater has become a minimart selling things for wearing, and eating, and listening to. You'd better have a name brand to pitch, and lots of things to sell along with that show unfolding onstage. On such stuff, these days at least, Broadway dreams are made. ■

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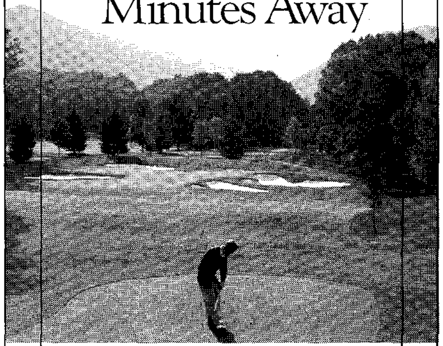

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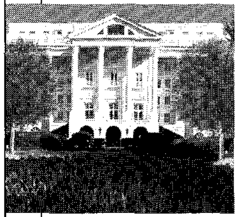

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Punchin' Judy

TV's newest Oprah-beater is a tough-talking former Family Court judge from Brooklyn who likes to take the high moral ground. Is Judge Judy the anti-Springer?

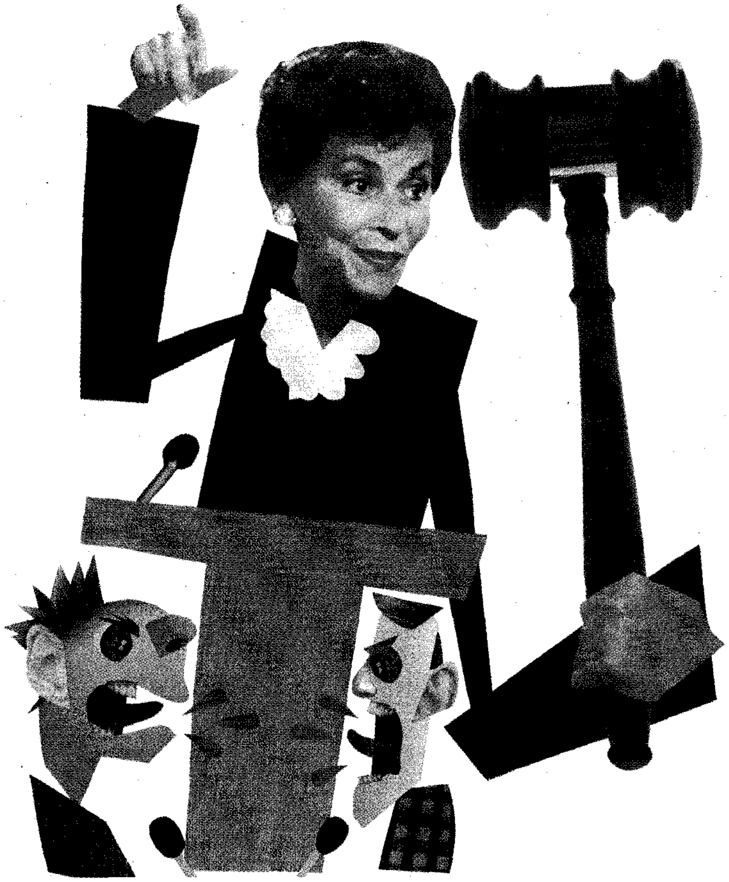
MONICA LAWYER GETS AX. VIAGRA MAN HIRES TOP LAWYER. (Paula Jones, meanwhile, soldiers on.) It's a patho-litigious world out there, and now we have our very own legal mascot: Judge Judy.

An unlikely TV star at 55, Judith Sheindlin, née Judy Blum of Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, is the tart-tongued, bouffant-headed fury whose show is now tied for No. 1 in the ratings with *Oprah.* A small woman with intense eyes and aggressive bone structure, Sheindlin, a former Family Court judge in New York City, tacks a grannyish lace collar onto her black robe ("A little white around the face is always good," she tells me) but treats litigants with a bloodless, take-no-prisoners style.

"Sir, I think you are lying!" she's been known to say, as she cuts through self-protective b.s. like a human polygraph. Or: "You might have been traumatized, madam, but you are not smart!" In the course of warning a man who is being sued by a woman he'd spit at for driving slowly: "I'm not finished with you yet!" Then, addressing the plaintiff: "I'm trying to figure out whether he has all his screws. Is he a nut? Someone dangerous? Or just a flake?"

"Let me get this straight," she cracked to a defendant still under the sartorial influence of Burt Reynolds in his *Smokey and the Bandit* period—tinted aviator glasses, a cowboy shirt, and a mustache—who had left his longtime live-in lover four weeks after she bought him a car. "You have the Camaro and the stereo. She has the Visa bill and fond memories of you?"

Presiding recently over a breast-implant-gone-awry case, the judge discovered that the plaintiff didn't have post-surgical photos, so she took her, a 38-year-old wife and mother of three, into chambers to inspect her bosom. The judge came out wild-eyed and said, "I'm jealous!" Given that this was the woman's second go-round at breast enlargement, Judy found for the doctor and gave the woman a talk on the irrational search for the perfect breast: "Even, uneven—at my age I'm just glad I got 'em."



As an extreme character—the glare, the hair, the Borscht Belt delivery, the aphorisms—she is so easy to parody that *Saturday Night Live* has done it three times. Judge Judy is an Estelle Getty figure on a tough-love bender; between her and radio's Dr. Laura, the media have mean covered.

In the self-correcting world of television trends, for every anarchic *Jerry Springer* (one of the two fastest-growing syndicated daytime shows on television) there is a *Judge Judy* (the other fastest-growing syndicated daytime show) at the other end of the spectrum.

"My show is the antithesis of *Jerry Springer,*" she says. "Jerry Springer encourages people to show off their filthiest laundry, to misbehave. I scrupulously avoid doing that. I cut them off." She signals borderline offenders and the long-winded alike by wagging her finger and emitting an odd "Bup-bup-bup-bup" that is no real threat to the "Mmmmmm-bop" boys, Hanson.

Now in its second year, Sheindlin's show ("real people, real cases, real decisions," says the Rod Serling–like announcer) is produced in Los Angeles, using mostly local small-claims-court matters having to do with car problems, the residue of road rage, and/or garden-apartment tenants gone quasi-postal. (The show pays all the litigants' fines and fees.) These cases are far from the monumentally frustrating, serious, and painful ones Sheindlin dealt with in the family-court system, but she uses precisely the same supermoralist, scare-'em-into-submission banter: "Do you know how ugly a female drunk looks?" she says to one 21-year-old woman accused of knocking out the glass in her friend's car window while "happy." Judy the jurist gives a strutting, macho guy a lecture on birth control: "Making a baby is easy. Dogs make babies. . . . Being a parent is hard."

Illustration by Stephen Kroninger.

This theme—the need to stop lying, to take responsibility, to do the right thing—was also the driving force of her 1996 book, *Don't Pee on My Leg and Tell Me It's Raining.* The best-seller grew out of an *L.A. Times* piece that positioned her as "one of the people who won't give up the fight to help America," and led to another admiring profile, on *60 Minutes. That* in turn resulted in her leaving the Kafkaesque juvenile-justice system altogether to go where Wapner had gone before. "The pay is good. I get someone to *patshke* with my face so I look good. And they have a very good lens there, honey," she tells me.

Two different half-hour *Judge Judy* episodes are broadcast back-to-back from 4 to 5 P.M. on Channel 2 in the New York market, and the shows have already beaten *Oprah* in the ratings. The show does 86 percent better for Channel 2 than its predecessor in the slot, *Geraldo. Judge Judy* also handily beats the latest incarnation of *The People's Court,* now amiably presided over by the Honorable Edward I. Koch. "The truth is, we like one another, and she is far in the lead because of her style, which is in-your-face," says Koch, who seems to be using his TV program to showcase his patience and nice-guy qualities (and who as mayor, as it happens, appointed both Sheindlin and her husband to the bench). Koch's one-hour show is slower-paced than Judy's half-hour, often covers only one case per program, and includes outside elements, such as online opinion surveys and person-in-the-street interviews. Judy never breaks the intense courtroom momentum (save occasionally to roll her eyes conspiratorially at bailiff Petri Hawkins-Byrd, a giant, muscle-bound guy who worked as an officer in the Brooklyn Family Court system).

Indeed, the small blunt one has reawakened an interest in courtroom television. So successful is her show that Worldvision, the *Judge Judy* syndicator, is using the same producers and staff to launch another courtroom show this fall: *Judge Joe Brown.* Brown grew up in South Central L.A. and, he says, "wants to help victims even the score." Also coming this fall is *Judge Mills Lane,* from Rysher Entertainment. Lane is the Reno, Nevada, tough-guy judge–cum–boxing referee who officiated at the Tyson-Holyfield ear-biting match. Even Geraldo has left the ranks of daytime talkers for a nighttime cable show that combs legal issues and still clanks around the unresolved ghosts of the O. J. Simpson trial.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, AT A POST-LIBERATED, newly fearful *(continued on page 85)*

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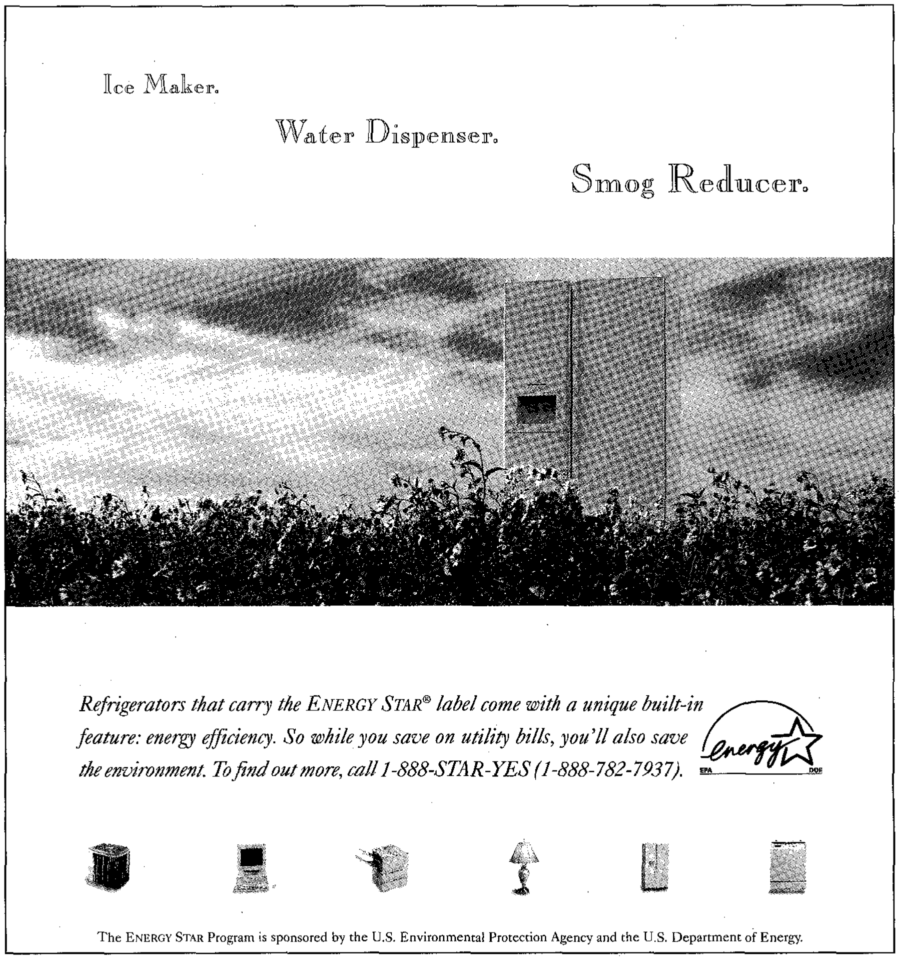
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Married to the Market

by **RALPH GARDNER JR.** *photographed by* **DAVID BARRY**

TO THE ALARM OF CENTRAL PARK'S BIRD-WATCHERS AND PIGEONS ALIKE, NINE moms in sweats and sneakers, accompanied by their personal trainer, raced down the path toward the Alice in Wonderland statue on a recent morning, pushing baby strollers—not three-wheeled jogging strollers but careening Maclarens and polka-dotted Peregos. • "Think of a dirty toilet seat," the trainer barked as they hit the statue and started hopping up and down its steps, their incredulous babies arrayed in a semicircle around them. "You can't sit on it, so you're going to squat." • The moms dutifully visualized a dirty toilet seat—they had to look no farther than the ladies' room at the boathouse just across the model-boat pond—and squatted. • "Listen to me," their commander instructed after a dozen or

Certain names and identifying details in this piece have been changed.

so squats—barely enough to break a sweat. "You're going to leave the babies here. You're being released from bondage."

The ladies took off for a brief run; their children, thrown into spontaneous and collective separation anxiety, started howling.

"This is kind of weird to me," said Stuart Taylor, a British tourist who happened to be soaking up the sun and leafing through a guidebook on a bench a few feet away. "England is a lot more sedate."

About 30 seconds later, the mothers were back, vainly trying to calm their hysterical babies before returning to the steps.

"Up and down," their trainer ordered. "All right, kids, we're almost out of here."

In another minute, they were off. Mr. Taylor watched as the stroller brigade bounced down the steps toward its next challenge. "Most of those women weren't overweight," he said in disbelief. "They all had perfect bodies anyway."

THE ENGLISHMAN WASN'T GOING TO FIND IT IN HIS GUIDEbook, but he'd been lucky enough to witness a phenomenon as majestic in its own way as the city's plummeting crime rate or the play of light against the massed skyscrapers of midtown at sunset—the housewives of the Upper East Side.

With Wall Street in overdrive, never before have so many women—lots of them married to investment bankers at top-tier firms such as Goldman, Sachs; Salomon Brothers; and Lazard Frères, or to stockbrokers or hedge-fund managers—enjoyed so many views of Central Park, "long liquid lunches" (as one of them characterized the occasions), spa vacations, and Hermès Kelly handbags. And they also have the time and money to raise ideal children, do heroic amounts of volunteer work, and develop the kinds of bodies once restricted to ballerinas and Olympic gymnasts.

Having a car and driver to shuttle them around the city shopping, doing good deeds, and whisking their children to and from play dates would seem to constitute the good life on the cusp of the millennium. But what appears to be paradise from the outside may be closer to purgatory—albeit one greased with personal trainers and unlimited lines of credit—when you're on the inside looking out of your Fifth Avenue duplex. Sure, servants are great—if you have someone to share them with. The price many of these women pay—though they rarely suffer publicly and some appear not to be suffering at all—is that they hardly ever see their spouses, who, in exchange for their monstrous salaries, are expected to put in the sort of hours last seen when the pyramids were under construction.

These women are just as formidable as their husbands, with whom they may have fallen in love at the right college, or in law school, or across a trading desk. The competitiveness and efficiency they now bring to such tasks as throwing their child's birthday party or organizing their school's Halloween parade leave little doubt that had motherhood not beckoned, they could be running the economy with a good deal less Sturm und Drang and expensive-cigar smoke than their spouses.

They know where their husbands are coming from, because they've been there themselves, and they also know their mates are trapped, at least if their family's goals include residing on Park Avenue. "The people whose husbands are home at 5:30 can't afford to live in the city," one wife explains matter-of-factly.

"It's like an oil well," says a 40-year-old investment banker who made more than $5 million last year and admits that he doesn't give his wife and kids a second thought after he slips into the backseat of his Town Car at the crack of dawn and heads for Wall Street. "You've got to keep pumping it while it's available. Nobody believes in the market at these levels."

However, he concedes that his hours haven't been very good for family values. "They've gotten used to not having you around," he says. "You infringe on the life they've had to create for themselves. You're almost an intruder."

SUSAN IS THE WIFE OF ONE SUCH FINANCIAL SAMURAI. THE scene at her apartment resembles an updated Dutch genre painting, overrun with children and pets and, in place of red-nosed peasants swilling grog, impeccably dressed moms sipping Chardonnay. Susan has found a way to maintain her equilibrium while raising several lovely children—she has turned her Park Avenue apartment into a clubhouse.

Starting at around six on many evenings, girlfriends who live on the surrounding floors and have also lost their husbands to Wall Street begin arriving with children and bottles of wine. The apartment isn't flashy in the least. It's Waspiness before Ralph Lauren co-opted and gilded the concept. The living room is filled with family heirlooms and throw pillows.

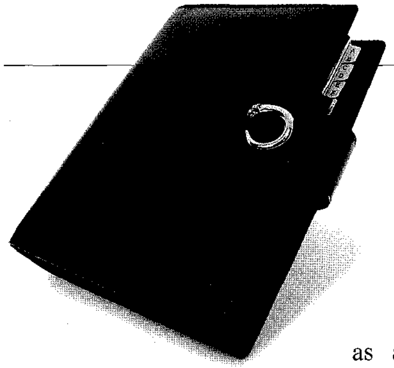
"Susan is a magnet for this kind of thing," Heather, a blonde who came barefoot via the back stairs—suggesting the ease with which these ladies come and go between one another's apartments—tells me as she slides into the breakfast nook. "There has to be an organizer."

When Heather says "this kind of thing," she isn't referring just to the evening's wine tasting (she shows up with a small toddler and an industrial-size bottle of Chardonnay), or to the cozy domestic scene as she drops her daughter into the middle of the craft project Susan's kids are already heavily involved with. Rather, she's talking about the informal group-therapy sessions Susan leads for women who seem to have it all by the outside world's standards but are basically raising their children as single parents.

"I had to sit down with

ON THE MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE

> "They think their wives work for them and their children are mini-analysts they can kick around."



“I had to sit down with my sitter and explain to her she was going to have to function as another parent.”

my baby-sitter and explain to her she was going to have to function as another parent in the household,” explains one woman without a bit of irony. “I said, ‘Basically, you’re my other half.’ ”

Heather is a happy exception. “My husband comes home at bedtime,” she boasts, wrestling with the cork. “I’m pretty lucky that way.”

And there are others, of course. Most of the husbands seem to make a good-faith effort to show up for their children’s theatrical performances and field days—even though they’re sometimes obliged to take a call on the cell phone or leave in the middle of an event. And there are Wall Street families where Mom, Dad, and the kids appear to be as happy and at peace with one another as if they lived in Santa Fe—though there seems to be universal consensus that there’s no way to maintain this opulent lifestyle working a 40-hour week.

One mother says that when they drive through Vermont on their way to skiing and her son makes snide comments about how small and ramshackle some of the homes are, she knows how to shut him up. “Yes,” she tells him, “but their daddy is at home at five o’clock to have dinner with the kids.”

Another woman talks of how her youngest cried when her husband picked her up one day because she hardly knew him. “When he comes home,” she says, “the first thing our oldest child says is ‘We’re a family again.’ Obviously, all the faxes and phone calls aren’t the same thing as hugging your kid.”

SUSAN’S HUSBAND’S HOURS ARE TYPICAL. HE LEAVES THE house around 6:30 A.M. and sometimes doesn’t return much before midnight. “If he gets home at nine, he gets on a conference call to Hong Kong or Japan,” explains Susan, a former corporate lawyer whose true calling may be social satire and who claims, not entirely believably, not to know what her husband does for a living.

“He could be speaking Hindi for all I understand,” she sniffs as she supplies the children with snacks, paper, scissors, and juice boxes even though her housekeeper stands idle a few feet away. “He just seems to be moving large quantities of money around the globe. I guess I could be asking more questions, but it doesn’t seem that interesting to me.”

“My second husband,” she jokes “won’t have a job where I can’t explain what he does for a living to my kids.”

Some nights, the ladies kick off their shoes, crank up the stereo, and dance together—*Club MTV* in cashmere. Other nights, they just cry—for the good, clean, cathartic fun of it. “Remember the night we were all here sobbing until 1:30?” Susan cheerfully asks Heather, who is still struggling to extricate the cork from the wine bottle. “We were just talking about sad stories.”

“Anything seems sad at 1:30 in the morning,” Heather observes cogently.

However, most of their séances are anything but morbid. “I know more details about more people’s you-know-what lives than you would believe,” Susan says as she takes the bottle away from Heather after she rips the cork. “Women very rarely talk about world events.”

The discussion seems less about the women’s actual sexual escapades than about their personal-trainer fantasies and about how their good looks might be enlisted as a tool to soften a spouse’s resistance to an expensive redecorating project, for example.

Oftentimes, the discussion is a lot less salacious, however. If it doesn’t involve their children’s schools and the endlessly fascinating subtopics that subject spawns—who’s getting tutored; who’s getting divorced; whether the children are getting a warped view of the world because 75 percent of the other dads in their class also work on Wall Street—then it’s about the husbands’ attitude problems.

Either they get off the red-eye with a chip on their shoulder because they don’t think their wives appreciate the sacrifice they’re making for the family’s financial security, or they’re so high on money, power, and market-driven adrenaline that they have difficulty coming down on weekends.

“He should be slightly nicer on the weekends and less nice during the week,” one woman says, echoing a common refrain. “They think their wives work for them and their children are mini-analysts they can kick around.”

One investment banker, who experienced something of an epiphany during a brief sabbatical from the business, attributes his ayatollah-like behavior to an explosive cocktail whose ingredients included the global economy and light deprivation.

“Even if you’re home, it doesn’t mean you have downtime,” he explains. “It’s the pending deal—what news is going to come out while you’re sleeping? You never get a vacation. The next time I get a vacation is when I’m going to retire.

“I never saw daylight,” he goes on. “I never knew what seasons were. When I got to work it was dark, and when I got home it was dark.”

It drove him crazy that his wife and daughter had the audacity to sleep in on Saturday mornings. “Any free time, I wanted to be outside,” he explains. “I’d say, ‘Let’s get out. We’re burning daylight.’ ”

PERHAPS UNSURPRISINGLY, SOME OF THESE WARRIORS DON’T have a lot of time or patience to attend to their wives’ inner lives. “My friends do feel stress in their lives, but they can’t talk about it with their husbands,” Susan explains. “Their husbands think they have it made. They think all they do is wander around and take naps and read novels and eat lunch out with friends.”

Ironically, the wives don’t think of themselves as rich, even though their spouses earn hundreds of thousands of dollars if not several million a year. The awful truth is that a million bucks a year makes you middle-class on Park Avenue these days. Subtract a few private-school tuitions, the mortgage on the apartment and the obligatory home in the Hamptons, Christmas and spring vacations skiing in Colorado or sailing in the Caribbean, and there isn’t a hell of a lot left over.

“So you get this big bonus, and it is all spent just trying to survive,” sighs a woman whose husband brought home a $1 million bonus in February. “We are getting ahead slowly.”

It’s not as if the women weren’t shrewd enough to realize it would be tasteless to complain. “We just talk about whether to go to St. John’s or St. Croix and how much of a bonus to give our baby-sitters at Christmas,” Susan says, self-loathing creeping into her voice. “It’s just dither.”

Stroller from Bellini; agenda from Cartier.

On the other hand, it's painful to watch your husband conquering the world—his claims of sacrifice notwithstanding—while your life is focused on the minutiae of child-rearing: getting the kids off to school, arranging play dates (though in many families that role seems to have been subcontracted to the nanny), and meeting with teachers and tutors when Buster's grades take a nosedive.

"It's a schlepper's life," acknowledges a Wall Street power broker when his wife is out of earshot.

Paul Spector, a psychiatrist who counts some of these women among his patients, doesn't consider their situation enviable, despite appearances. "Whether they have a lot of help or not doesn't change the manner in which they feel abandoned and often devalued," he observes. "The kind of tension that develops is that the husband is financing everything. There's no way of putting concrete value on the work that's being done by the wife."

DANA, ANOTHER PARK AVENUE HOUSEWIFE, COULD PROBABLY use a support group like Susan's. After twelve years of marriage, she and her husband, Mark, a takeover specialist, are filing for divorce. Dana recently discovered that Mark was routinely cheating on her. But it's not Dana who's seeking the divorce; it's Mark. His wife apparently no longer presents the sort of challenge that brings out the best in him.

"Investment bankers always use the term of a deal being 'sexy,' " Dana explains as she sits in the library sipping a cup of herbal tea, dressed in tight black slacks and a silk shirt that accentuates her dancer's body. "They talk about women and deals the same way. They 'want it.' They 'go after it.' There's the negotiation back and forth. Once the deal closes, the excitement's over and it's on to the next one. That's the way he is with women. It's not the sex. It's the newness, the conquest."

Every flat surface is covered with fairy-tale pictures of the family skiing out west, sailing, or just looking good. Books are few, but built-ins with TVs or computers are everywhere.

The phone rings. It's Dana's real-estate broker. She and Mark are selling their co-op, and even though it's a Park Avenue starter apartment in the rear of the building, with so little light it's impossible to tell whether it's sunny or cloudy outside, it's awash in marble—in the foyer, in the kitchen, in the showers—and two families have already bid it up to $1.4 million.

"I do think control is a huge part of the personality of an investment banker," Dana continues when she's off the phone.

The investment banker with the sleep-deprived wife and daughter agrees with Dana's characterization of his breed. "The very best are control freaks," he says unapologetically. "Most of us who are doing it at the very top of the game are very creative people. We like to build."

Their seven-figure bonuses apparently only reinforce their feelings of infallibility. "If you meet one of the big traders on the Street," he goes on, "he will lecture to you on every single subject—because he's made that money, he's entitled to."

His wife adds, "I've never met a person who works on Wall Street who doesn't think he's a superstar. I'll ask my husband, 'I don't know who he is—is he amazing at what he does?' The markets are the markets. Most people think it's them doing it. They think they're God."

Therapy doesn't help. "They run it like a business deal," explains a psychoanalyst who saves Sundays for franchise players at top-tier firms. (Her first appointment on weekdays, at 7 A.M., already comes too late in the day for them.)

The therapist cites one high-roller who insisted on dragging in the wife and kids even though the shrink told him their presence wasn't necessary. "Instead of dealing with his intimate feelings and surrendering to the process," she observes, "he wants me to do it like a consultation on a company—meet the key players, evaluate the employees, and tell him which direction to take this group. He has controlled the entire treatment. He berates me for not intervening enough, but he hasn't given me a chance to talk."

However, the wives aren't entirely without blame for selecting these self-starters in the first place. "I have a patient who's considering marrying one of these guys," the shrink says. "So I keep talking to her—'Why do you want to marry him? You tell me you never see him.' When he's not working, he's exhausted and needs to recover. She said, 'I love him.' I think they're kind of like the cowboys of today. There's something powerful and macho and sexy, almost, about them."

Even now, Dana concedes that Mark "was great at what he did—even though I didn't fall all over him because he did it.

"I was working on Wall Street, too," she continues, remembering their romance. "We had common interests. I just wanted a family. Mark used to say the most important thing was family."

But living on Park Avenue was also a shared dream. "I thought we'd be successful," Dana concedes. "We wanted our kids to go to private schools, wanted to take vacations when and where we wanted, have a home in the Hamptons. We didn't necessarily have aspirations of being a Ron Perelman."

The phone rings again. Dana checks the caller I.D. and lets the answering machine take it. It's another investment banker's wife, who wants to set up a play date for their sons. Even though Dana has known her since their kids were in kindergarten, she says she'd never discuss her marital problems with her.

"People get nervous," she explains. "They think I'm attractive. So if my husband would leave me, it makes them feel vulnerable that it could happen to them. People kind of disassociate themselves from you because it comes too close to home."

SARABETH'S AT THE WHITNEY—NOT LE CIRQUE 2000—IS the watering hole for the new, utilitarian breed of ladies who lunch. It's conveniently located; mothers can drop off their toddlers at preschools such as Episcopal, meet their friends for lunch, do some damage at the shops along Madison Avenue, and still be back in time for pickup.

"The biggest difference between the city and the 'burbs," says Barbara, a recent emigrant who reluctantly moved to Darien after her sons almost razed their Upper East Side co-op and permanently alienated the downstairs neighbors, "is that at least three days a week I'd meet friends for lunch. We'd sort of sit around and commiserate until pickup time about the fact that your husband hadn't been home in a week and what dinner party were you missing because you didn't want to go out by yourself."

Barbara, who nonetheless still manages to make it back to town for a couple of lunches a week, places her fellow mothers into two general categories. There are resentful first wives such as herself who married their husbands before they became successful and who watched helplessly as they got swallowed whole by their careers. Then there are the second, third, and fourth wives who met their mates after they made managing director and may be less resentful about their martyrdom—as long as the blow is cushioned by a Fifth Avenue duplex and a staff that may include a personal secretary to coorinate the wife's extensive social, charitable, school-related, nd perhaps postgraduate commitments; at least a couple of aregivers; a housekeeper; and a driver. Butlers are reportedy also making a comeback.

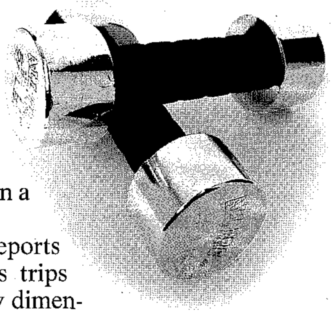
A prime source of these women's resentment is the docility heir husbands exhibit in the name of career and company loylty, leaving the country without complaint on an hour's notice nd limping home on weekends exhausted and virtually useless s parents.

"He has no argument against them at all," says a wife who, unbeknownst to her husband, placed a protest call to the presdent of his company after the CEO had cavalierly transferred he family abroad one too many times. "It might have cost us learly, but he just thanked me and they gave him another job."

Another woman hit the ceiling when her spouse's company called during Christmas week and told him to be on the next plane to Asia. Even though her husband's boss abjectly filled their apartment with flowers as a peace offering, she remained unmoved.

ON COPING WITH LONELINESS

"I have a friend who thinks the young trainers would be fun for a roll in the hay. We'd be supportive, certainly."



Barbara of Darien says her husband's million-dollar bonus sn't worth the 22 weekends he had to travel last year. "We were happy when it was half that, and maybe even two-thirds less we were even happier," she says wistfully. "I think there's a direct inverse relationship between that and happiness."

Her husband agrees that his absences haven't helped their marriage. "You're not quite clear what the rules are anymore," he observes. "Your son misbehaves or he does something that you think is amusing, and your wife goes, 'He's forbidden to do that.' It creates these conflicts."

Ironically, when the husbands divorce and remarry these days, they're not going for the trophy wives of the eighties, according to Harriet Cohen, a divorce lawyer who represents her share of successful husbands and spurned wives, but to female peers of the sort their wives were before they abandoned their careers for motherhood.

"It's two high-powered people who are getting together, and there's not a disparity in age," Ms. Cohen observes, adding that these days, men are as likely to find their follow-up wives across a conference table as at the bar at Cipriani. "The wife is doing what she was told to do, and she's not stimulating anymore."

Barbara says she'd forsake her husband's bonus, or a substantial portion of it, anyway, for a more normal family life. "But nobody has asked me to," she notes wryly.

Indeed, at lunch, the question the women most want to ask one another is the one that never seems to come up—how much their husbands earn. "You're dying to know," Barbara confides. "I was joking with a friend that I was happy about my husband's bonus and I couldn't tell anybody. She had the same feeling. You really don't know if their husband earns $300,000 or $3 million. The range could be that big. The wife might be thinking he's making a lot of money; all of a sudden, it's awkward. There's a real hierarchy in terms of how much you make and are you with a top-tier firm or a second-tier firm."

ANOTHER POPULAR CONVERSATION STARTER IS SEX, OR MORE specifically finding a handsome surrogate for an indifferent, globe-trotting spouse. "We have our lifeguard fantasies," one woman concedes. "I have a friend who thinks the young trainers would be fun for a roll in the hay. We'd be supportive, certainly."

However, the allure of an affair seems less about sating one's sexual lust than about taking measures to restore the balance of power in relationships that have turned lopsided in the husband's favor. Everybody seems to know a personal trainer or coach who will do the deed in case of emergency.

"I used to threaten him with a divine tennis instructor," says Kate, the wife of a $1-million-plus-a-year executive. "He adores me," Kate goes on, referring to her coach, not her spouse, "and my husband knows it. We're not too old to have an affair with somebody else, and I'd do it in a minute if I wasn't satisfied."

But she is. In fact, Kate reports that her husband's business trips have added a tantalizing new dimension to their sex lives. She points to one memorable encounter at the Savoy in London where they rendezvoused when he was on his way back from a business trip to Thailand.

"I took off all my clothes and got into bed," Kate recalls. "It was almost like having a liaison. He arrived in the middle of the night. We were all over each other. We get away from our kids quite a lot."

She agrees with the shrink who calls them cowboys, and draws a correlation between the size of their libidos and their swelling bonuses. "If anything, it increases their sex drive," she observes.

Dana meets so many flirtatious married investment bankers, not to mention doctors and lawyers, on her nightly dog walks along Park Avenue that she has sometimes wished she'd paper-trained her pet. "I can't tell you how many times I've gotten hit on by guys walking dogs," she reports. "A couple of times, I've had to change my routes because these guys are relentless. Mostly men do the night walks, so it's a woman's market out there."

The challenge is finding one you won't run into at the next Wall Street dinner party or at one of those charity balls at the Pierre or the Waldorf celebrating your firm's senior partner's contributions to humanity. However, Barbara doesn't see it as a big problem. "You just have to go outside your circle," she says breezily. "You don't stay on the Upper East Side. You go to SoHo or the Upper West Side."

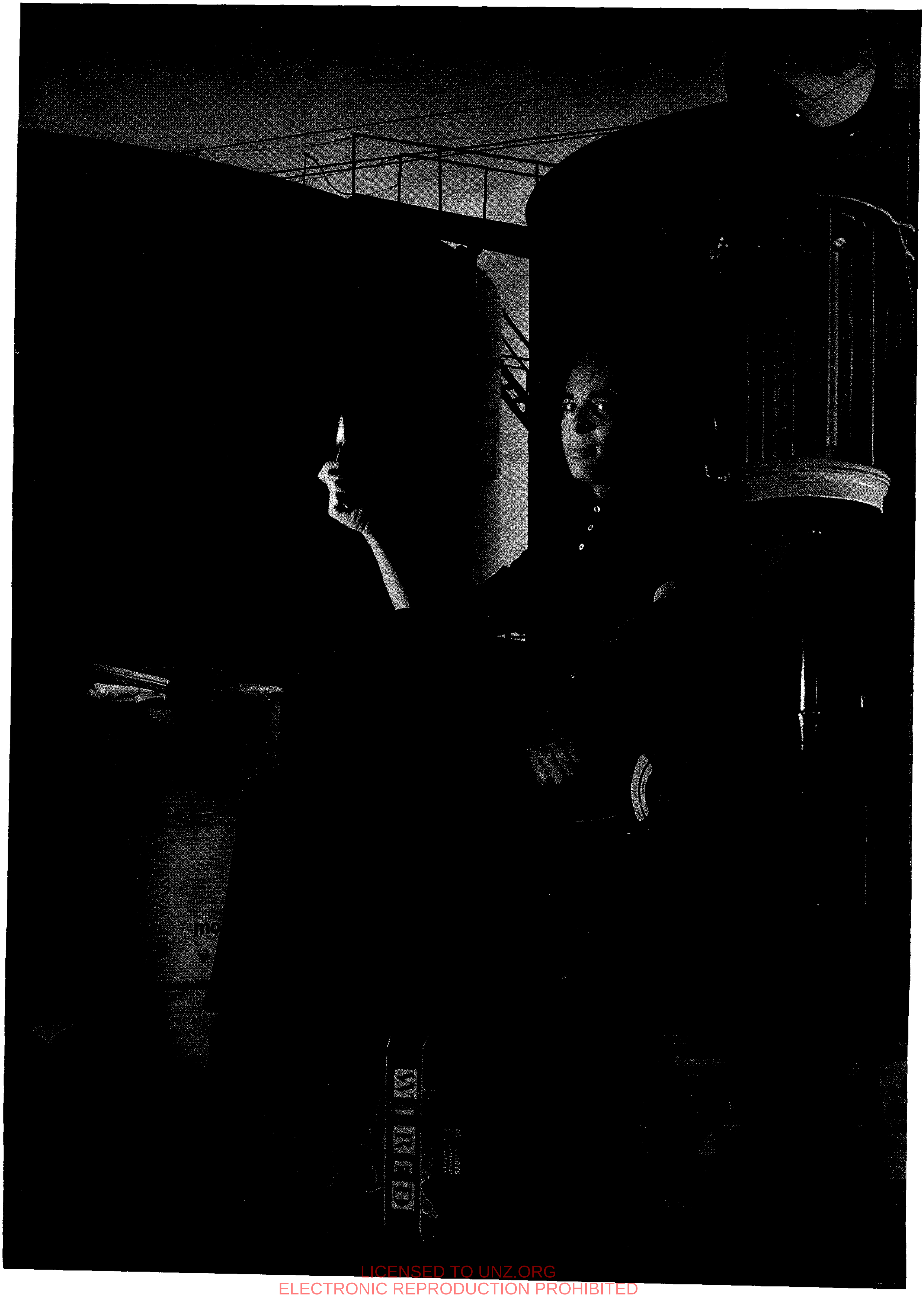
IT SHOULD BE SAID OF INVESTMENT BANKERS THAT THEY DON'T have a monopoly on a commitment to career that verges on religious fanaticism. In fact, it wasn't a money manager but someone in the movie business who announced to his wife, weeks after the birth of their child, that he was heading off to Morocco for half a year.

"I said, 'Six months?' " recalls his usually supportive spouse. " 'Are you going to come back in between?' "

He told her he couldn't. "It's not

(continued on page 58)

Weights from Paragon.


WIRED

FLAME WARS

New Journalist turned New Media guru **MICHAEL WOLFF** witnessed the Internet industry at its delusional best—computer-illiterate investors, technological pipe dreams presented as fact, zillion-dollar valuations based on million-dollar losses. And he was taking notes the whole time.

BY JAMES SUROWIECKI

PHOTO-ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BLACKFORD

WHAT DID IT MEAN TO BE present at the creation of the Internet industry? It meant you saw millions of dollars conjured from nothing. It meant you saw glorious business edifices constructed on the flimsiest of foundations. It meant you entertained dreams of almost unimaginable wealth. And it meant you spent all of your time in a world where no one had any idea what was happening, but everyone was sure they'd figure it out soon enough.

At least that's what it meant to Michael Wolff, whose new book *Burn Rate* is a scathing insider's account of the early days of Internet fever that should do for the Net what *Liar's Poker* did for Wall Street. As head of New York–based Wolff New Media, which owned one of the first Website directories and published a best-selling series of books about the Net, Wolff was actually one of the first people to try to make money off the Internet. More than that, for a short time he was a major Silicon Alley player, pronouncing on the Net's future at industry conferences and sitting down to talk deals with companies ranging from America Online to Ameritech. Wolff New Media, in fact, had a good chance at hitting the Wall Street jackpot like Yahoo! or Excite.

“THERE WAS A TIME,” SAYS MICHAEL WOLFF, “WHEN IT FELT
QUESTION THAT WE WERE GOING TO MAKE HUNDRED

While Wolff was—and to some extent still is—a believer in the long-run potential of the Net, he's also a jaded observer of the often delusional dealings of New York venture capitalists and Silicon Alley entrepreneurs. In the wake of the explosive rise of Netscape's and Yahoo!'s stock, any company connected to the Internet carried the scent of potential millions, and that drew venture capitalists and entrepreneurs together in a relationship that depended more on the ability to spin out fairy-tale scenarios for the future than on performance in the present. Still, even if you recognized how flimsy the economics of these businesses were, it was impossible not to be drawn to the possibility of riches that were truly beyond your wildest dreams.

“The whole thing felt like an out-of-body experience in some ways,” Wolff says laughing. “But there was a time when it felt like there was no question that we were going to make hundreds of millions of dollars. And then all of a sudden we weren't. But there was no logic here. The whole Internet business is a set of ploys, and it could as easily have happened as not.”

Burn Rate's cast of characters includes everyone from Walter Isaacson, the prince of Time Warner whose involvement with the company's Pathfinder Website venture served as an announcement to corporate America that it was time to take the Net seriously, to *Wired* founder Louis Rossetto, a marginal purveyor of cybervisionary dreams who was reborn as the creator of the most influential magazine of the decade. And the surreal story of Wolff New Media's rapid rise and even more precipitous fall offers the best—and funniest—picture yet of a world where success is measured not in terms of how much you make but rather how much you can spend, and where huge media companies pour good money after bad in a fruitless attempt to own the future. In one sense, then, *Burn Rate* is a story of dazzle and disillusionment, replete with deals made and then abandoned, meetings that never seem to go anywhere, and conversations in which “everybody is trying to fuck over everybody else.” But in another sense, it's the story of how Wolff found himself doing something he had thought he would never do again. After fifteen years in flight from a once-storied career as a journalist, Wolff is a writer again.

“THE ONLY THING I EVER wanted to do was write for the New York *Times*,” Wolff says as we walk along 75th Street on the Upper East Side, where he lives with his wife, Alison Anthoine, and his three children in an apartment with very nice rugs and not much furniture. Shortish and compact, Wolff walks at an easy pace, without the “I have no time to waste” attitude of the typical entrepreneur, and he speaks with a kind of unhurried rhythm. He seems comfortable with silence and does not race to fill the gaps. “That was all I really wanted to do. I don't know why, but it was the *Times*. So I get this job with the *Times* right out of college, and I thought my life was set. Then I started work, and I was there for about fifteen minutes before I realized that I hated it. *Ha*-ted it. It was just the worst job in the world. Agony.”

Wolff started as a copy boy in 1973, then got a seat on the Metro desk—“Oh, and you were so grateful to have that seat,” he says—where he discovered the pleasures of human-interest stories. “Here's an example. This was during the first oil crisis, so we would have to go out to gas stations where people were waiting in line for gas and ask them how they felt about having to wait in line for gas. I cannot express how excruciatingly boring this was. In my mind, this went on for month after month, but it was probably just week after week. It was just so dull.” Thankfully, the Symbionese Liberation Army came to his rescue.

“I grew up with a person who came to kidnap Patty Hearst,” says Wolff, who was raised just outside Paterson, New Jersey, a dying blue-collar town a few exits down the turnpike. “And I remember I was at work and my mother called me and said, ‘Did you hear about . . . blah blah blah,’ and it took me one minute—no, maybe 30 seconds—to run upstairs to the *Times Magazine* and say, ‘I know this person who kidnapped Patty Hearst,’ and they said they'd commission the story. So I ran back down to the third floor, to the newsroom, and just said, ‘I quit.’ ”

This seems like kind of an audacious thing to do, I venture, considering that Wolff was in his early twenties and had never published a freelance piece anywhere. But it's clear I haven't fully grasped yet just how bad that Metro job really was. “It was so horrible that I would have taken anything, any excuse, to get me out of there.” More than that, I haven't grasped just how confident the young Wolff was. “Michael was always very ambitious and very sure of himself,” the author Susan Braudy says. “He was very smart, and he had this authority about him, even when he was young. He had, and still has, this ability to make you think that whatever he thought was great at the time was the only thing to be doing.”

That *Times Magazine* piece, which would eventually evolve into the first chapter of Wolff's first book, *White Kids*, essentially gave him a career as a freelance writer. It got a lot of attention, and Wolff was able to sell the movie rights. He also started publishing pieces in magazines ranging from *Rolling Stone* to *Playboy* to *New Times*, which was then an important New Journalism magazine.

Wolff did stories about soldiers training for a war that had already ended, about kids on spring break, about Club Med. Although some of these stories would end up in *White Kids,* the style that defines that book—quiet, oblique, dialogue-driven—had not yet emerged. In fact, *White Kids* was originally going to be just a collection of already-published articles. But then Wolff—who had rented a big winter house on Cape Cod to write the book before deciding after less than a day had passed that there was no way he could live there—started pulling the stories apart, and in putting them back together he ended up with something completely different.

The resulting book, which was published in 1979, was one of the three or four best works of American journalism in a decade full of great works of American journalism, praised by Harold Brodkey as "perception of a very high order" and glowingly reviewed in the *Times.* Essentially, each of the five chapters in *White Kids* is about what happens after a time like the sixties ends, when it feels like there's nothing really left to accomplish, when revolutionary fervor and wartime glory and the glamour of downtown all seem beside the point. It's a book full of portraits of promising people whose promise ends up not so much wasted as simply irrelevant.

RE WAS NO
LLIONS OF DOLLARS."

Wolff magnifies this effect, just as he does in *Burn Rate,* by removing certain names and other information that might make the narratives too specific. Everything becomes slightly blurry, and the feel of everyday life, of the way people talk to and try to make sense of one another, ends up being more important than particular historical details.

Today, it's very difficult to imagine a book like *White Kids* finding an audience, let alone mattering. But in 1979, you could be a journalist, do work that wasn't exactly traditional, and still feel as if you were relevant to the culture at large. Michael Herr's *Dispatches* had appeared just two years earlier, while 1979 alone saw the appearance of *White Kids,* Joan Didion's *The White Album,* Norman Mailer's *The Executioner's Song,* and Tom Wolfe's *The Right Stuff.* If there were ever a time to be a journalist, that was it.

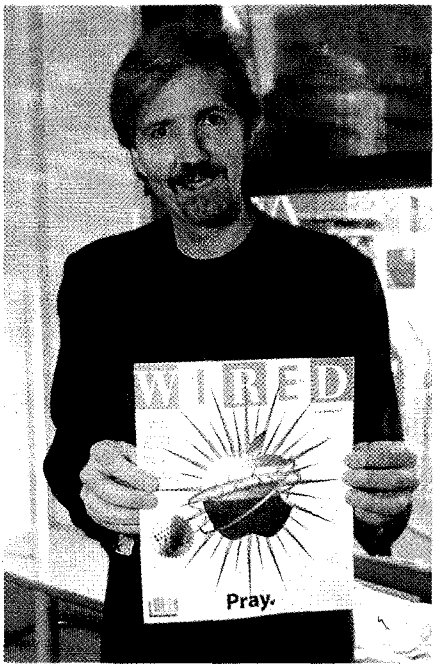
Wolff had other ideas, though.

"I made a major mistake, and among my many mistakes, this one rises to the heights. I mean, I got it really wrong," he says. The tone of his voice is the very definition of rueful. "*White Kids* comes out, it does fairly well, and I decide that I want to write a novel. That was what I thought you were supposed to do if you were a serious writer. So Simon & Schuster gives me quite a bit of money, and I sit down to write this book and not one word came out. It just stopped. I just could not write."

Having learned nothing from the Cape Cod debacle, Wolff had moved to Rome with Alison, who was then his girlfriend, in order to write the book, and so she went off to work every day at an Italian law firm while Wolff sat in a lovely apartment overlooking the Vatican and stared at the walls: "I sat at home, didn't go anywhere, didn't learn Italian, and just got more and more paralyzed." And Wolff's journalistic career vanished along with the novel.

In abandoning writing for the world of business—albeit the media business, since throughout the eighties he packaged books and scripts and story ideas, ran a magazine called *Campaigns and Elections,* and even made a bundle of money while trying to mount a hostile takeover of *National Lampoon*—Wolff was not just fleeing his own demons, though he was doing that. "I was getting up every morning and saying, 'Thank God I don't have to write,' " he says. "If someone had told me I was eventually going to come back to writing, I would have killed myself." He was also anticipating, unconsciously or not, a broader movement in the culture as a whole, one whose effects are still very much with us. It was during the eighties, after all, that business became cool.

WOLFF PACK: Clockwise from above, Walter Isaacson, Time Warner's Internet explorer; Louis Rossetto, cyberflake turned magazine magnate; and Bruce Judson, the Time Warner exec Wolff New Media coveted.



Photographs: clockwise from top, Gary Fabiano/Sipa; Alex Tehrani/Gamma Liaison; Buck Ennis/Crain's New York Business.

“WE USED TO THINK OF BUSINESS AS THE MOST MONOCHROMA STARTED TO CHANGE RAPIDLY AND PROFOUN

“In the seventies, it was easy to be blithely unconcerned with money in your life,” Wolff says. “But everything changed in the eighties—demographics, the nature of the economy, the nature of business—and suddenly you couldn’t be blithely unconcerned with money and still feel as if you were near the center of what was really happening.” It was in the eighties that the *Times* started a separate business section, and that the *Wall Street Journal* became the home of the most interesting character-driven journalism in America. Bryan Burrough’s *Barbarians at the Gate* and James Stewart’s *Den of Thieves* are the great nonfiction novels of their time, the true successors to *In Cold Blood* and *The Executioner’s Song.* More than that, business itself lost the flannel-suited costume it had worn the entire postwar era.

“We used to think of business as the most monochromatic, unoriginal world imaginable,” Wolff says. “You just couldn’t be a part of that world unless you wanted to die. But that started to change rapidly and profoundly, and suddenly the interesting people were in business. And then business was about the things that traditionally being a writer was about: taking control of your own life, being a homeless gun, looking for the wherewithal to follow your own vision. Even Milken and his crowd, you felt that they were creeps, but they were much more interesting than the other creeps, and they were these outsiders who rode into town and fucked everybody over, and that was actually inspiring. And it felt like the kind of journalism that I had been doing had become absorbed and flattened out in a way.”

The one thing that seems clear about Wolff is that he dreads marginality more than anything.

“A marginal experience is, well, it’s not a central experience, and I try to resist being pushed off to the side,” he says. “I’m interested in what’s going on and who’s making things happen. Even if they’re bad guys, I want to be there. If you see that something important is happening, you can stand clear from it or you can get close to it. I wanted to get close to it.”

WE’RE STILL A LONG WAY AWAY FROM KNOWing whether the explosive growth of the Internet is the culture-changing event that so many of the participants in that growth—including, to a certain extent, Wolff—believe it to be. Economist Paul Krugman, for instance, recently suggested that “by 2005 or so, it will become clear that the Internet’s impact on the economy has been no greater than the fax machine’s.” Meanwhile, the annual sales of the seven largest computer companies combined have just recently reached those of General Motors alone. But it is clear that the Internet has the potential to be epoch-making, which may explain why Wolff seized with such fervor the chance to be in on the Net’s ground floor.

In 1994, Michael Wolff & Co., his book-packaging firm, put out *NetGuide,* the first real guide to the blooming chaos that was the Net, and over the next three years it put out 30 different NetBooks. *Burn Rate* is essentially about what happened after *NetGuide* came out. Wolff’s little company started growing exponentially. The appearance of an article in the *Wall Street Journal* about the company brought it to the attention of venture capitalist Bob Machinist of Patricof & Co., a man whom Wolff describes as “the best salesman I’ve ever been around” and a figure whose dazzlingly byzantine maneuverings dominate much of *Burn Rate.* Machinist brought a young man named Jon Rubin in as a major investor in the company, which changed its name to Wolff New Media, and suddenly there was a very real possibility that Wolff’s little business might become Wall Street’s darling.

‘I STARTED TO DREAM OF BEING A great business story, of building something that was smart and sound for the ages,” Wolff writes of those days. “As a journalist, I found the prospect of defining a new medium, of being Murrow or Luce, pretty heady, too. But the most powerful of these interests—my upbringing and personal codes to the contrary—was the prospect of making millions quick. Of making more money than you ever dreamed of. Of making the kind of money that would allow you to do all the things you ever dreamed of doing without letting the bastards get you down.”

In the end, the millions of dollars did not materialize, deal after deal fell through, Machinist moved on to greener pastures, and Rubin and Wolff spent entire days where the only thing they would say to each other was “Fuck you.” “No, fuck you.” In exchange, though, Wolff got to be at the center of a fascinating and perhaps genuinely important story. And strangely enough, that seems to have been worth it for him. You might say, in fact, that in the end, when Wolff simply walked away from his company—and the still-real potential to make millions of dollars—he did so because he thought the story was finished.

“Even today, Michael is first and foremost a journalist,” says Jay Sears, who was vice-president of marketing for Wolff New Media from 1995 until its demise in the spring of last year. “To Michael, the story was and is always paramount. He was in it for the business and the business success, but he was also always, always in it for the story. He’d come in after a meeting and there would be elaborate descriptions of everyone who was in the meeting and of what the room looked like and of what people said. You could see him writing it in his mind. Even at the end, even when it was falling apart, I think he kept going because he wanted to see how it was going to turn out.”

“I knew that the experience in and of itself was going to be worthwhile,” Wolff says as we sit at his kitchen table, which holds an incongruously old-school Macintosh. “There’s this thing about being a writer and having a big experience, because there aren’t that many big experiences. And I think I’ve been as close as you can possibly get to a circumstance that’s going to affect all of our lives for the next generation or two. So I realized that there was no way for me to lose anything.” Not that the $100 million wouldn’t have been welcome.

Burn Rate is what you might call brutally honest, and certainly there are going to be more than a few people who will be unhappy with what Wolff has written. But Wolff seems to have little trouble with brutal honesty. One of the most astonishing sections in the book describes a deal in which CMP Media, a Long Island media company that owns a whole stable of computer magazines, gives Wolff a huge sum of money in exchange for nothing more than the right to use the NetGuide name for a CMP magazine and a database of Websites (the kind of thing anyone could assemble with a few days’ work). “I genuinely believe they thought they were buying the Internet from us,” he mockingly writes. He’s no less harsh on them when we talk. “These guys, these are the stupidest people I have ever met,” he says. “I just think they were so obsessed with not being cheated that they ended up cheating themselves.”

At the same time, Wolff’s long battle with writing has left him without any interest in worrying about what hap-

RIGINAL WORLD IMAGINABLE. . . . BUT THAT
SUDDENLY THE INTERESTING PEOPLE WERE IN BUSINESS.”

ens when the book appears. “I write it ecause I write it,” he says. “I'm so rateful for having actually written it hat I couldn't care less what happens. Then there's that Joan Didion line, ‘A writer is always selling someone out.’ What no one says is that the most interesting stuff is when you're really selling someone out.”

People are already bugging Wolff to, yes, write a novel. But this time he's wiser. Although he is writing a weekly column for the new Internet magazine *The Industry Standard,* he's also continuing to work with his partner Peter Rutten on packaging media ideas. “I was talking with a friend of mine the other day, and he said that there's no reason you have to write one book after another,” he says. “Logically, you write a book when you have a book to write, but I guess it's hard to convince people of that. Anyway, even after *Burn Rate,* I don't really believe that writing is a reliable act for me, since the whole thing happened somewhat miraculously. But we'll find out. Maybe I can do this now.” ▬

EXCERPT

“I want a Jewish Barksdale.”

In casting about for financing, Michael Wolff's company, Wolff New Media, almost merged with the Internet search engine Magellan (since absorbed by Excite). In this passage from Burn Rate, *Wolff writes about the aftermath of the failed deal, wherein his major investor, Jon Rubin, and the investment capitalist mastermind behind it all, Bob Machinist, of Patricof & Co., rethink Wolff New Media's management structure.*

“THERE'S A CASTING PROBLEM,” MACHINIST SAID, SEARCHing for a new strategy and stroke of brilliance shortly after our prospective deal with Magellan collapsed. “Everybody's thinking—what's that guy's name . . . Netscape . . . super gentile?”

“Barksdale,” Jon Rubin replied, naming the professional manager brought in to run Netscape, pursing his lip with just the slightest disapproval at Machinist's casualness toward the names and addresses of our industry.

“Who's our Barksdale?” Machinist asked. “I want a Jewish Barksdale.”

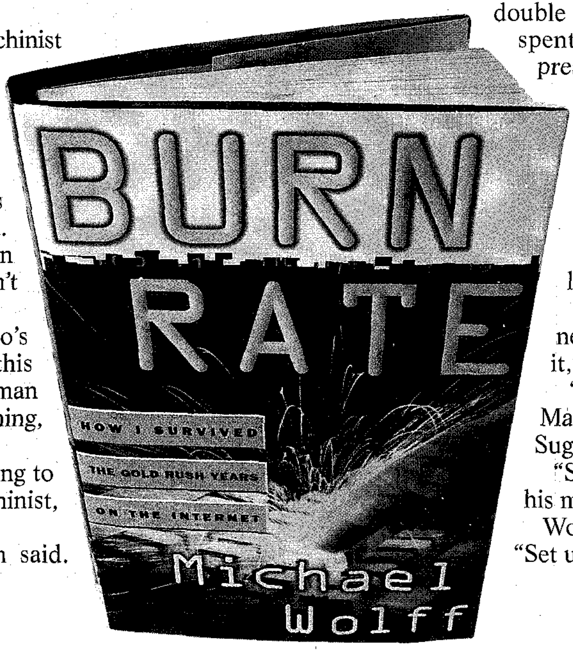
“I have CEO résumés a pile deep,” said Rubin, whose other cyber company, First Virtual, was trying to address its own casting problems.

“What I'm looking for—” Machinist paused to conjure. “We have Michael,” he said, letting me slip quietly into the third person. “And he's our visionary,” he said, using an affectionate term of deprecation in the technology business not unlike *writer* in Hollywood. “Now we need someone who can really sell the shit out of this. I don't want a dry eye in the house.”

“We do need someone who's hot,” said Rubin, warming to this approach, because even a rich man respects star quality (the only thing, perhaps, that he respects).

“We need somebody who's going to make you look good,” said Machinist, sizing up my deficiencies.

“Let me restate that,” Rubin said. “We can hire somebody who can increase the value of this company overnight, two or three times.”



Photograph by Steven Freeman.

I felt a kind of sudden schism between loyalty to myself and my company and a willingness to sell myself out for two or three times more than I otherwise would have gotten.

“But who?” I asked.

Rubin, keeping track of these things, reeled off the names of industry personalities whom rumors had identified as possibly looking to move on.

No doubt because I was putting myself out of a job, I found that it was easy to quibble with each one.

“What about Judson?” said Machinist, pulling down on his jowls.

Rubin made a murmuring noise. “Perfect.”

“Hmm,” I said, grasping how the story would unfold. Bruce Judson was an Internet personality at Time Warner. He was a hero in *Ad Age* (“a marketers marketer!”). He was, arguably, one of the few people in the cyber business who had experience selling ads. What's more, lending the perfect sense of inevitability and partnership to our story, Judson was the author of the book we had published about marketing on the Internet. We could get a double bang for the money we'd already spent promoting him. I could see the press release:

PROMINENT TIME WARNER
EXEC JOINS WOLFF NEW MEDIA
Internet Marketer to Lead
Content Company

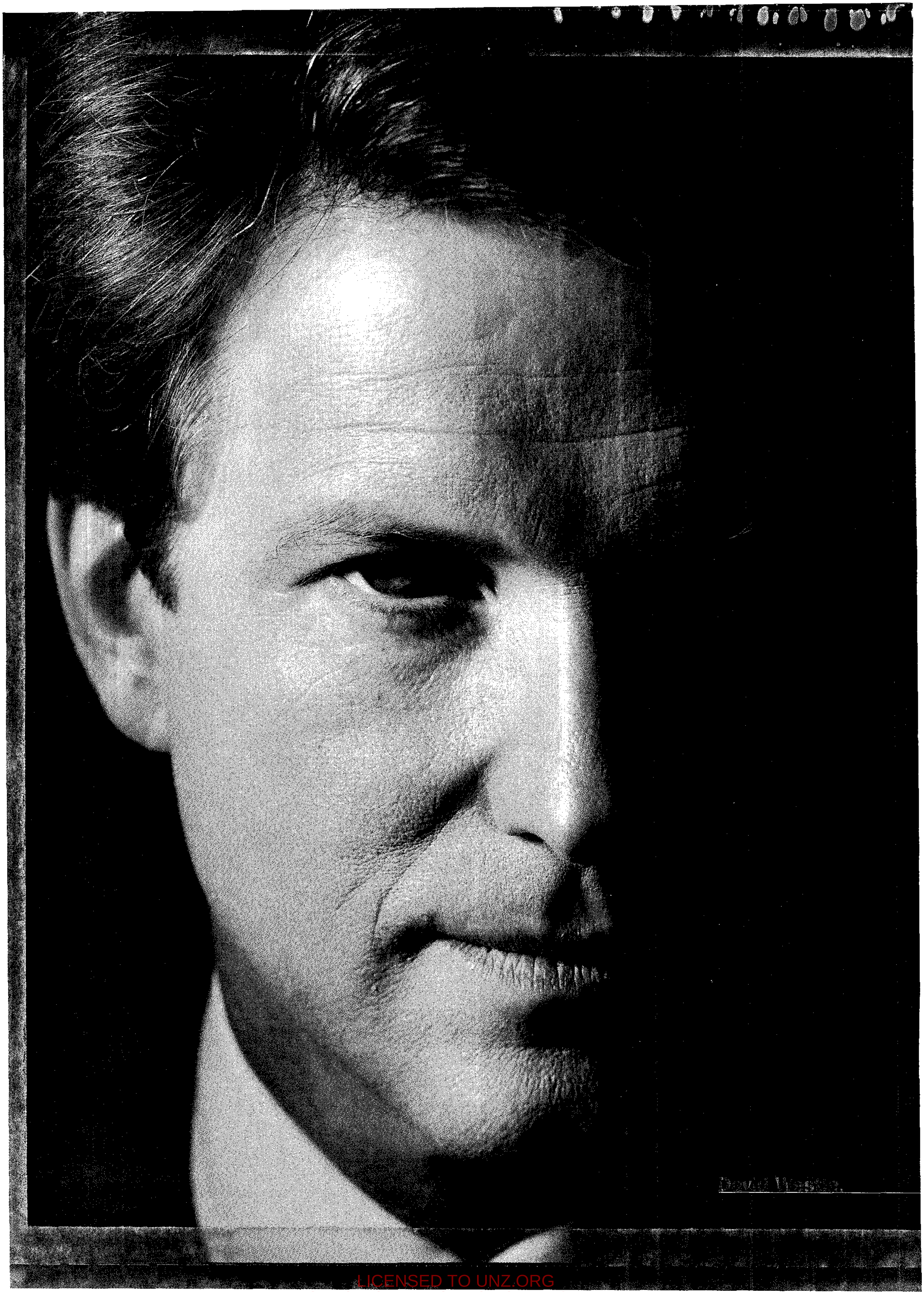
“This will make a great press release,” said Rubin.

“Except that he loves Time Warner. He loves a big firm. He won't do it,” I said.

“You better get him to do it,” said Machinist, with a measured snarl, his Suge Knight side emerging.

“Seriously, I know his wife, I know his mother—”

Women did not frighten Machinist. “Set up a dinner,” he quickly replied.



David Wastie.

Is This Man Ready for Prime Time?

This month, David Westin finally took the helm at ABC News, inheriting a division reeling from colliding egos and sagging ratings. But can a Jimmy Stewartish lawyer with no news experience restore the House that Roone Built?

By Meryl Gordon

THE INVISIBLE MAN HAS JUST BEEN handed one of the most visible jobs in broadcast news. • David Westin may be among the canniest office politicians in the long, intrigue-filled history of ABC News. Or else he's just the luckiest figure to hit television since J. Fred Muggs. In March 1997, when the earnest 45-year-old lawyer was anointed heir apparent of ABC News, nobody thought he'd survive the year. Within days, Westin's love life exploded into tabloid headlines, ABC correspondents privately attacked his lack of news experience, and cynics predicted that ABC president Roone Arledge—who had helped oust two previous potential successors—was sharpening his knives again. • But Westin persevered. His secret: He's spent the past year as a stealth president—keeping a low profile while playing the loyal understudy to Arledge. Now that's about to change. • On June 1, Westin was officially appointed chief news executive of ABC. He inherits a once proud news organization now trailing NBC in the ratings and reeling from the management disarray that resulted when Arledge, who had long seemed uninterested in actually running the place, also proved unwilling to cede power. Peter Jennings's *World News Tonight* has lurched through four executive producers in the past five years, a situation that led to one respected Washington correspondent's having nineteen ready-to-air stories killed during one year. Ratings-challenged *Good Morning America,* with its perky "Wake up to it" ad slogan, has been lulling viewers back to sleep, despite new anchors, a new set, and its third executive producer in

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN SMITH

eighteen months. Small wonder that many ABC veterans—anchors, top producers, and award-winning correspondents—sound deeply skeptical that a new era of stability has begun.

Westin's first major initiatives have predictably raised hackles: The announcement last week that Westin had brought in former Los Angeles *Times* editor Shelby Coffey III as executive vice-president provoked one correspondent to quip, "Oh, great! We've got a guy who doesn't know news hiring a guy who doesn't know TV." Westin's cost-cutting plan to merge ABC's two successful news magazines, Barbara Walters's *20/20* and Diane Sawyer's *PrimeTime Live,* has prompted detractors to predict that the move will wreck the ratings and identities of both shows. As Walters told me just before the shotgun marriage was officially announced, "Diane is so good at what she does; I'm so good at what I do; why not leave us alone?" Even Westin's comment to the New York *Times* last week that he planned to redesign the executive offices to make the place less hierarchical were greeted with jokes about rearranging deck chairs on the *Titanic.*

Westin's charge is to turn around ratings and shore up staff morale in the face of budget cuts mandated by Disney, ABC's corporate parent. And he has to do it with his old boss looking over his shoulder. "I'm still going to be involved," insists Arledge, 66, who has retained both his corner suite and his title as chairman. "I'm just not going to be the final person running the news division."

"Roone Arledge is to news what Michael Jordan is to the NBA," says Paul Schulman, an influential media buyer who places $200 million in network TV time a year. "Westin has a tough job, coming after him."

BY ALL ACCOUNTS, DAVID WESTIN IS A VERY, VERY NICE guy, which makes him something of an anomaly in the television business. A handsome sandy-haired man who was born into a fundamentalist-Christian family, he played oboe in his Michigan high-school band and once aspired to be a bandleader. Publicly, he projects an enthusiastic, unjaded manner that leads people to underestimate him—the aw-shucks country lawyer who snookers the big-city slickers. As Diane Sawyer puts it, "I love the way people come in and think his boyishness is naïveté, and watch them slowly get dissected."

I first met Westin three months before his promotion. After weeks of interviewing and trailing him to ABC events, what I came to see is that there are actually two David Westins. Off the record, he was engaging and irreverent, candidly critiquing his own rise through ABC's corporate jungle and the challenge of handling the delicate egos of ABC's high-profile, high-maintenance anchors. But the minute I turned the tape recorder on, Westin turned bland, measuring each word, the very image of a buttoned-down corporate apparatchik—not coincidentally, a breed much prized by his bosses at Disney. "I have not suppressed my personality," he insisted when I pointed out the dichotomy. But of course he has, and what will be interesting to watch in the months ahead is whether the animated, bolder David Westin emerges, or whether he will be perceived as a corporate cipher who lacks the vision to carry on ABC's innovative legacy.

Westin wearily admits that his lack of experience has been an issue. But he argues that what is needed from a news president is overall direction, not hands-on experience. So what if he's never covered a breaking news story? "I don't have to know how to do it," he says, "I have to have a sense of what's working and what's not."

His big-picture approach to the news is in marked contrast to the voluble charisma of Roone Arledge, a legend who pushed ABC from third place to first in the eighties by sheer force of personality. During his tenure, Arledge cultivated a generation of celebrity anchors, turned the news division from a joke into a powerhouse, and helped invent *Nightline, World News Tonight, This Week With David Brinkley, 20/20,* and *PrimeTime Live.*

The differences in the two men's approaches were starkly evident at the lavish press breakfast ABC threw in May at Tavern on the Green in honor of Charles Gibson, the longtime *Good Morning America* anchor now joining *20/20.* Asked to say a few words, Westin played the starstruck role, describing how thrilled he was when he first met Gibson. The year was 1991 and Westin had just left the well-connected Washington law firm of Wilmer, Cutler & Pickering to join ABC as general counsel. "I talked my way onto the set," said Westin, "and I think Charlie said hello—and then he promptly turned his back and worked the show. It devastated me, but I was impressed at the way he focused."

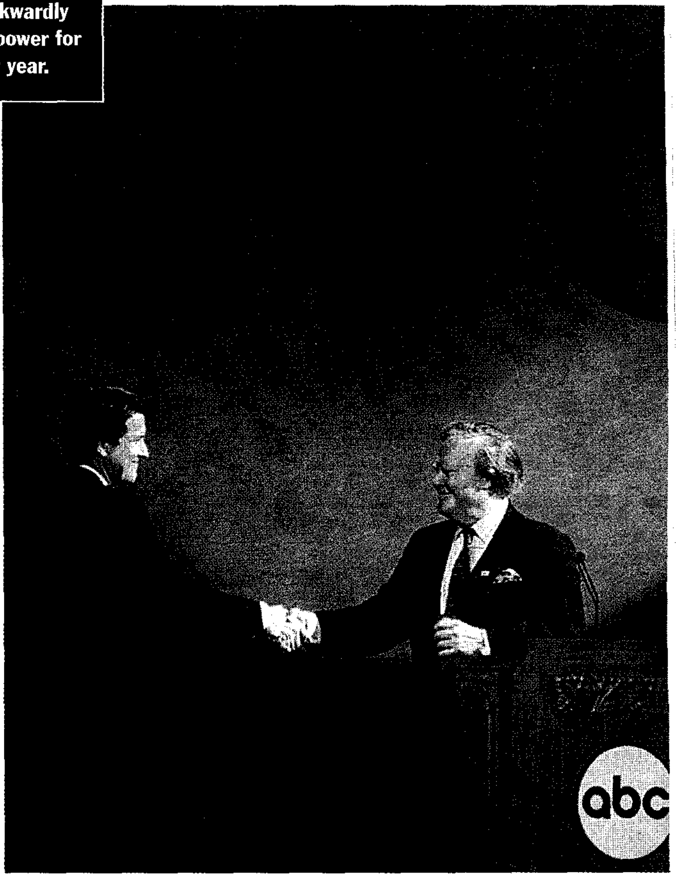
Following Westin's meekly self-deprecating anecdote, Arledge seized the microphone and delivered a rousing exhortation to *Good Morning America's* staff. "We are all disappointed that we're not No. 1, that NBC is on a roll. You guys do a better program," thundered Arledge, who then went on to blame the news division's ratings slump on the network's disastrous prime-time entertainment schedule this season, the worst performance of any major network in history. "The network is going through a difficult time, and it's rubbed off on you, and other shows."

ARLEDGE HAS A POINT. MUCH OF THE TURMOIL AT ABC NEWS STEMS from the dismal performance of its parent network, a problem that no news president can control. Viewers addicted to NBC's hugely popular *ER* and *Friends*—barraged by endless promos for NBC's news shows—have proved willing to switch their news loyalties.

Things may be looking up, however, just in time for Westin's watch. The network's new fall entertainment schedule, unveiled in May, has won high marks from ad buyers. "I think ABC hit rock bottom a while ago and now they're on the rebound," says

Who's the boss?

Westin (left) and Roone Arledge have awkwardly shared power for the past year.



Photograph by Steve Fenn/ABC.

Power players: **ABC chief Robert Iger got his start working for Arledge and remains protective of his mentor.**

Paul Schulman. "If ABC's prime-time schedule improves, the evening news ratings will improve as well."

That will certainly be good news for Peter Jennings, who worries that the news division is going to be hit with budget cuts to pay for the mistakes of the entertainment programmers. "The price they paid for *Monday Night Football* [a whopping $9.2 billion]—my first question was, how much are they going to take out of *our* hide?" Jennings says. The anchor admits that he's nervous about Disney's commitment to news programming. "I've been told there are some people in the corporation who aren't as enthusiastic about the value of a news organization," he says, quickly adding, "I don't think Michael Eisner believes that."

When told that many blame the woes of the news division solely on entertainment-side excesses, Robert A. Iger, who as president of ABC Incorporated presides over both news and entertainment, responds pointedly, noting that in the not-too-recent past, "Peter Jennings was No. 1 when prime time wasn't."

But Iger softens visibly when the conversation turns to David Westin, whom he personally chose to head up ABC News. Westin spent almost three years as ABC's in-house counsel (his responsibilities included dealing with the Food Lion suit against *PrimeTime Live* for using hidden cameras), and then held two executive stints that were so brief—a year as head of ABC's in-house TV production, two years as president of the ABC Television Network group—that he didn't have time to build a track record.

Asked to cite Westin's accomplishments, Iger chooses instead to discuss his leadership potential. "David is a quick study because he's so smart. He cares a lot about news. And there was another quality that was very important to me—he had respect for Roone Arledge," Iger adds. "He works hard at not being arrogant. If he doesn't know anything, he doesn't profess to know it."

Iger got his start working for Arledge, and he remains loyal and protective toward his mentor. But this past year's awkward power-sharing arrangement between Westin and Arledge—a long good-bye that's dragged on as long as the much-hyped countdown to the final *Seinfeld* episode—has created tremendous day-to-day anxiety at ABC News. Even Iger admits he had to do some hand-holding in recent months as Westin pressed him repeatedly for a timetable, saying, "He's had the 'Patience, my son' speech from me a few times."

"It's been hard on Roone and hard on David," says Ted Koppel. "In a transition, no one wants to offend the other person. To hand over the reins, no matter how friendly a process it is, has got to be difficult."

NOT THAT ARLEDGE APPEARS TO BE GOING anywhere. While Westin gets day-to-day operating authority, Arledge is staying on as chairman. "Technically, I'll be involved in everything I'm involved in now, but I won't be running it," he says, sitting in his corner office with its gleaming wall of 36 Emmy statuettes. "Practically, I don't think it'll work out quite that way. I'll be involved in things that interest me."

What *does* interest Roone? His face comes alive as he talks about ABC News—he loves the place, he's still fascinated by the minutiae, he can't stop the urge to tweak shows to make them better. Just this morning, he tells me, he called the graphics department to complain that the colors on the ABC logo were out of whack. "I critique things—I do that with every show we've got. Sometimes the little things are the things nobody looks at."

He wants to see if he can make political-convention coverage more lively; he gets a kick out of phoning Sam Donaldson and Cokie Roberts during their Sunday morning broadcast if there's a question he wants the guest to answer. Arledge still expects to be making these kind of calls in the weeks and months ahead and believes he can do so without undermining Westin's authority. Maybe he can. At least the two men don't focus on the same details.

"Roone called me twice during today's show," *GMA*'s co-host Lisa McRee said one recent morning, adding that Westin had trekked down to the control room a few days earlier. "Roone [said he] wants me to wear red. I don't think David cares about the color of my jacket, but he has different aesthetic things he cares about."

But while many ABC employees grumble about answering to two masters, Arledge insists that everything is just fine. "People start off with the notion that there has to be some power struggle going on," says Arledge. "Then they find out it's just not so." But he concedes that skepticism about the arrangement may be justified, given the way he exiled two previous pretenders to his throne. First, Capital Cities execs Dan Burke and Tom Murphy, at the time ABC's corporate chieftains, installed Steve Weiswasser to cut costs and bring order to Arledge's chaotic management style. Weiswasser—also a former corporate counsel—lasted two years, and Arledge angrily calls him "the biggest mistake this company ever made."

Next came *World News Tonight* executive producer Paul Friedman. The producer had been assured by ABC's top brass he'd have the authority to run the news division without interference from Arledge. They were wrong. "Paul was set up," says one eyewitness to the resulting carnage. "He was told that Roone would be off playing golf and it was his news division." Friedman spent three frustrated years in the heir apparent's job before being bounced back to *World News* last year. "Paul is a very good producer," Arledge says, and then can't resist adding,

Westin's earnest façade leads people to underestimate him—at their own risk. As Diane Sawyer puts it, "I love the way people come in and think his boyishness is naïveté, and watch them slowly get dissected."

Photograph by Ilkka Uimonen/Sygma.

"but he was not the right person to run an organization like this, which had magazine shows and other things he didn't particularly have much respect for."

Meanwhile, as the succession battle dragged on, the talent drain accelerated, as top ABC correspondents and producers concluded that this was no longer a fun or rewarding place to work. Neal Shapiro fled to NBC, where he revamped the network's embarrassment of a news magazine, *Dateline*, into a ratings powerhouse. The highly regarded Rick Kaplan, who held a series of top producing jobs at ABC, took over as head of CNN in 1997 and began to raid his former company, hiring away political analyst Jeff Greenfield, correspondent Judd Rose, and even Iger's wife, Willow Bay, in quick succession.

ODDLY ENOUGH, INSIDERS BELIEVE THAT WHAT helped Westin escape Arledge's ax was his extramarital romance with colleague Sherrie Rollins, who was then married to GOP consultant Ed Rollins. Rumors of their romance became tabloid fodder just after he was installed in the steppingstone position of ABC News president.

Westin, who was also married at the time (he and his second wife are in the midst of a divorce), arrived at the job so wounded that he wasn't perceived as worth attacking—why bother shooting a man who is in the process of committing suicide? Iger was furious; rumors made the rounds that he had asked Westin point-blank about the affair before anointing him president, and that Westin had lied. "David and I are completely over the entire incident," says Iger, who doesn't deny the story. "But it didn't cause me to second-guess my decision, ever, and my support since he's been in the job has only grown."

Day after day, as his relationship was dissected in the gossip columns, Westin tried to act nonchalant. "Certainly it made it harder for me to do the job initially," he says. "Rumors and speculation and talking in the hallways." Talking about this period of his life, Westin looks grim until I suggest that maybe a sex scandal wasn't so bad for his image—it certainly hasn't hurt Clinton. He explodes into laughter. Westin and Rollins now share a house in Bronxville, along with Rollins's 3-year-old daughter, Lily.

Trying quietly to make his mark at ABC, Westin has been drawing on his legal background; he has taken an especially active role in directing the coverage of the Monica Lewinsky scandal. "He's been more hands-on and engaged in the editorial process than I would have expected," says Chris Isham, the ABC senior producer who heads the investigative unit. In the early months of the Clinton scandal, Westin explained the legal issues at stake and impressed the staff by refusing to back down when ABC got complaints about its aggressive coverage. "David was very helpful on legal issues," concurs Jackie Judd, ABC's Washington-based lead correspondent on the story. "He was completely supportive when we were getting a lot of heat from the White House."

He has also tried to bring a little civility to the bruising newsgathering process, a kinder gentler attitude that he says reflects his Christian upbringing. As a child, Westin attended two church services on Sunday and prayer meetings on Wednesday nights, in Flint and then Ann Arbor, where his father worked in the auto industry. "It was a dedicated life built around the church," he says; no card playing, drinking, smoking, or even movies. When ABC dispatched planes full of reporters and camera crews down to Jonesboro, Arkansas, to cover the school-shooting deaths, Westin sent word that he didn't want staff members to harass people to get interviews. "We're dealing with people who aren't used to network-news crews, at a time they are most vulnerable," Westin says. "I wanted to make sure we treat people with respect and sensitivity. If we lose an interview or two, so be it."

[illegible] affair: **Westin's extramarital relationship with Sherrie Rollins almost cost him his job.**

Photograph by Robin Platzer.

The care and feeding of ABC's anchors is a major part of Westin's job, and he has certainly worked hard at it. "I like him a great deal," says Barbara Walters, noting that Westin sent her flowers and a note after her Oscar special. Unlike Arledge, who summons people to his office when he wants to see them and is notorious for not returning phone calls, Westin has gone out of his way to be available and collegial. "David comes down—Roone never comes down" to the third floor newsroom, says Jennings. "He's made himself very accessible." Asked about Westin's solicitous courting of ABC's stars, Diane Sawyer bursts into laughter. "We can't be flattered—not us anchors, not us egomaniacal on-air people."

LAST MONTH, WESTIN PUSHED THROUGH HIS FIRST MAJOR DECISION AS president, a consolidation that provoked anxiety throughout the news division. During ABC's May rollout of fall programs at the New Amsterdam Theatre, Westin took the stage to announce that he was "combining the great strengths" of *20/20* and *PrimeTime Live* into an all new *20/20* to debut in September. As an omniscient announcer introduced "the reporting superstars the world has come to know and trust," the new revolving teams of anchors trooped gamely onto the stage where the lions and elephants and gazelles of *The Lion King* usually roam: Walters, Sawyer, Donaldson, and new additions Connie Chung and Charles Gibson. (Hugh Downs was out of town.) They smiled blandly for the cameras, revealing none of the angst that accompanied this shotgun marriage.

The irony in this merger has not been missed at ABC: that the anchors of the two news magazines—among the only ABC pro-

Westin arrived at ABC News so wounded by the tabloids that he wasn't perceived as worth attacking, even by Roone Arledge. Why bother shooting a man who is in the process of committing suicide?

grams that regularly air in the top twenty and often the top ten—are being punished for their success. In hopes of cutting costs and emulating the ratings bonanza of NBC's four-night-a-week *Dateline*, ABC decided to go for one much-hyped brand-name show. Westin hoped that combining the shows would also quell internal rivalry over breaking news interviews. Insiders say producers of the two shows sometimes seem more obsessed with one-upping each other than with worrying about NBC or CBS.

In the weeks before the official announcement, both Sawyer and Walters—longtime competitors—repeatedly insisted that they were willing to work together but raised concerns that a hybrid show would alienate audiences. Remember that fun pairing of Dan Rather and Connie Chung? "What we're worried about in merging everything is losing our personality," says Walters.

Westin has held an endless series of meetings with producers to try to thrash things out, and the negotiating over the logistics is likely to drag out through the summer. A major problem is that the shows have dramatically different corporate cultures. *PrimeTime Live* has been the breaking-news, perennially over-budget, anything-can-happen show, or as Sawyer says, "We are famous for jumping out of the plane and then figuring out, does anyone have a parachute?"

Meanwhile, *20/20*, led by the unflappable executive producer Victor Neufeld, has been known as a place where the trains run on time: The twice-weekly shows are taped in the afternoon and segments are usually crafted well in advance. Given a choice between creative chaos or a smoothly running operation, Westin chose Neufeld as executive producer of the merged shows. *PrimeTime* producer Phyllis McGrady's consolation prize was a vice-presidency and a job as executive producer of special projects. She will still handle breaking news stories for *20/20*.

The unmistakable perception is that Sawyer lost out in this power struggle, although she spins a positive line. "This is not the Montagues and the Capulets," Sawyer says, adding that she doesn't perceive the demise of *PrimeTime Live* as a defeat. "If you can keep everything we've stood for, the *PrimeTime* innovation, I don't think any of us are going to war over names."

But though Sawyer recently signed a multiyear contract extension and insists, "I'm not unhappy," many in-house observers bet it's only a matter of time before she will defect, lured by salivating competitors waving open checkbooks.

The recent changes have been more traumatic for the roughly 200 ABC staffers who work on the two shows, particularly for *PrimeTime* staffers loyal to McGrady. Cynthia McFadden, a *PrimeTime* correspondent, says, "Everybody's wondering, what does this mean for them? It's hard not to be anxious." The paranoia is so intense that when Sawyer was spotted shortly before the announcement lunching with Arledge and news vice-president Joanna Bistany at Café des Artistes, their body language was being analyzed by ABC staffers by the time they got back to the office. What did it mean that Arledge was sweating and Sawyer looked grim?

Diane Sawyer and Barbara Walters are bristling over Westin's surprise decision to merge *20/20* and *PrimeTime Live.*

Photograph by Walter Weissman/Globe.

"People are talking about *that*?" says a bemused Arledge, insisting that the conversation had primarily been about Sawyer's husband, Mike Nichols, and his movie *Primary Colors* rather than about ABC's news magazines. But he's not surprised at the internal investigative reporting by ABC's reporters and producers. "It's their job to read tea leaves. It's what they do for a living." But is it really worth upsetting ABC's top talent—not to mention tampering with a winning formula—in an uncertain quest for higher ratings? "I think it's the right answer," says Westin, "but that doesn't mean it isn't fraught with peril."

WESTIN HAS BEEN CLOSELY EXAMINING ALL THE ABC news shows. For the moment only *Nightline*, which consistently draws strong ratings, is safe from tampering. *World News Tonight* had its makeover in January, when Paul Friedman revamped the format to try to reinvigorate Jennings's role. "I wanted to make Peter more the center of the broadcast," says Friedman, who scrapped segments like "Person of the Week" and "American Agenda" and added the newsy "A Closer Look," a six-to-seven-minute piece on the hot issue of the day. The new black-and-white opening sequence shows Jennings in rolled-up shirtsleeves as a working reporter, and the anchorman gets a few more minutes of airtime each night.

The hypercompetitive anchor is said to be pleased with his pumped-up role but still frets about his continued loss in the ratings to Brokaw. Jennings dates the decline of *World News Tonight* to ABC's coverage of the O.J. Simpson trial. "We had one of those high-minded meetings to say this is very engaging but we aren't going to be slaves to the trial," he said. "NBC clearly saw an opportunity there and opened up six or seven minutes. When the trial was over, we discovered we had lost a large chunk of audience."

A panicky decision by ABC execs to ape NBC's newscast just made things worse, as *World News Tonight* began shifting directions at a dizzying rate. "You know what happens in journalism, when one guy is successful, the others tend to follow him," Jennings said. "We weren't newsy enough, doing soft features, trying to match NBC. Audiences must have thought it was unbecoming."

The latest changes have gone over well with viewers, however: The nightly-news race has tightened in recent months, and ABC, while still second, has picked up viewers in the 25-to-54 demographic segment favored by advertisers. Westin pronounces himself pleased with the new anchor-friendly format, saying, "I think it's critical that the audience knows that Peter is more than an attractive man who reads the news."

OF COURSE, OVER ALL THESE RATINGS AND CONTENT PROBLEMS looms a gigantic pair of mouse ears. At first, journalists were mildly amused when pay envelopes arrived stamped with pictures of Mickey Mouse or Goofy, or when they received the annual Christmas letter from Disney chairman Michael Eisner that begins, "Dear Cast Member." But this year the corporate presence has seemed far less benign, as employees, already worried about budget cuts that might cost them their jobs, have been forced into a pared-down Disney managed-care health plan. *(continued on page 89)*

DON'T YOU Forget About Me

Ally Sheedy interrupts years of subsistence TV parts and anonymous Upper West Side living to deliver, in *High Art,* the performance she's been waiting for. By Alissa Quart

“THEY TELL YOU I WAS DOWN here?” asks Ally Sheedy. I've found her smoking at a small wood table in the windowless basement of the coffee bar where we've agreed to meet. In fact, I've wandered downstairs by default, and it's not certain that anyone would have recognized her in any case: Sheedy, now 36 and lean in a black T-shirt, bears little resemblance to the sweetly awkward teen she played in *The Breakfast Club.*

For the past seven years, Sheedy has been living in what she describes as a “one-and-a-half-bedroom apartment” on the Upper West Side, one that sounds considerably smaller than the cavernous loft her newly graduated character inhabited in *St. Elmo's Fire.* Now married with a 4-year-old child, Sheedy left Los Angeles behind after a succession of forgettable roles following *St. Elmo*—she costarred with a robot in *Short Circuit* and later played John Candy's love interest in *Only the Lonely.* “I had to leave,” says Sheedy, lighting up another cigarette, a ritual she'll repeat approximately every six minutes until she leaves to pick up her daughter at school three blocks away. “The roles I wanted weren't there.”

Only recently, it seems, has Sheedy found the kind of role she wanted, in the independent film *High Art,* a sexually charged exploration of the bonds that form around art and addiction. The film won the prestigious Waldo Salt Screenwriting Award at Sundance, and the performances, including Sheedy's keen-edged portrayal of a heroin addict, have drawn unanimous critical acclaim.

When Sheedy first read the script, written by the relatively unknown Lisa Cholodenko, she identified so completely with the character that she flew across the country, at her own expense, for her reading. “I have to fight my way into an audition,” she says. “Lisa hadn't seen any of the Brat Pack films, so she was open-minded.” Not only had Cholodenko managed to make it to the age of 33 without ever having seen *The Breakfast Club* or *St. Elmo's Fire;* at first, she couldn't even put a face to Sheedy's name.

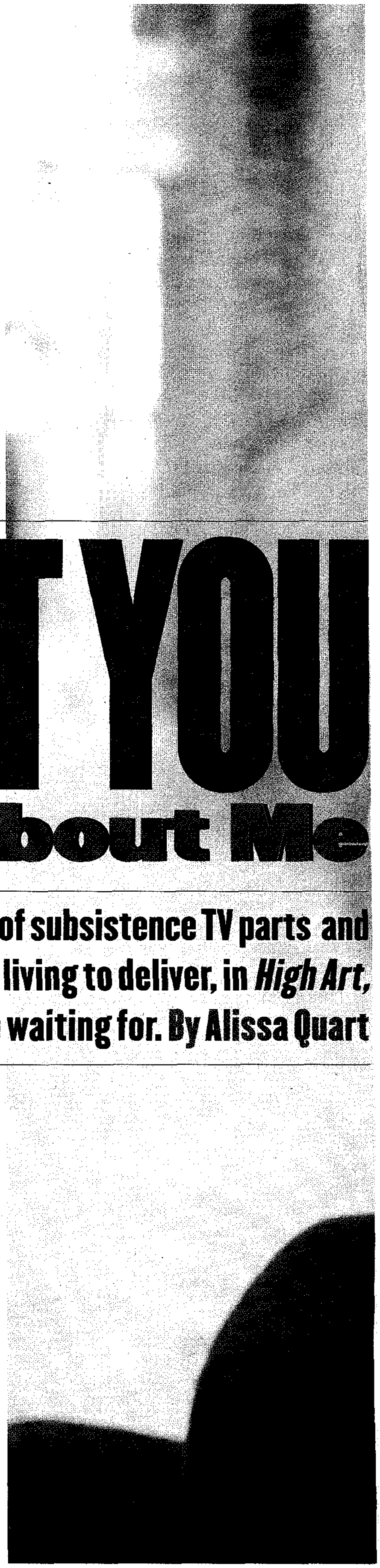
Unsettlingly thin, Sheedy established herself as a viable contender merely because she so vividly looked the part. A strong delivery clinched for her the role of Lucy Berliner, a dissolute, once-celebrated photographer living with her junkie girlfriend; she further troubles the already troubled relationship by seducing a young photo editor who wants to revive Lucy's career.

Sheedy—whose Hollywood phase included rehab at Hazelden to recover from a brief dependency on Halcion—says Berliner “is the closest character I've ever played to myself. Lucy's very slowed down; she was at the tail end of whatever success she had had. She was burning out from the whirlwind that was around her just because of something she could do—photography. She wanted out.”

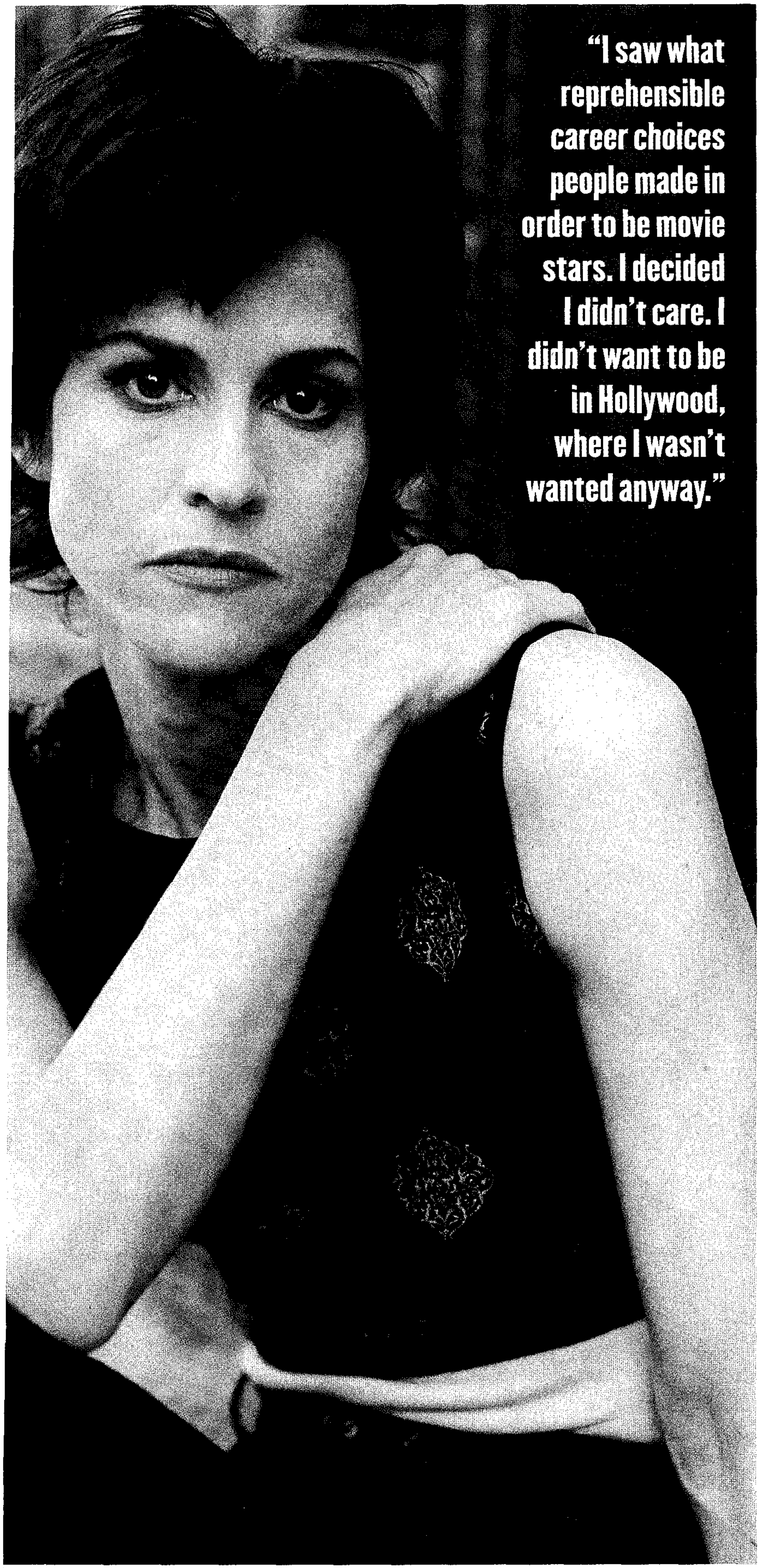
If Sheedy is now openly disdainful of Hollywood, she's still nostalgic for her former friends the Brat Pack, a handful of actors who embodied the healthy, wealthy ideal of eighties adolescence. “It was the first time I ever belonged anywhere,” says Sheedy of that brief period of closeness with Judd Nelson, Emilio Estevez, and Molly Ringwald, among others. Sheedy, who blames the naming of the clique for its demise, considers its ultimate disintegration “heartbreaking”: “It exploded and I felt robbed of my friends. I'm not in touch with those people anymore.”

Demi Moore, a former close friend, continued on her trajectory, with movies like *About Last Night* and *Indecent Proposal;* Sheedy says she shied away from the roles up for her consideration. “My only option was to play a sex object. It has not fucking changed,” she says. “I saw what reprehensible choices people made in order to be movie stars. When I got to Hollywood, they told me I couldn't be a movie star with my body. I decided I didn't care. I decided I didn't want to be a movie star or in Hollywood, where I wasn't wanted anyway.”

Throughout the interview, there isn't a moment when Sheedy isn't rubbing her leg, running her hand through her hair, or shifting in her chair. She raises her arms in



PHOTOGRAPH BY DIETMAR



> "I saw what reprehensible career choices people made in order to be movie stars. I decided I didn't care. I didn't want to be in Hollywood, where I wasn't wanted anyway."

a pre-dance-class stretch; she pulls at her shirt as she twists her waist. Her movements—oddly mannered, almost snakelike—are mildly hypnotic. If anything, Sheedy has more dramatic appeal than she did in her twenties. "It took a long time," she says, "for me to look like myself."

IN RECENT YEARS, SHEEDY HAS SPENT MOST of her day-to-day existence puttering around her apartment with her husband, actor David Lansbury (*Pride's Crossing),* and her daughter, "reading a bit, cleaning the kitchen, writing a bit, going on the occasional audition, although there haven't been many of those," she allows. William Morris "kicked her out" last year, she says, because she wasn't bringing in enough money. She's grateful for the consistent work USA Network has offered her in recent years (including *Buried Alive II*): "They bail me out of debt. My husband and I are like, 'Thank *God.*' "

Sheedy's late-twenties-onset burnout could easily be explained as the inevitable result of an overachieving childhood and adolescence. Perhaps only Brooke Shields's precocious early résumé has been chronicled so often in print: At 6, Sheedy danced with the American Ballet Theater; by the age of 12, she'd written a best-selling children's book, *She Was Nice to Mice,* and before she'd graduated from high school, she'd been published in *Ms.* and the New York *Times.* She started acting in commercials with the goal of financial independence. "My mother and my father both grew up in dire poverty and made incredible lives for themselves and were high achievers," she says. "That was the reality of my family. No one had to say anything. They were living examples."

Sheedy's mother, the prominent literary agent Charlotte Sheedy, is a lesbian (her parents divorced in 1971), and much has been made in the tabs of Sheedy's hinting that the graphic sex scenes in the film do not mark her first involvement with women. Sheedy says she already "knew that world" heading into the shooting. "It's a lot easier for me to do a sex scene with a woman," she stresses. "In *High Art,* I got to be the guy, the one with experience and confidence. In most movies, I'd lie there as an accessory, moaning at a man's heightened masculine quality. Then there's the tit shot."

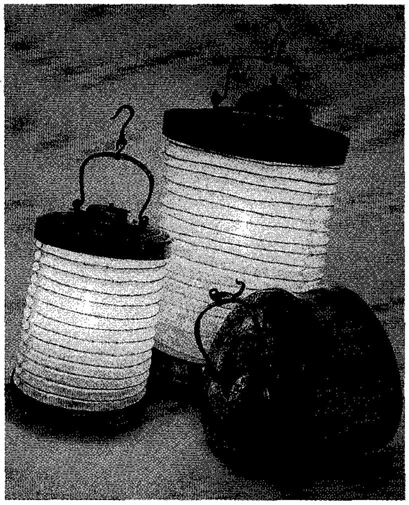
Sheedy clearly isn't what you could call coolly detached about the Hollywood scene. "L.A. was disgusting," she says flatly. "Everyone was wearing designer clothes and kissing asses at parties, where all the people were disgusting." But she does seem unconflicted about her erratic career path. "I hate bullshit. People are most themselves when they're honest. And when you don't want anything," says Sheedy, "you can be very honest." ▬

Hair and makeup by Christina Reyna.

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Suspended Illumination

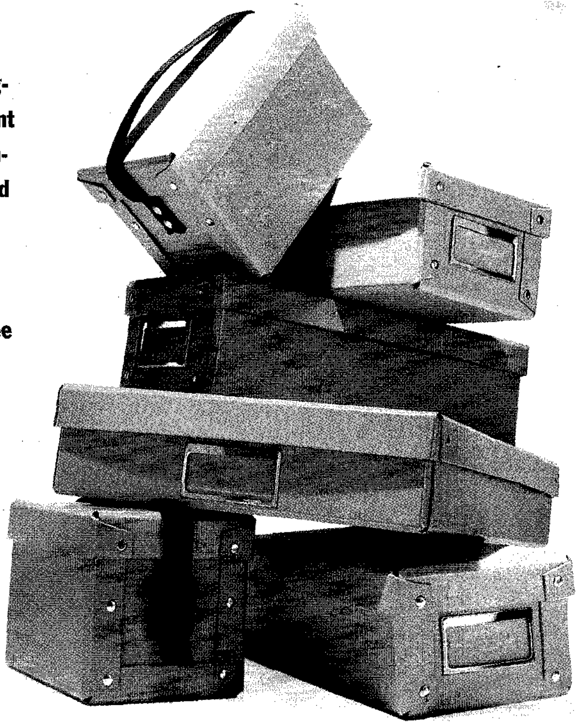
Ottoman lanterns like these once hung on gondolas to help oarsmen navigate; they're now used to light up outdoor Turkish markets. Debbie Dunn of Lexington Gardens discovered them on a recent Mediterranean buying trip and, envisioning their use on porch or patio, imported the lanterns to New York. They hold a six-inch-tall candle, are made of flame-retardant cheesecloth and unpolished copper, and fold flat for storage (in three sizes; $130, $175, and $395).

LEXINGTON GARDENS/*1011 Lexington Avenue, near 73rd Street/861-4390*

Wrist Action

Eternally cool fashion designer Paul Smith understands the obsession certain men have for their cars (he himself has a passion for Minis, those cute little European two-seaters). To indulge this infatuation, Smith has created Motor Cufflinks: Now auto enthusiasts get to wear their prized wheels—E-Type Jaguars, Porsches, Minis, and TR-7s—on their shirtsleeves ($50).

PAUL SMITH/*108 Fifth Avenue, at 16th Street/627-9770*



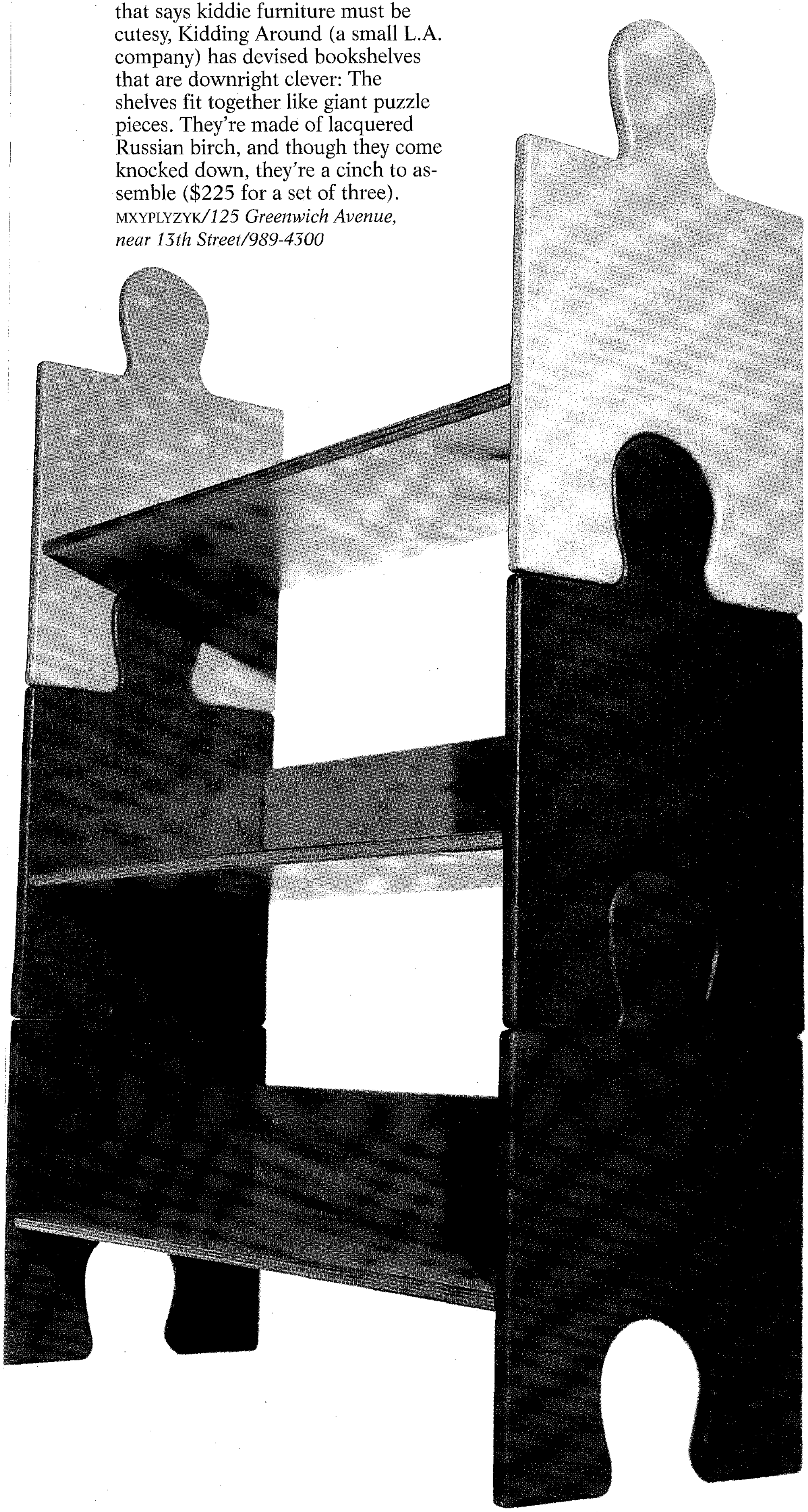
Jewel Boxes

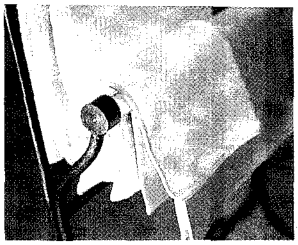
Bigso Box of Sweden's neatly designed storage solutions now come in sorbet shades, proof that quotidian objects don't have to be boring. Though meant for the home office, these diskette, CD, and fax-paper boxes will be snapped up by every family member for caches of various kinds ($7.99 and $8.99).

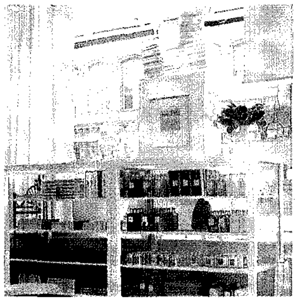
S. FELDMAN HOUSEWARES/*1304 Madison Avenue, near 93rd Street/289-3961*

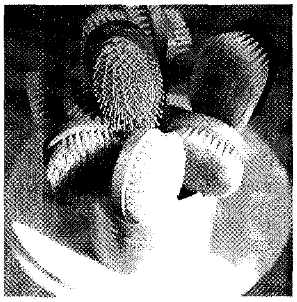
Puzzle-Headed

To challenge the law of consumerism that says kiddie furniture must be cutesy, Kidding Around (a small L.A. company) has devised bookshelves that are downright clever: The shelves fit together like giant puzzle pieces. They're made of lacquered Russian birch, and though they come knocked down, they're a cinch to assemble ($225 for a set of three). MXYPLYZYK/*125 Greenwich Avenue, near 13th Street/989-4300*









Bathing Suite

The Waterworks Collection store, designed by Aero Studios to suggest a humongous shower, is jammed with all the elements for sybaritic soaking (plumbing fixtures and tiles are sold at the company's other Manhattan locations). There are all manner of sudsy treats; luxe Egyptian-cotton, linen, and exfoliating towels; and sumptuous shower curtains and robes. Even the essentials—wastebaskets and toothbrush holders, caddies and tumblers—come in unexpected materials like onyx, pewter, sterling silver, and horn. With such lush trappings, you'll want to spend all day *au bain.* (From $6 for a French soap to $175 for a vanity mirror to $575 for a metal-and-glass towel rack to $3,200 for a bath secretary.) WATERWORKS COLLECTION/*475 Broome Street/274-8800.*

BABY-VROOMERS: Learn to handle your hog at Trama’ Auto School.

THE GOODS MANNY HOWARD

Blazing Saddles

Go ahead, blow that bonus on a Harley—but remember, a motorcycle's a lot more dangerous than a Rolex. Gentlemen, start your engines: School's in session.

“IT USED TO BE TENNIS OR GOLF, but that's become so common. *Everybody* does that,” says Rich Freeman, director of the retail group at Salomon Smith Barney. Freeman, who owns five motorcycles, confirms that more and more Wall Streeters are dropping their bonus checks on Harleys and Ducati sport bikes. “These days, if you come across a banker who rides a motorcycle,” says Freeman, *“that* warrants a conversation.”

For some, a motorcycle represents freedom from the gilded-office grind. It can renew flagging machismo. Or it can serve as a mobile dating service—women readily jump on for a ride. Then they spend the better part of the relationship begging you to get rid of it.

My shiny red-and-black Kawasaki GPZ 550 was the 400-pound symptom of a romance gone south. The ultimatum was delivered on a hot spring afternoon: My next big purchase would be her engagement ring—or else. The choice seemed clear. I bought a motorcycle and said good-bye to the girl.

Learning to ride a motorcycle is scarier than learning to drive a car, primarily because you can't fall off a car. In 1981, Professor Harry Hurt of the University of Southern California's Traffic Safety Center issued the “Motorcycle Accident Cause Factors and Identification of Countermeasures” report, now popularly known as “The Hurt Study.” According to Hurt, more than half the accidents studied involved riders who had had less than five months' experience; 92 percent of the riders were self-taught or had learned from family or friends. A significant number did not have licenses.

My own accident was a statistical marvel: It would have been difficult to cram more mistakes into the 5,760 minutes I spent astride my bike before I found myself skidding through traffic on my back. The little sport bike's entire front end was staved in, the lights and clocks between the handlebars obliterated by the collision with the curb. Luckily, my injuries were also primarily cosmetic—my legs were stiff and bruised, and the epidermis was neatly sanded off my entire left buttock and shoulder. After soaking in the tub and downing a six-pack with a half bottle of Motrin, I wheeled the Kawasaki into the living room, where it saw action as a coat rack for two years. I had no interest in repairing it, despite the most earnest entreaties of all my male friends to get back in the saddle.

Recommended by the folks at American Dream Machine—a dealer of Harley-Davidsons in SoHo—and Redline Motor Sports in Chelsea, Trama's Auto School (718-847-2483 or -2105) provides a three-day course for beginners, culminating in a rigorous road test, for $370. The course is now held in the giant parking lot at SUNY's Farmingdale campus. (Take the LIRR to Farmingdale, and grab a cab at the station for the mile-and-a half ride to campus.) Get a license, along with a 10 percent insurance waiver for having taken a defensive-driving course. Dealers sometimes offer rebates to those who pass.

You don't need any license whatsoever to buy or register a motorcycle. In the past, riders skipped taking the road test for a license altogether, opting instead to hop from one yearlong learner's permit to the next. But the profusion of white-collar bikers who stand to lose their shirts if they get sued as the result of an accident has changed all this. And why not live to see another year-end bonus? Why not learn how to *really* ride a motorcycle, even if it's only to commute to the Bridgehampton beach house?

Gasper Trama, 54, a compact man with more salt than pepper in his hair and a significant mustache, has been riding so long that he is slightly bowlegged. With 30 years' teaching experience behind him, he seems more at home atop a bike than on his feet.

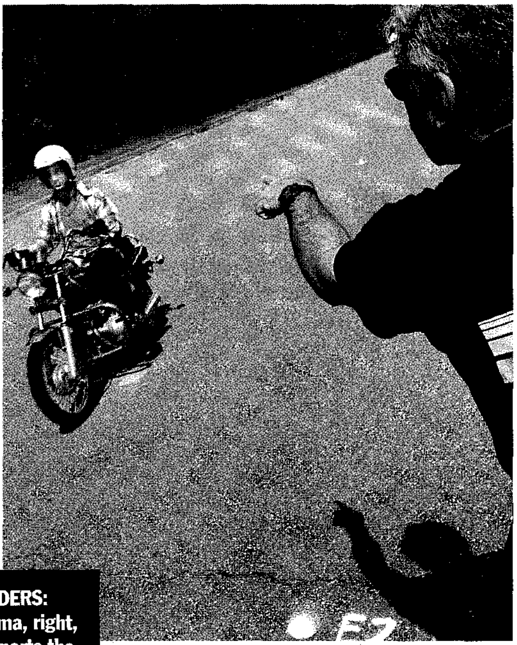
Half a dozen students this Sunday morning are sitting at chair-and-desk units, sipping deli coffee. Trama launches into a get-to-know-me shtick. It's not long before he's got the whole class clutching disembodied handlebars and creating their own sound effects to simulate riding motorcycles. Trama induces everyone to repeat numerous mnemonic devices. SIPDE means Scan, Identify, Predict, Decide, Execute. He also screens dreadful circa-1971 Super-8 footage of a racially correct cross-section of happy motorcyclists enjoying safe riding when they obey the rules of the road.

By and large, we're a white-collar bunch. There's a successful New York restaurateur, a downtown hipster studiously vague about his employment, an NYPD forensics expert, and two high-tech entrepreneurs from the Island. Still, the class occasionally feels like the kind of program funded by the Children's Television Workshop. That suits me fine, as I'm still dreading getting back on a bike. Trama reveals that the "secret" to safe motorcycle riding is looking far ahead of the bike—a seemingly obvious point unless you have ever stared, transfixed, at the odometer, traveling 40 miles an hour as you try to remember how to downshift.

Oddly, I have the most experience in the group. The restaurateur has just bought 35 grand–worth of BMW and has been on it once. The cop plans to retire to Puerto Rico and has his eye on a modest touring bike. One of the high-techies has a brand-new Ninja waiting for him in his driveway. The other two have been stalking showrooms for months.

We spend half an hour getting accustomed to the practice motorcycles. Straddling them with the ignition off, we goose-step across the asphalt, looking like a hapless marching band. It's a mangy gaggle of small-engine touring bikes—Hondas, Kawasakis, and Suzukis. You're prohibited from bringing your own.

By the end of the first day, the baby steps fall into place, and we actually get to turn the motorcycles on and practice starting and stopping. Just mounting and dismounting requires a five-part regimen for safety. Our hearts swell with pride when, by 6:30, we realize we've ridden three miles in small rectangles.



UNEASY RIDERS: Gasper Trama, right, expertly imparts the rules of the road.

Day Two: Class convenes on the macadam at 8:30 in the morning. We complete sharp turns and figure eights, and even shift into second gear, riding thirteen miles before lunch (not included in the fee, but there are plenty of options nearby, since this *is* a college campus). In the afternoon, we repair to a classroom for the next installment of videos and gallows humor from Trama and his instructors: "An open-face helmet is fine," says one of his assistants, a road-weary Harley rider with reflective sunglasses wrapped flylike around her face, "but before you wear one, make sure you practice removing cigarette butts from your face." She was referring, of course, to the lit cigarettes many car drivers chuck out their windows: "It's going to be even harder when you're traveling 60 miles an hour."

Ironically, most of the safety information Trama disseminates comes across as a catalogue of reasons to never, *ever* hop on a motorcycle. "Did you know that a full 75 percent of all accidents involving motorcycles are head-on or near-head-on collisions?" Trama asks, rhetorically. His arguments rarely make complete sense, but they're compelling: "Five thousand cars a year get hit by trains," says Trama. "If those car drivers can't see the train, what makes you think they're gonna see you on a motorcycle?"

The third day, over morning coffee and doughnuts, we take a 50-question exam required for the state license. A score of at least 80 percent is required to pass, and most of us are nervous. Trama's confidence that the entire class will pass carries most of us through our rough moments, and, indeed, the lowest score is 87.

In the field, we cover the most valuable information of the course: controlled skids, quick-stop techniques, and emergency braking in a turn. After every botched exercise, I tell and retell chapters from the saga of my accident in hushed tones so the rest of the class won't hear. Though his eyes begin to glaze, Trama never stops being positive and complimentary. Soon the class takes on the aura of a recovery program, as everybody, seemingly, has a story to tell.

Time for the same-day road test. Trama is allowed to confer license status by the state and asks us to perform all the maneuvers from the previous days. But something is different. Trama is no longer nodding and gesturing with an approving thumbs-up or a pat on the back. Our cheerful mentor is now Torquemada. Some panic. Bikes stall. Every short stop, every slalom is tentative. But I don't feel any of that anxiety myself. It occurs to me, as I complete my emergency stop in a turn, that I might just know how to operate a motorcycle now. And even though the practice bike never got out of second gear for the entire three-day program, I am feeling like The Man. I receive a perfect score. I am a licensed motorcycle driver.

With the exception of one student, the entire class receives licenses. We say our good-byes and get in our cars, Trama waving happily as we drive away. There's very little traffic on the Belt Parkway at 3:30 on Tuesday afternoon. In the rearview mirror of my very sensible late-model Nissan Stanza, I glimpse the double headlamp of an 1100-cc. sport bike. It approaches quickly, and in an impressive display of acceleration, whips by on the right—not cool by Trama's standards but clearly on the fast-track to becoming another Harry Hurt statistic. ■

Photographed by Evan Kafka.

SALES & BARGAINS ONDINE COHANE

Blue Notes

It's azure thing: **Ad Hoc's platters**, *Donna Karan's annual extravaganza of sample suits, and Margo Manhattan's* **topaz** *for your fingers.*

AD HOC, COCONUT, AND WOLFMAN-Gold & Good Company—the top of the field in the SoHo furnishings game—are teaming up for a huge group sale: For example, Ad Hoc's cashmere-and-wool throws, were $285, now $142.50; Coconut's Indonesian-Dutch colonial teak furniture, was $1,050–$4,500, now $275–$1,200; Wolfman-Gold's floor lamps, were $225, now $150; Ad Hoc's blue "Basique" platters, were $37, now $25.90; Coconut's hand-blown glassware, was $8.50–$17, now $2–$4; Wolfman-Gold's woven-wicker high-back dining chairs, were $250, now $140. *632 Broadway, bet. Houston and Bleecker Sts., fourth floor (319-8284); A.E., M.C., V., for purchases over $100; Thurs.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. till 2; 6/18–6/21.*

I'll Take Manhattan

ANYONE WITH A PENchant for silver and innovative design will want to check out Margo Manhattan. Her small Thompson Street boutique has bracelets, necklaces and rings—many with semiprecious stones—that stand out for their individual touches (see photo). Everything in the store will be 20 to 50 percent off: blue-topaz necklace with silver chain, was $310, now $248; gold-and-silver choker, was $2,495, now $1,248; interlocking stone ring, was $525, now $315. *Margo Manhattan, 100 Thompson St. (925-0735); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. 12–6; 6/8–6/22.*

Mark It Down

IT'S TIME FOR THE ANNUAL (AND BREATHlessly awaited) Donna Karan sample sale. La Donna's women's and men's spring collection includes DKNY men's suits, retail $495–$675, now $195–$260; Donna Karan Collection women's jackets, retail $1,280–$1,650, here $590–$760; Donna Karan men's trousers, retail $225, here $125; DKNY women's skirts, retail $150–$175, here $90–$110. *Donna Karan, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St., second-floor auditorium (718-747-1656); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Fri. 8–6:30, Sat. 9–5; 6/9–6/13.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Mixed Media

TO RAISE MONEY FOR ITS PROJECTS (INcluding one that puts art-related books, CD-ROMS, and videos into 1,500 rural and inner-city public libraries), Art Resources Transfer has asked artists to donate works for its annual benefit. Contributors of $750 are entered into a lottery for first crack at the donated artwork, which ranges in value from $1,000 to $6,000 (most are valued at around $2,000). Every participant gets a piece of art; the lottery determines when you get to choose. A donation of $250 gets you a selection valued between $250 and $1,000 (most valued at $600); and for a donation of $2,500, Lyle Ashton Harris, Jack Pierson, Roni Horn, or Laurie Simmons will create a portrait of you. Cindy Sherman, Chuck Close, Elizabeth Murray, Sue Williams, William Wegman, and Vija Celmins will be among the artists whose work is available. It'll all be up for view at the gallery until the day of the sale. Tickets for the party are $25. *Art Resources Transfer, 504 W. 22nd St., second floor (691-5956); Sat. 6:30–11; 6/13.*

Throw Open the Doors

CARL DELLATORE AND COLLEEN FOO (WHO create home furnishings for interior designers and architects) are opening up their showroom for a throw-pillow sale. Their down- and feather-filled pillows come in beautiful silks, cottons, silk brocades, plaids, and damasks. For example, twenty-by-twenty inch pillows, retail $500, here $150. *D&F Workroom, 150 W. 25th St., second floor (352-0160); cash only; Sat.–Sun. 10–4; 6/13–6/14.*

C&C Factory

CHAIKEN & CAPONE—A favorite label with downtown dressers that sells at swank boutiques like Scoop—is putting its signature gear on sale. Jackets, retail $330–$430, here $125–$175; pants, retail $180–$240, here $75–$100; leather jackets, retail $680, here $275. *Chaiken & Capone, 580 Broadway, bet. Houston and Prince Sts., Room 503B (334-3501); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Wed. 11–7; 6/15–6/17.*

Plate Tectonics

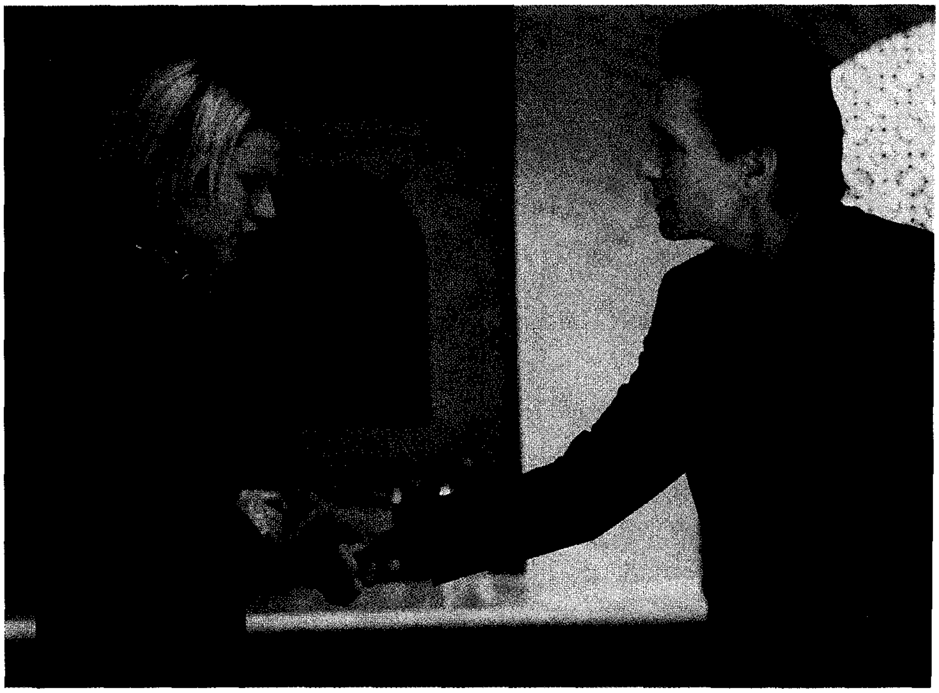
FOR PLATES, SERVING SETS, PICTURE frames, glassware, and the like, Swid Powell's sample sale features home accessories and those of another American designer whom we can't name here (you won't be disappointed) at 50 to 70 percent off retail prices. *Swid Powell, 55 W. 13th St., second floor (633-6699); M.C., V.; Wed.–Thurs. 8–4; 6/10–6/11.* ■

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

MOVIES **DAVID DENBY**

Selling Short

As a financier driven to murder by his adulterous wife in 'A Perfect Murder,' Michael Douglas makes a grand creep irresistibly appealing.



Stirred *and* shaken: Gwyneth Paltrow and Michael Douglas in *Perfect Murder.*

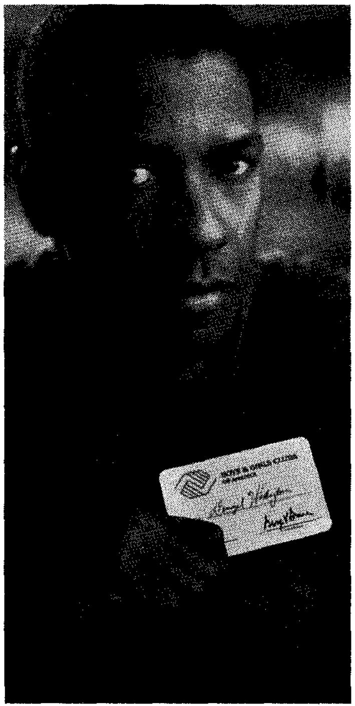
IN THE SWANK NEW THRILLER **A Perfect Murder,** Michael Douglas plays a cuckolded husband who loves his wife and plots her death at the same time. The performance is the culmination of Douglas's work as an actor; he is superb—complexly nuanced in a way that he has never been before. For years, Michael Douglas has dominated one movie after another with his baleful stare and saturnine temperament. If anything, Douglas was too incisive an actor: In such movies as *Wall Street* and *Fatal Attraction,* his characters were defined by the single emotion of rage; they lacked depth and variety, the play of humor. In *Basic Instinct* and *Falling Down,* Douglas gave way to passion without humanizing passion, and even though one recognized his precision and skill, one could hardly warm to him. What was he so angry about? His face seemed fixed in a sneer. Yet he became a major box-office draw, and since snarlers have rarely become stars (Edward G. Robinson was an exception; Richard Widmark was a star mainly of B movies), something in Douglas obviously fascinated the public. That something, I think, was intelligence, which audiences instinctively reach out to. Douglas has played a certain type of man that we recognize as emblematic of our time—the success, the capitalist, the man who knows the score and prides himself on his perfect control of everything. Yet anger separates this man from other people. Isolated in a momentous job or a big house, cut off from love, friendship, and ease, Douglas the winner is also a loser, and even as we relished the character's mastery, we also relished his unhappiness, which released us from envy.

In *A Perfect Murder,* we don't at first know what has gone wrong between Steven Taylor (Douglas), a wealthy Wall Street investor, and his elegant young wife, Emily (Gwyneth Paltrow). When the movie opens, Emily, who works at the U.N. as a translator, is in bed with her lover, David Shaw (Viggo Mortensen), a soulful young artist—at least, that is what Emily thinks he is. David is soft-spoken and makes haunted-looking portraits; most of all, he is attentive to Emily. Later that day, the Taylors go to some sort of posh benefit at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and David is there, and from the way Douglas plays the scene—with icy politeness—it is clear that Steven knows that his wife and the artist are having an affair. It is also clear from Douglas's manner—self-sufficient to the point of haughtiness—why the marriage is over. The debonair dark-blue shirts, just a touch flamboyant; the modishly long, swept-back hair—Douglas exudes egotistical well-being. No woman but a masochist could stay in love with this smug rotter for long. He is suffocating his young wife.

Steven has lost Emily's love, and the loss is killing him. It is also amusing him. Douglas's lips, which have gone softly sinister in recent years, quiver slightly; he even smiles, as if enjoying some private joke at his own expense. When Steven goes to see the artist in his Brooklyn loft—a dark, cavernous lair—he confronts him with self-lacerating humor, as if to say, "You're a bum, and still you have ousted me from the marriage bed. Funny, isn't it?" We admire the lucidity of this hateful man. He takes action the way men like him always do in movies: He hires someone to murder his wife.

If all this sounds vaguely familiar, you may want to know that *A Perfect Murder* is based on the same Frederick Knott play that inspired Alfred Hitchcock's *Dial M for Murder* in 1954. Patrick Smith Kelly, the screenwriter, and Andrew Davis, the director, have productively (and rightly) updated the story, moving it from fifties London to contemporary New York, and from an atmosphere of quiet wealth to one of high-level finance and social power. They have also changed the plot in fascinating ways that I won't reveal. Hitchcock accepted and even reveled in the stage-derived claustrophobia of the action; his direction amounted to virtuoso manipulation of limited means (there were many entrances and exits, an enormous fuss about door keys). In the married couple's small apartment, the three principals

Photograph by Andrew Schwartz/Warner Bros.



Denzel Washington

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BOYS & GIRLS CLUBS OF AMERICA

The Positive Place For Kids

(Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, and, as the lover, Robert Cummings) mixed and drank many cocktails while exchanging perfectly phrased remarks. Hitchcock's movie, which reeks of the stage, is a great deal of fun, an enduringly fascinating example of dry-ice elegance.

Andrew Davis, the director of *The Fugitive,* one of the best thrillers of recent years, has added pace and heat and explicit sexuality to the material without whipping up phony excitement. His direction is swift and very effective, and the movie, shot in shades of ebony (the color of black marble), looks exceptionally handsome. *A Perfect Murder* is a very proficient and enjoyable big-budget thriller. Yet there is one bizarre structural error. The filmmakers establish with many significant close-ups the character played by the fine British actor David Suchet—a New York police detective of Arab descent, whom Emily can talk to, conspiratorially, in Arabic. Then they drop him out of the movie—he plays no part in the violent dénouement. Feminism has intervened in the 45 years since Hitchcock handled this material: A woman must now fight her own battles. What is most memorable about the new version, however, is the emotional complexity of the husband who loves his wife yet whose pride won't allow her to live. By conveying the bitters of private amusement, Douglas transcends the sexual-revenge clichés of the plot. Douglas's objectivity—the ability to see the character as masterful yet also defeated and to take intellectual pleasure from Steven's desperate gamesmanship—brings us close to him. We admire, almost like, this man. Douglas dominates this movie as he has dominated his past movies, but he's never deserved the limelight more.

IN **The Last Days of Disco,** WHIT STILLMAN, THE director of *Metropolitan* and *Barcelona,* drains the life out of a potentially terrific subject—the end of that period in which a thumping beat and easy access to drugs made nightlife in Manhattan an ecstatic release. Stillman's downtown clubgoers, by contrast, are prattling yuppies; they don't want to lose themselves, they want to seek status. This may have been intended as a satirical idea, but it doesn't play as funny. In the middle of the disco floor, with the music somehow suppressed, the young men and women hold peculiar discussions about manners and protocol. Should a certain person be kept out of the club? Should they all engage in "ferocious pairing off"? Or should they party together as a group? But is anyone in the audience interested in the answers? If you are 25 and eager to have sex with another human being, you are not likely to be deterred by a vote against it. As far as we can see, Stillman revels in the priggishness of these dialogues. His fussy, overexplicit men natter on like Henry James characters without intellect; they seem more eager to split hairs than to make love or even to dance. Indeed, it is most difficult to imagine a Whit Stillman character being "ferocious" about anything.

I was a fan of Whitman's first movie, *Metropolitan,* a comedy of manners set among the white-gloved teens of the Peter Duchin world. Stillman gently satirized the formal speech of his privileged kids—or so it seemed at the time. Now I'm not so sure: In Whitman's subsequent two movies, the same kind of twits have appeared, but this time as adults. Whit Stillman, it would seem, has found the world he wants to live in—a world spiritually bounded by the outer edges of Harvard Yard. His work has a fatal knowing insularity, the sound of college wits entertaining one another with trivial ironies. In *The Last Days of Disco,* the men (Chris Eigeman, Matt Keeslar, Mackenzie Astin, and Robert Sean Leonard) are quite hopeless—so boring, weak, and self-absorbed that one can hardly tell them apart. The women, at least, come off a little better. Chloë Sevigny, as a respectable girl who works in publishing, is charming, and Kate Beckinsale as her malicious colleague might have been charming, too, if only Stillman had not made her character into such a dummy. Yet I suppose there is hope: If Stillman preserves his female characters as carefully he does the male ones, these two may have further conversational adventures. In a Paris café, they could talk about the propriety of public smoking; in a Mexican whorehouse, about the wearing of mantillas at funerals; and so on.

In brief: High Art IS TINGED BY THE GRAY light of downtown seriousness. A fresh young girl (Radha Mitchell), a sub-editor at a highbrow photo magazine in Manhattan, gets pulled into the life and bed of a star photographer (Ally Sheedy) who lives in the SoHo apartment above her. Having withdrawn from work, the photographer sits around doing dope with her lover, a wasted German actress (Patricia Clarkson), and a bunch of terminally wrecked cronies. The atmosphere is one of apocalyptic languor—everyone speaks in a whisper, and the coffee tables groan under the weight of heroin. This may sound like a very dreary funeral, but it isn't. The writer-director Lisa Cholodenko sustains her intimate moods with skill, and bit by bit the love story takes hold. In the end, despite much resistance, I was fascinated by the movie's commitment to passion and to art. In its solemn way, *High Art* is a victory for both. ■

David Denby's 1997 and 1998 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

WALTER KIRN

Commercial Fiction

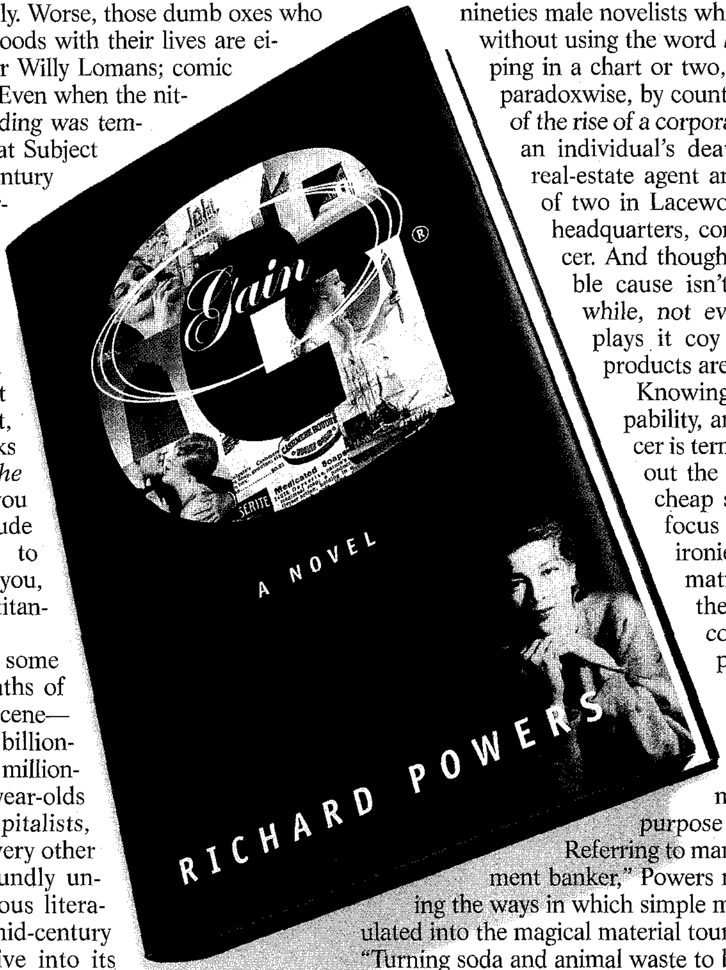
In Richard Powers's 'Gain,' capitalism itself is the main character, and selling soap has never been so interesting.

Gain

BY RICHARD POWERS

Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 355 pages; $25

WHO WILL WRITE THE GREAT REPUBLICAN novel? Though the notion that the business of America is business is so widely accepted in the age of online trading that even most folk singers have dropped the issue, you might not know it by reading American fiction. Like those off-kilter, stock-footage traffic scenes Hollywood stuck in cars' rear windows to convince us the vehicle is moving, the worlds of commerce and industry in fiction have generally served as stiff, soft-focus backdrops for stories of people loving, fighting, voyaging, and reflecting, but only rarely bookkeeping and marketing—at least not passionately or heroically. Worse, those dumb oxes who do confuse their livelihoods with their lives are either George Babbitts or Willy Lomans; comic boobs or tragic dupes. Even when the nitty-gritty of empire building was temporarily deemed a Great Subject (from the turn of the century to the Crash), the Norrises, Dreisers, and Lewises did it dirty. Making things in order to make a fortune was evil, brutal, hollow, or farcical. And those were fiction's last thoughts on the subject, reconfigured in books such as *Bonfire of the Vanities* but—unless you count Ayn Rand's crude Nietzschean paeans to square-jawed, screw-you, I'll-build-it-my-way titanism—never updated.



All of which leaves some large and colorful swaths of the current American scene—happy land of geeky billionaires, line workers with million-dollar portfolios, 16-year-olds backed by venture capitalists, and stock tickers on every other cable channel—profoundly unaccounted for by serious literature, which chose at mid-century to pursue the sex drive into its darkest, subterranean hideouts but lost track of the money trail lying in plain sight.

Gain is novelist Richard Powers's attempt to make up this lost ground in one great pole vault; to loft the novel of American enterprise over the old swamps of socialism, Darwinism, and absurdism into a new place. And he succeeds. *Gain* makes commerce itself a character, more interesting, complicated, and resourceful than many human characters (including, unfortunately but perhaps inevitably, the people in the book). Born in a workshop in nineteenth-century Boston, the Clare Soap and Chemical Company is Powers's protagonist, not alive or even all that lifelike, since Powers avoids the corporate-beast metaphors—octopus, leviathan—that have eaten his predecessors alive. Ever-changingly changeless in the manner of the best computer screen savers, Clare is one of those entrancing cusp entities that doesn't surprise you but doesn't bore you, either.

Powers, a member of the brainiac school of nineties male novelists who can't write a book without using the word *logarithm* and dropping in a chart or two, goes for the gusto, paradoxwise, by counterpointing the story of the rise of a corporation with the tale of an individual's death. Laura Bodey, a real-estate agent and divorced mother of two in Lacewood, Illinois, Clare's headquarters, contracts ovarian cancer. And though the tumor's probable cause isn't determined for a while, not even the dust jacket plays it coy about what firm's products are responsible.

Knowing Clare's moral culpability, and that Laura's cancer is terminal, full stop, rules out the story's potential for cheap suspense so we can focus on its expensive ironies. Powers is a thematic neatnik, and in the end these ironies collapse into one tight package, Chinese-fan-style. The first has to do with the nature of soap itself: a substance made from fat whose purpose is to dissolve fat. Referring to man as "matter's investment banker," Powers never tires of counting the ways in which simple molecules are manipulated into the magical material tour that is modern life. "Turning soda and animal waste to balm. Sulfur and soda to bright bleaches and powders. Gaslight waste to fertilizer. . . . Chemistry rose from its own saved seed. The surplus of each harvest left the

(continued on page 103)

The price of rescuing the corporation from its clichés is to sympathize with it, and Powers does.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

VIII Is Enough

The Royal Shakespeare Company's production of 'Henry VIII' skimps a bit on actors but overflows with wit, intelligence, and excitement.

Henry VIII, WITH ITS SUBTITLE "ALL IS TRUE," IS almost certainly not all true Shakespeare; some of it is by John Fletcher, and less good. Yet a fine production can make it work handily onstage, and that is what Gregory Doran's mounting for the Royal Shakespeare Company most satisfyingly accomplishes. With modest but highly inventive scenery and costumes by Robert Jones, resplendent lighting by Howard Harrison, apposite and sparingly used music by Jason Carr, and only nineteen actors performing Shakespeare's most populous play full of pomp and panoply, Doran has created human drama out of what could easily be mere spectacle. He is helped by a cast of outstanding ability whose every member is as much an individual as part of a seamless ensemble.

Jane Lapotaire, a moving Queen Katherine, may barnstorm a bit in the end, and her Spanish accent is an unnecessary distraction; as the Bishop of Winchester, Paul Bentall may at times border on rant. Otherwise all is perfect: the earthy Norfolk of John Kane, the bluff Buckingham of Paul Greenwood, the bemused Lord Chamberlain of Guy Henry (most compelling in the Prologue), the lovely and touching Anne Bullen of Claire Marchionne (ambitious withal), the canny Old Lady of Cherry Morris and devoted Patience of Eileen Battye—how vivid they make their fleeting roles.

As the Machiavellian Cardinal Wolsey, Ian Hogg is a disarmingly laid-back villain who almost manages to move us with his downfall; David Collings is a shrewdly understated Cranmer, Robert Whitelock an artfully calibrated Cromwell. And as Henry, Paul Jesson is superb: A protagonist with relatively few lines and of somewhat ambiguous character, he becomes a figure of wit, intelligence, and mercurial moods under a saturnine exterior.

One can fault the anachronistic use of flamenco and two inexplicably uncostumed onstage trumpeters, but what fine directorial touches throughout! I mention only the moment when two high clergymen collide as each tries to precede the other, and the ominous final gesture as Anne, awed by the ceremonial surroundings, brings an anxious hand to her imperiled neck. The whole thing moves ahead at a cunningly varied pace, sober outer stage and golden inner one affording stylish interplay, and the ever-present inscription ALL IS TRUE well earned. Not historically, but humanly and artistically, this is theater at its truest.

SAMUEL BECKETT'S **Krapp's Last Tape** IS AN OLD MAN'S comic-elegiac retrospect, aided by an outmoded tape recorder, of a crucial incident in his past that stands for all that was lost, and all that might have been but never was. It requires great delicacy in balancing the fussy drollery of old age with unquenched lyrical yearning. Over the years, I have seen a good many Krapps, of whom Patrick Magee, Jack McGowran, and Barry McGovern were the best. It seems to take an Irishman to do the language full justice.

The RSC incumbent, Edward Petherbridge, was hardly worth a trip to Brooklyn that took as long as the play itself. By far the worst Krapp, he is too young, too prosaic, too actorish, too genteel. He does some funny business, but it is all externals, with a powerful lack of soul. It's one thing to be able to peel and eat a banana comically but quite another to peel back the skin of a human being and show the naked heart underneath, and the regrets eating at it. Still, you would think that a leading RSC actor could manage both.

ALTHOUGH LIFE CAN BE STRANGER THAN fiction, it can also be duller than drama, which is pretty much the case of A. R. Gurney's semiautobiographical **Labor Day.** It concerns John, a playwright who turns out pleasant pieces in the converted chicken coop of his Connecticut farm while his sassy but

Royal flush: Paul Jesson is Henry VIII.

Photograph by Dan Rest/BAM.

supportive wife, Ellen, and two grown sons and daughters and their families indulge offstage in noisy but civilized holiday diversions. John's latest play may be his best, but Dennis, its young director-designate, wants to elicit some changes in the ending. He has come this Labor Day to work on it with John as from outside come the yelps and laughter of the rest of the family in various sportive pursuits.

Ellen is concerned that John, uncharacteristically unwilling to show her this very autobiographical script, may have portrayed their progeny in an unfavorable light. Conversely, Dennis wants more bite in the proceedings. Two of the offspring—Ralph, a macho civil engineer who would prefer that his dad write for the more lucrative movies, and Ginny, who has political ambitions and is known to the rest as Little Hitler—come on periodically to contribute their two or, at the utmost, four cents' worth. The main concern is how to fix John's play with less activity and more action.

In Act Two, attention shifts to the problems of the two offstage children, especially Maggie, whose husband may be cheating on her, and who is having an affair with Earl, a garagist who fixed her Volvo ("Sounds slightly vulgar," comments John in one of the play's racier lines). Earl has shown up uninvited and whisks Maggie off to Maine for a trial connubial fortnight, leaving John and Ellen to come to terms with this contretemps. Unfortunately, we cannot care much about the tribulations of wholly offstage characters, and Gurney cannot make the two separate plot lines coalesce suggestively. The subplot about Dennis's abandonment by his male lover doesn't contribute much, either, though the confrontation of the very butch and square Ralph with the sophisticated and homosexual Dennis makes for some mild fun.

Blandness is all, even if the actors, under Jack O'Brien's resourceful and animated direction, do their damnedest to circumvent goody-goodiness. Josef Sommer (John), Joyce Van Patten (Ellen), Brooks Ashmanskas (Dennis), and James Colby (Ralph) couldn't be bettered; only the gifted Veanne Cox (Ginny), let down by her part, emerges monochromatic. Ralph Funicello's set, Michael Krass's costumes, and Kenneth Posner's lighting are dead-on, as is Jeff Ladman's sound design—all those offstage kids and adults enjoying tennis, swimming, and whatnot. How I wished to join them myself and escape the woolgathering onstage.

I WAS WRONG AT ITS 1964 PREMIERE TO HAVE despised Edward Albee's **Tiny Alice.** Reseeing it in Mark Lamos's Hartford Stage revival, I realize I should have detested it. There may be worse plays than this—downward there is no limit—but surely none more pretentious, obfuscatory, mean-spirited, and meaningless. It may be a smutty private joke for Albee and his pals, but there's no reason to inflict it on outsiders, although fans of novel imperial costume will doubtless indulge their Pavlovian gushing.

The play revolves around Miss Alice, an inscrutable nabob, who dispatches Lawyer to pay Cardinal (some characters have generic names) $2 billion in installments for the body and soul of his secretary, the gentle and saintly lay Brother Julian.

Miss Alice lives in a palace that contains models or replicas of itself (much is made of discussions of exact nomenclature) in ever-smaller versions. The palace is, in turn, a reduction of a larger one inhabited by an invisible but more powerful entity—also named Alice—whom Miss Alice, Lawyer, and Butler (Miss Alice's former, or even current, lovers) serve. Throughout the play, Lawyer and Butler address each other as Dearest and Darling (a homosexual overtone prevails); Cardinal and Lawyer are ex-schoolmates who now loathe each other. Cardinal recalls that Lawyer used to be nicknamed Hyena. Delivering Miss Alice's bribe, Lawyer shouts that he brings "money, you swine" while the prelate muses that hyenas chew into their victims "through the anus." Got it?

I can't go into the creepy and senseless goings-on that feature Julian's masochism, Lawyer's and Butler's sadism, and Miss Alice's sadomasochism, complete with words and actions of matchless bitchiness and blatancy. Julian, who dreams of martyrdom, spouts high-minded but hollow claptrap and is made to marry Miss Alice. Promptly shot by Lawyer, he is left to die monologuizing as mysterious lights go on, a giant heartbeat pounds away, and Huge Alice seems to be headed for her spread-eagled (i.e., crucified) victim. I am amazed that a director of Lamos's stature should have revived this obscurantist farrago, which turns ludicrous when a character smugly extols the play's superior literacy though things keep verging on the subliterate.

Hartford Stage is not ideally equipped for the complex scenic shenanigans called for, but John Arnone's sets and Donald Holder's lighting outdo themselves in compensation. Constance Hoffman's costumes are lascivious enough, but though Sharon Scruggs as Miss A. shows off a splendid figure, she has less acting talent to exhibit. Gerry Bamman, Tom Lacy, and especially John Michael Higgins (Butler) are much better, and Richard Thomas gives his considerable all to making sense of Julian. But all in vain: Out of a sow's ear, you cannot make even a beggar's purse, although Albee's witless insult comedy does supply the swine's remaining parts. ■

John Simon's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

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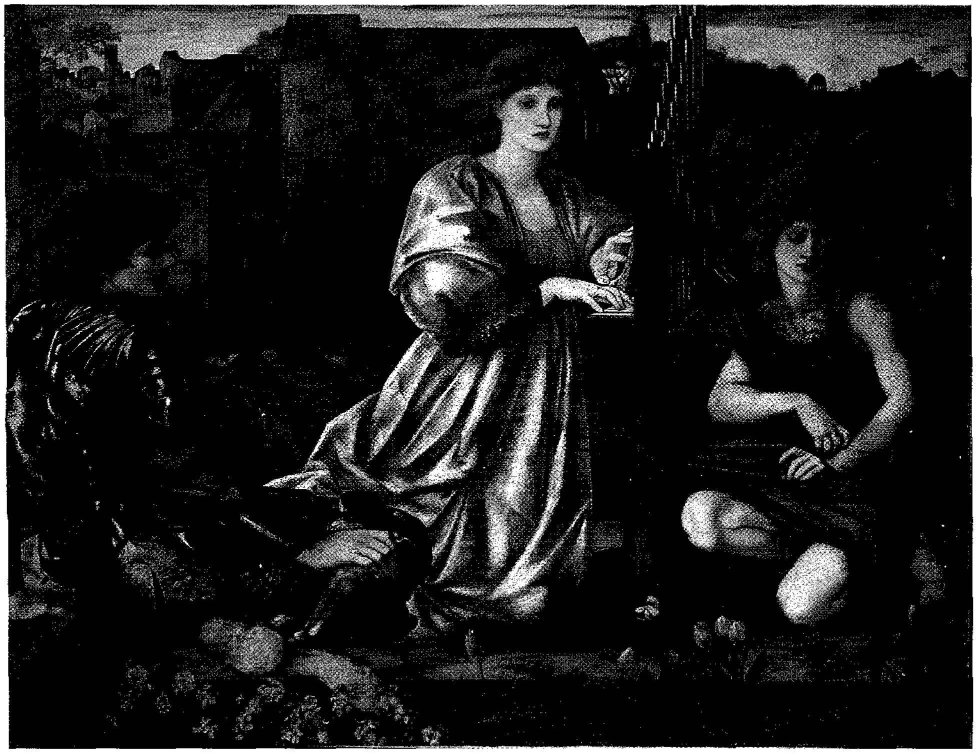
ART MARK STEVENS

Modern Disarmament

Looking anew at Andrew Wyeth and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, through eyes unclouded by ideology.

WHEN LOOKING AT A WORK OF ART, DO YOU see a reputation or a picture? Truthfully answering that question would become particularly difficult during the ideological wars over modernism. Andrew Wyeth and the Victorian Sir Edward Burne-Jones—two artists with large museum shows that opened recently—represent essential flash points in that long and dirty campaign. Modernists would always denounce Wyeth and Burne-Jones (though not in the same breath) as nostalgic, storytelling, and middlebrow artists who were afraid to confront their time. Anti-modernists would celebrate the determination of such painters to uphold "realism" and the values of the past. Not surprisingly, the ideological reputations obscured the art. Most people saw a flag, not a painting.



Burne-Jones's *Le Chant d'Amour* (1868).

Today, a few old warriors may still make thumping judgments about **Unknown Terrain: The Landscapes of Andrew Wyeth** at the Whitney Museum of American Art and **Edward Burne-Jones: Victorian Artist-Dreamer** at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. But modernism itself is no longer controversial; the old ideological passions are now just hot air for a seminar. The time has come for a more shaded—if less stirring—response to both Wyeth and a Pre-Raphaelite like Burne-Jones. For a judgment of the art, not the arguments. In this regard, the Wyeth show is especially interesting, because it isolates an aspect of his work that arouses less ideological ire than his figurative pictures do.

Organized by Adam D. Weinberg and Beth Venn, the exhibit includes about 120 landscapes painted during the past 60 years. They depict the fields and houses around Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, and Cushing, Maine. A few contain other elements, such as crows or even a figure. (The famous *Christina's World,* which shows a girl lying on a field below a house, is also on view.) Some are watercolors, others tempera on wood. The surprise of the show is that Wyeth, who is now 80 years old, is best when he has no poetic ideas to peddle, no figures to dramatize, no symbols to perpetrate. His work comes to life, in short, when he looks so intently at the facts of a wintery landscape that there is no need to impose any "point" about, say, death.

This is a Wyeth whom even a modernist could admire—an eccentric, spiky artist who is absorbed in the process of painting and the difficult business of seeing. This is also a Wyeth who could not possibly have become a great ideological issue or popular favorite. Shorn of his portentous symbols, he becomes a more naked, difficult artist; no showbiz softens his bleakly romantic spirit. His natural season is the late autumn and winter, when the color thins out and shards of ice or frost glint in the fallow fields. His colors are browns, whites, and grays. In his best landscapes, the "Flemish" quality of the temperas seems a necessary obsession rather than nostalgic or old-fashioned—the means of the last Puritan artist, who must fill the day with work and not cheat on the details.

Reproductions do Wyeth's stark landscapes an injustice, making them look too much like tight photographs or realistic illustrations. In fact, Wyeth can be a remarkably free artist, not only in the watercolors but in the temperas. He does not seek to "copy" details of landscape or to create a showy trompe l'oeil illusion to wow the eye. Instead, he creates pictures in which the serious joy is purely visual—a matter of brilliant rhythms of tone, shape, and form. Nothing is being illustrated in a painting like *The Sweep.* No message is more important in *Lime Banks* than the shimmer of different shades of white on the hillside. I would trade a dozen *Christina's Worlds* for that rough hillside.

Photograph from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Alfred N. Punnett Endowment Fund.

The Burne-Jones show at the Met, organized by Laurence Kanter and Dita Amory, contains about 170 pictures, tapestries, stained-glass windows, and decorative objects. A student of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Burne-Jones (1833–1898) detested the evolution of modern art. (He called Impressionism "landscape and whores.") Instead, he turned his back on the modern age, asserting a soft, dreamy vision inspired by Renaissance masters such as Botticelli and Giorgione. Many of his images were based upon romantic legends and allegories. He was particularly noted for the portrayal of pale, ethereal women who seem too precious for this world. Poetic and unearthly, the Burne-Jones woman looks like she can't wait to die so that a red, red rose will grow on her grave. Still, the paintings can be seductive. *Le Chant d'Amour* is a dream of dreams—a yearning reverie that evokes Renaissance art, courtly love, and the discourse of angels.

Burne-Jones is easy to mock. His work often strikes the modern eye as tedious and overstuffed, like Victorian furniture. More important, he cannot paint very well. There's dead wood rather than sap and inspiration in his brush. So much seems rendered by rote or merely filled in, like an ornamental pattern. His eye remains forever fixed on abstract ideas; he wills his art into existence. The best paintings in the show—such as a portrait of Lady Frances Balfour—succeed because he is actually forced to confront the world around him. Does this make Burne-Jones worthless, as many modernists would argue? Not at all. There is nothing wrong with being a great illustrator and decorative artist. Burne-Jones comes into his own, for example, when he designs tapestries. Here, there is no need for a painter's touch. And his nostalgia is presented at the right metaphysical scale. In a tapestry, his high-flown poetic aura can provide a moment's lush pleasure—but does not presume further.

Both Burne-Jones and Wyeth have a tendency to heat up their imaginations in a way that seems artificial; both are close in spirit to the Symbolists of the late nineteenth century. This hothouse inflation of meaning is still what many people enjoy in their work, of course, and why ideologues chose to quarrel over their value as artists. There is even a kind of historical charm and occasion for wit in the heat and argument. (Asked to name the most overrated and the most underrated artist of his time, the art historian Robert Rosenblum answered both questions with the same name: Andrew Wyeth.) Still, these shows make clear that in each man, a smaller but better artist lies behind the reputation. ■

Mark Stevens's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Love Needs No Pedigree

Photo by Mary Bloom

Award winning stage, screen & TV star, Bebe Neuwirth, with 8-week old "Lilly".

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THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Morel High Ground

Rémi Lauvand takes the range at TriBeCa's Montrachet, bringing memories of France (and a superior $19.98 lunch) worthy of the house Burgundies.

IT'S FRIDAY IN TRIBECA, WARM AND HUMID, BUT **Montrachet** looks like matinee day on Broadway. Is this crowd a splinter caucus of the AARP? A pride of Grey Panthers? When Drew Nieporent planted his first entrepreneurial venture on this can't-get-there-from-here one-way stretch of West Broadway a dozen years ago, chef-restaurateur Jasper White of Boston advised him that the way to make lunch hot was to do it once a week. It seemed worth a try.

As promised, the Fridays-only lunch at Montrachet has become a small club: The downtown DAR meets Silicon Alley. Regulars come resolved to drink only a glass of wine, surrender to a bottle, and often don't go back to the office. It's easier to snag a cab now that the Bubble Lounge and a handful of new feeding hostels have sprouted in the stretch between here and El Teddy's. Indeed, the pocket of real estate once known as DeNiroville for the growing film-and-feast empire Nieporent shares with the actor and assorted investors is stubbled with newcomers. And in his darker moments, Nieporent imagines he can see into the bakery window of his arch-nemesis, David Bouley, Montrachet's very first chef and now the West Broadway *Pain*-handler. Indeed, half a dozen gifted chefs have rotated in and out of the kitchen, importing joy, more or less. The current incumbent, Rémi Lauvand, filched from Tropica (after solid stints with Gérard Pangaud and Le Cirque), brings a pleasant whiff of France downtown.

There's just enough cream in the champagne sauce of the warmed oysters with caviar to evoke memories of undiluted Escoffier in the prime of Le Grenouille, where Nieporent once was a captain and Lauvand a sous-chef. I feel the same déjà vu in the voluptuousness of melted foie gras and in a toss of farfalle and snails with parsley coulis and white port. His classic training informs the perfection of sweetbreads served with carrots and morels in a very contemporary Parmesan jus, and the precise cooking of lobster paired with cabbage perfumed with lobster-roe-infused amontillado sauce. If I couldn't deduct the $22 taxi fare, I'd gladly take the subway back for another taste of blush-rare salmon crusted with chopped truffle, porcini dust, and brioche crumbs, poised over baby fennel, infant turnips, and wild mushrooms.

He sells soft-shells: Lauvand with pastry chef Linda Acevedo. Right, the mascarpone-custard napoleon.

How does Nieporent juggle a dozen ventures at a time? The brain never sleeps. He's always a cellphone call away. Anytime we meet, he compulsively recites every critical line I've ever written. Now he points out for the tenth time the art that hangs on Montrachet's once-naked walls. The limping air conditioner seems to be fixed. And his black-shirted dining-room crew ("We've been called fascists and defrocked monks") serves with easy authority, whether or not the boss is in sight. As with any French family inn, the savvy crew is likely to be backed up by Drew's mother tending the books, even washing the front window.

Before we have time to order, the sommelier pours a warm-up taste of Morgon. I might look to Spain, Chile, or Australia on a wine list when I want a bargain, to California or Oregon if I have foreigners in tow.

Photographs by Steven Freeman.

In France, I prefer Bordeaux, but if the name of the place is Montrachet, I feel it's a sacrilege to order anything but Burgundy. The sommelier's nominee, a $45 Monthelie, is mellow and ready to drink. (He must have me pegged at $45. That's the price of the Marsannay, his choice a week later.) Midway through dinner, the company's roving wine director, Daniel Johnnes, drops in to work the room. He gives a copy of his wine guide to a trio of oenophilic tourists. I overhear him playing concierge, advising the visitors to take the Staten Island ferry for a stirring view of the Statue of Liberty.

Dinner begins as it should (preferably after we've ordered) with classic three-star élan—a small offering from the chef, a crunch of fatty and delicious calf's foot one night, tiny bay scallops with girolles another. What once was an $18 prix fixe is now $34. Tonight, it offers sprightly arugula salad with Parmesan, risotto nuggeted with wild mushrooms, and a dessert of crème brûlée. There's a $42 menu, too (vegetable terrine, pan-seared duck with spinach and pancetta, pear-tart Tatin). But Montrachet fans tend to order à la carte dinner entrées, $24 to $32, and usually want a Burgundy that matches. Spring brings soft-shell crabs, of course, morels, asparagus, and the first cold soups of the season—a corn chowder with chunks of lobster. Or an elegant clear soup of corn, carrots, and tomatoes in tomato water. Verjus, the juice of green grapes, is too acidy on the rabbit salad at dinner one night but properly tempered with walnut oil at lunch a few weeks later.

If you're hooked on the gummy texture of gnocchi, as I am, you'll agree there's nothing wrong with these browned nubbins and mushrooms under slats of summer truffle that a little salt and pepper can't cure. But too much salt mars the veal chop. An endive, pear, walnut, and Roquefort salad is best eaten with eyes closed, to avoid seeing how the vinaigrette discolors the leaf. The vegetable terrine needs something to wake it up, as does listless John Dory. Duck breast ought to be rare, not medium-gray as this otherwise flavorful bird is.

The un-pompous respect for wine that makes this very American place seem slightly French prompts me to order a portion of cheese so that the four of us can do justice to the last few ounces of our Burgundy. And to hell with cholesterol. We'll have dessert too: wine granité with fresh plums and a sensational mascarpone-custard napoleon with slivered sweet cherries at lunch; chocolate-truffle torte, passion-fruit Bavarian, or apple-cinnamon soup with currant sorbet at dinner.

At the moment, the staff is bracing for a week of $19.98 lunches, a rite of spring dreamed up by Joe Baum and Tim Zagat as a gesture of hospitality to the 1992 Democratic Convention. Dozens of spots still playing the discount-lunch game will extend the $19.98 special through the summer. As a mouth for hire, I'm too busy tasting to stick to the budget myself, but I have the notes of a cousin who used last year's lunches to court his roommate, now his wife. He left his job as a CPA for chef's training. She's a fledgling food connoisseur in tribute to his passion. Given their tight budget, they might never have ventured to Felidia except for the $19.97 lunch: "We were amazed. Huge portions, so many choices, even table-side service." At Nadaman Hakubai at the Kitano Hotel, they were impressed that the five or six exquisite little dishes on the $19.97 special closely mimicked the $80 kaiseki tasting.

Indeed, the two of them, Mitch and Allison, were so intrigued by Nobu's $19.97 lunch, they came back one night, said, "*Omakase*—let the chef decide," and treated themselves to a $300 dinner. It seems that all "I Love NY" lunches are not created equal. They dismissed the Gotham Bar and Grill lunch as stingy, with only two entrée choices compared with Felidia's seven or the eight entrées at Gramercy Tavern. Told the Gotham has added a sampling of three wines by the glass for $19.98, my cousin proved to be a cynical New Yorker after only five years of breathing our air: "Yeah. So lunch just went up another $20—if we take the sampling."

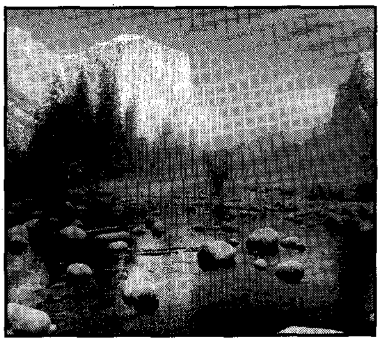
Determined to snare a table at Union Square Cafe, Mitch sent for a restaurant-week participant list a month in advance from the New York Convention & Visitors Bureau, but even before it arrived, he was on the phone. Told the house books 30 days in advance and the first day was already sold out, he put his phone on redial at nine the next morning and scored a triumph. "It's probably too late to get anything at Daniel," he mourned. "There aren't that many tables, because they only give the noon seating. Not that I blame him." He's weighing the possibility of Peter Luger's (three courses starring a prime-rib sandwich, normally $13.95) against Sparks (three courses starring sliced steak, normally $27.95). As for Aureole, he'll bide his time, since the $19.98 runs year-round.

For every tourist soothed by a summer bargain, the savvy restaurateur hooks another obsessed foodie to butter up his kitchen future.

Montrachet, 239 West Broadway, near White Street (219-2777). Lunch, Friday noon to 2:15 P.M.; dinner, Monday through Thursday 5:30 to 10 P.M., Friday and Saturday till 10.45 P.M. A.E., M.C., V.

Gael Greene's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

FROM LANDSCAPES TO ESCAPES...



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Gardner *continued from page 29*

Concordable," she explains with uncalled-for understanding, "and they were shooting six days a week."

It was his next comment that pissed her off. "He said, 'Just think of me as going off to war.' Of course, I found that hard to do. War doesn't usually come with hotel suites and assistants and movie stars—unless you were drafted with Elvis."

In defense of these topflight players, having a family couldn't come at a worse time—just as their careers are catching fire, as beautiful women who wouldn't give them the time of day back in high school suddenly find them alluring, and as they experience that first euphoric rush of fame when strangers they meet at cocktail parties have heard of them.

One wife, whose husband attributed his long hours at work to the need to guarantee his family's financial security rather than to his quest for glory and his corporation's top job, finally challenged him when his salary approached $10 million.

"Is there a point where he would say that he had reached financial security?" she wondered. "I tried to commit him to a number. It turns out it's not really a number."

Kate doesn't buy the husbands' explanations that it's all for the family. "It's like a drug," she says. "They're addicted. They never wish they could make the kid's Christmas play. If I absolutely make him, he comes. If not, he doesn't give it a second thought.

"I fight very hard," she goes on. "He took a two-week vacation last summer—but don't put that in print. I just booked a dude ranch in Wyoming for two weeks and said, 'Be there.' It works."

Sarah, the wife of an executive, the mother of two teenagers, and an artist, says that a friend recently described her as a "beacon" because she refuses to give up her career, even if her family might run a little more smoothly if she did. Her paintings are often-lonely, Hopperesque Manhattan landscapes that sell well whenever she has a show.

"The husbands make you feel guilty about taking a course or doing something that's not directly related to taking care of him or the house or the other house or the travel plans," she says, nodding toward a businessman sitting across the restaurant where we're eating who's talking on his cell phone. "I think most of the guys get to a certain point and say, 'I missed the whole damn thing.' They go to the jamboree at school and they bring a video camera.

"My own personal feeling comes from that Clairol commercial—'If I have only one life to live, let me live it as a blonde.' It hit me like a ton of bricks about the time I had the babies. I do have only one life. It can be miserable or nice, and I was goddamned if I was going to let it be miserable. I've arranged for myself a very gratifying life, and fuck 'em.

"My mother also raised two good children, but it didn't allay her discontent in the end," she goes on. "When she died, we had a nice memorial and all her friends came—she was very glamorous and funny—and talked about her. You couldn't pin down what everyone adored about her, and I felt the wonderfulness of her evaporating like smoke.

"I don't mean I want to make paintings that live for 500 years. But I want to feel some satisfaction in a sustained effort. Raising the children is a big sustained effort, but that's like smoke, too. In a minute they're off at college, and if you've done a good job, you don't hear from them."

The seeming cause of her bitterness—which her thriving career hasn't quite conquered—is her belief that women remain, first and foremost, in her opinion, sex objects. "Once you're past the age of being a sex object, you have no function," she argues. In fact, she admits that one of the reasons she'd never move out of Manhattan is that she gains sustenance from the looks men give her on the street.

I tell her I spoke with two women that morning, both of whom sounded short of breath and as if they were taking my call on their treadmills. "Because that's all they are, and it's a losing battle, and they know it," Sarah insists. "There's a kind of desperation. If he threw her over for you, he'll throw you over for the next one—unless you get one old enough to bury *him.*"

SUSAN SITS ON THE STAIRCASE AT LOTTE Berk Method, an exercise studio in a 67th Street brownstone that is the first stop on many an Upper East Side socialite's daily rounds, waiting for the start of the 8:30 A.M. beginner class. Demand for the classes—known for a combination of stretching and strengthening exercises that devotees say guarantees one a gravity-defying butt and sleek, rock-solid thighs—is so great that clients who fail to cancel their reservations 24 hours in advance are charged for the class anyway.

"You'd be amazed what these women can do with their bodies," says Barbara, a Lotte Berk regular before the move to Darien. "Women who are doing it five days a week can touch their toes with their noses and curl up into all these pretzely positions."

One suspects that Susan will never become one of those leotarded ladies dangling from "the Rack" on the floor above, a warm-up exercise that would pass for torture in an Iraqi prison.

"I came this close to getting a disgusting jelly doughnut, but I was afraid I'd get kicked out," Susan confesses, explaining that even though she's already rail-thin, she joined to prevent developing "fluff arms."

The women offer various explanation for making the daily pilgrimage to Lott Berk. Besides the documented benefits c exercise, these include the sense of empowerment you feel flexing your biceps i public in a strapless Armani; the luxury c spending an hour that belongs wholly t you rather than to your husband, chi dren, or charities; and, not insignificantl the fact that Lotte Berk has a satellite studio in the Hamptons, where everybod seems to have a weekend house.

"Mine is less than a mile from th Bridgehampton studio," boasts a flat-tummied new mom who says she felt like exercising "about three hours after the bab came out" but that her doctor forbade he from returning for six weeks.

"I'm on Halsey Lane," chimes in another stick figure.

"I'm on Ocean Road," reports a third.

Of all the reasons for their devotion t the Lotte Berk Method, perhaps the mos compelling is the one least mentioned—that it may persuade their testosterone oozing husbands that, despite the sexua opportunities their power and mone confer, the best takeover target remain the one at home.

"They see the change in their wives bodies and in their sexual performance,' instructor Elizabeth Halfpapp states clinically. "You're more confident about yourself. You can control the muscles tha control your pelvis and move it in ways you've never moved it before. We have husbands thanking us—'I can't believe how you lifted her seat.' "

DANA DOESN'T GO TO LOTTE BERK. AS A BALlet dancer, she couldn't possibly have a seat any higher or legs any harder than they already are. And she already has al the male attention she can handle. In fact once Mark announced he wanted a divorce, Dana started walking their dog around the block at night a little more slowly and no longer changed her route to confound her admirers.

"I've had more sex since September than in the last ten years of my marriage," she reveals.

In the fall, Dana started living the dream—she's dating a tennis instructor. And even though she has no illusions about the relationship's long-term potential, she says it feels good to be free.

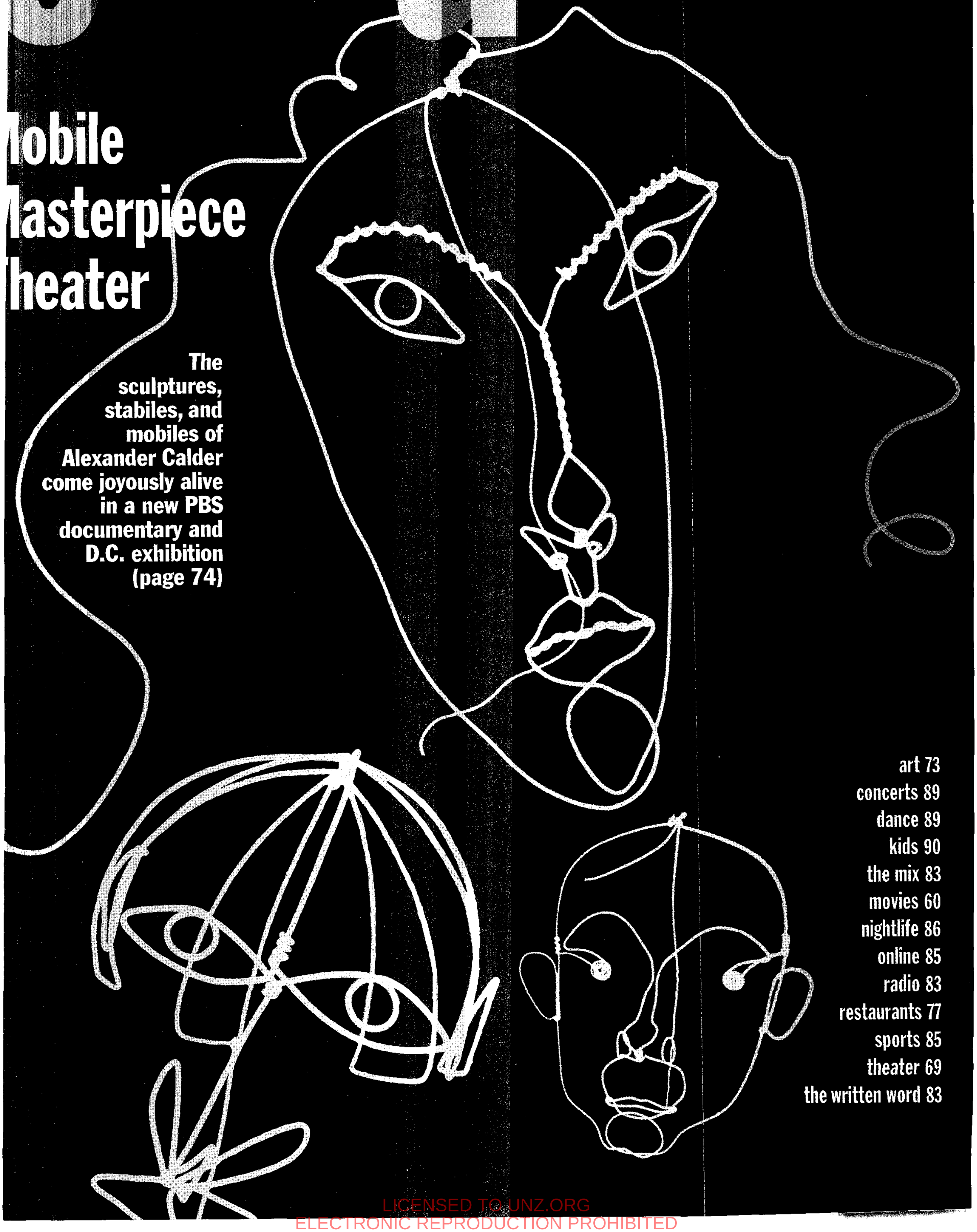
"I'd never go out with another investment banker," she states flatly. "I don't want anybody controlling my life."

Dana says Mark knows about her romance but is less jealous than disappointed in his wife's taste in men: "At least," he told her, "you could go out with someone who has the potential of making more money." ■

CU
A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

obile asterpiece heater

The sculptures, stabiles, and mobiles of Alexander Calder come joyously alive in a new PBS documentary and D.C. exhibition (page 74)



art 73
concerts 89
dance 89
kids 90
the mix 83
movies 60
nightlife 86
online 85
radio 83
restaurants 77
sports 85
theater 69
the written word 83

movies

Can't Hardly Wait...Betty Comden...Cousin Bette

Opening
Babes in the Woods

The U.K.'s freshest female stars—Anna Friel, Rachel Weisz, and Catherine McCormack—till ground together in the agrarian melodrama *Land Girls*, the story of three women who volunteer for Britain's Women's Land Army while their men are off fighting in WWII. Starts Friday, June 12.

New Films

Almost Heroes—Chris Farley and Matthew Perry are explorers out to beat Lewis and Clark in charting the West. (About 1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini; 84th Street; Lincoln Square; Kings Plaza; Crossbay II; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Artemisia—What's most interesting in this account of the art and semi-scandalous life of the Baroque-era female painter Artemisia Gentileschi, is the details of how the paintings were done—the arrangements of studios, the management of light, the deployment of helpers and naked models in a period when heroic painting was as natural to Italians as movies are to us. The feminist issues are more obvious and more familiar, and Valentina Cervi, who has small features and a slender body, is not singular enough to bring them to life. If you are going to portray your heroine as a revolutionary, you had better not cast a young actress who purses her lips and holds herself in. (Denby; 5/25/98) (1 hr. 36 mins; R) *The Screening Room; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

The Beyond—Lucio Fulci's 1981 zombie thriller set in New Orleans, home of one of the seven gateways to hell. Starring Catriona MacColl and David Warbeck. In English. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Angelika Film Center.*

Beyond Silence—A hearing child of deaf parents learns to listen to her heart. Nominated for an Academy Award as best foreign-language film. Directed by Caroline Link. Subtitled. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Big Hit—Four hit men kidnap a Japanese heiress (played by China Chow) with mob connections. Starring Mark Wahlberg, Lou Diamond Phillips, Antonio Sabato Jr., Bokeem Woodbine, and Christina Applegate. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *34th Street Showplace.*

Broadway Damage—Three roommates aspiring to fame and fortune in theatre, musical comedy, and magazine journalism find themselves in the real world. With Mara Hobel, Hugh Panaro, and Aaron Williams. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★Bulworth—A thrillingly dangerous political comedy. Senator Jay Bulworth (Warren Beatty) has fallen into a hapless funk. Yes, years ago, he hung out with Bobby Kennedy, but in recent days, Bulworth has been attacking "welfare cheaters" and taking up other modishly conservative positions, and now he stands for nothing at all. The senator, in utter misery, hires a professional hit man. He's going to die—what has he got to lose? In the final days of his campaign, he races around California telling off his constituents. *Bulworth*, which Beatty directed and also wrote (with Jeremy Pikser and—uncredited—Aaron Sorkin) turns into wild, disorderly farce. The movie is a comedy, but Beatty has set off an explosion beneath the thick, insulated floorboards of American politics. Bulworth goes well beyond the usual late-night-TV attack on political correctness: It says that our politics are now so completely devoted to propitiatory lies that anyone who speaks candidly would have to be—by definition—half-crazy. Here is a populist left-wing movie, the first in years, and it offers its protest over the abandonment of liberalism not in the pained, earnest tones of, say, an editorial in *The Nation*, but as a blast of craziness and scorn. The movie is a scandal, an outrage—and irresistibly entertaining. (Denby; 5/18/98) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Continental; Crossbay; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

★The Butcher Boy—Francie Brady (Eamonn Owens) grows up in a small Irish town with a drunkard and liar for a father and a beautiful madwoman for a mother. The boy receives no guidance at all—just the fervent guilty nonsense of his dad (Stephen Rea), a forlorn trumpet player who never finishes a tune. Francie and his friend Joe put together a mental life that is part fantasy, part role-playing, and Francie is an irrepressible entertainer. Jordan's direction is incisive and at times electrifying, with sudden outbreaks of violence that should warn us something bad is coming. Part of the ominousness is produced by sheer incomprehension. Much of the dialogue is delivered in the deep accents of County Monaghan, and I understood no more than half of what Eamonn Owens says. So I find myself in an embarrassing position: I think this is a great movie, but I'm not sure. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Village East.*

Charlie Hoboken—A young man driven to succeed at any cost is an insurance man by day, a hit-man by night. Starring Austin Pendleton, Ken Garito, Tovah Feldshuh, and Anita Gillette. Written and directed by Thomas Mazziotti. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

Chinese Box—A dying British journalist (Jeremy Irons) living in Hong Kong is in love with a former prostitute he can't have when he meets an equally engaging street hustler while videotaping the city for memory's sake. With Gong Li, Maggie Cheung, and Ruben Blades. Directed by Wayne Wang. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

City of Angels—The drearily inevitable has come true—an original and rather haunting poetic conception has been turned into a literal-minded love story. Wim Wenders's 1987 movie—on which this film is based—was set in Berlin when the Wall was still up and, for better or worse, the movie had a super-earthly delicacy. This movie is a love story right from the beginning. Nicolas Cage plays an angel named Seth who hangs around the operating rooms of an L.A. hospital, waiting to take away the patients who die. When a wired-up surgeon, Maggie Rice (Meg Ryan), loses a patient on the operating table, Seth falls in love with her, comforting her with an invisible hand as she weeps (it's a lovely moment, equal to anything in the original). But the movie quickly takes a tumble—it becomes an argument for life, for sensuous experience, for not living in the vacuum of immortality. But this is a movie set in Los Angeles, not in shattered, soulful, guilty Berlin. Could anyone possibly argue against pleasure in the sunlit paradise? The movie becomes a compellingly photographed advertisement for the good life, and nothing, in this setting, could be more redundant or banal. (Denby; 4/20/98) (2 hrs. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Cinemart.*

Clockwatchers—Toni Collette, Parker Posey, Lisa Kudrow, and Alanna Ubach are temp workers who bond over their second-class status in the office. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center.*

Cousin Bette—Jessica Lange is a bitter old shrew who wreaks havoc on her aristocratic family. Based on the story by Honore de Balzac. Also starring Elisabeth Shue, Bob Hoskins, Hugh Laurie, and Kelly MacDonald. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Starts Friday at Cinema II and Angelika Film Center.*

A Day at the Beach—A ravioli-factory worker and his friends and family head to the beach and get involved in the mob. Written and directed by Nick Veronis. With Patrick Fitzgerald, Neal Jones, Catherine Kellner and Jane Adams. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

Deep Impact—A huge comet is heading this way, and the world is about to end. I have been known to

'Cue' Cover Photograph by Roger Sherman.

CATHERINE McCORMACK · RACHEL WEISZ · ANNA FRIEL · STEVEN MACKINTOSH

e story of three young women and the events that would change their lives...

e friendships that would stay with them forever...

d the loves that would change their hearts.

A DAVID LELAND FILM

THE LAND GIRLS

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complain about the hollowly ironic manner of the recent big spectacles, but I don't know that I was longing for a literal-minded, "sensitive" movie about the end of the world. The filmmakers treat us as if we were badly in need of instruction as to how to behave on that mighty day. So we learn: Head for the high ground. (Denby; 5/25/98) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; State; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Canarsie; Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Jackson Triplex; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Déjà Vu—Victoria Foyt is an American woman who questions her love for her fianceé when she meets a man she feels she's known forever. With Stephen Dillane, Vanessa Redgrave, and Rachel Kempson. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Dirty Work—Two childhood friends discover they can make a business out of their knack for plotting revenge. Starring Norm Macdonald, Chevy Chase, Don Rickles, and Artie Lange. Directed by Bob Saget. (1 hr. 21 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday.*

The Disenchanted—Judith Godrèche is a beautiful 17-year-old Parisian who in three days becomes involved with three men. Directed by Benoit Jacquot. Subtitled. (1 hr. 18 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

The Farm—An intimate portrait of the lives of prisoners in Angola, America's largest maximum-security prison. Winner of the Sundance Grand Jury Prize. Directed by Jonathan Stack and Liz Garbus. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas—Johnny Depp and Benicio Del Toro are Raoul Duke and Dr. Gonzo in this highly inventive film adaptation of Hunter S. Thompson's psychedelic novel. Also starring Ellen Barkin, Gary Busey, Cameron Diaz, Harry Dean Stanton, and Christina Ricci. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Beekman; 84th Street; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Continental; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Fireworks (Hana-Bi)—Ultra-talented Takeshi Kitano is a good cop trying to right the injustices around him with a heavy, violent hand. Written and directed by Kitano. Subtitled. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Godzilla—This film is not a fiasco and it is not an insult to the audience: Within its dreary wastes, there are a few scares, a few thrills. But the movie is soggy, murky, and depressing—a joyless and redundant experience that leaves one in a ghastly mood. The depressingness extends to the characters and actors. Matthew Broderick, as a young scientist summoned straight from Chernobyl, talks very deliberately and just seems sweet and out of it. There is a good moment when Hank Azaria, as a daredevil local-TV cameraman, is so paralyzed by a combination of bravado and fear that he forgets to get out of the way and almost gets squished by a taxi-crushing foot. But this boring, meaningless corporate product is opening on 7,363 American screens and may push some good movies into the gutter. (Denby; 6/1/98) (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Theatre; Canarsie; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Continental; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Good Will Hunting**—Mopping up at M.I.T., Will Hunting (Matt Damon) casually solves problems left on the blackboards, problems intended to stump the best mathematical minds in America. The formidable Professor Lambeau (Stellan Skarsgård), recognizing Will's uncanny talent, takes the boy under his wing, keeping him out of jail by agreeing to get him into therapy. Will lands in the office of Lambeau's old friend and rival Sean McGuire (Robin Williams), a bit of a screw-up himself but perhaps the one shrink in Boston who can understand Will. This movie has wit and temperament to burn—there isn't a dead scene in it. In the end, however, the script takes a disastrous turn toward conventionality. What I will always remember is an edge of temper. The film persuades us that genius is of incalculable worth but utter hell to live with. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *59th Street East.*

Grey Gardens—The 1976 Maysles documentary of a branch of the Bouvier family (specifically, Jackie O's aunt "Big Edith" and cousin "Little Edie") that lived in squalor in East Hampton. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Hanging Garden—A gay man returns home after a ten-year absence and reconciles his past with his present. Starring Sarah Polley, Kerry Fox, Peter MacNeil, and Chris Leavins. Directed by Thom Fitzgerald. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Village East; Sutton.*

★**He Got Game**—Jake Shuttlesworth (Denzel Washington), a man serving time for murder, receives a weeklong leave to persuade his own son—the hottest prospect in the country—to accept an athletic scholarship from the alma mater of the governor. If he is successful, his prison time may be shortened. The kid's name is Jesus Shuttlesworth (Spike Lee trained Ray Allen, the 22-year-old Milwaukee Bucks guard, to take on the role) and the problem is that Jesus hates Jake, a good athlete who failed to make the pros and, in the middle of a heated argument, killed Jesus's mother. The father-son relationship—the missing connection in black life—has a slightly corny feeling here but at least it's strongly acted and brilliantly staged. Around this drama, Lee arrays the spectacle of enormous success in a poor and depressed neighborhood. Jake's son, a presumptive basketball millionaire, is leaving home, and people want to grab a piece of him—or pull him down. In the real world, removed from the idealism of lonely shooters, basketball is drenched in money, envy, and betrayal. The movie is a volatile combination of ambitious mythmaking and nasty reality, and like most of Spike Lee's work, it is also an inextricable combination of good and bad. (Denby; 5/11/98) (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Sutton; 84th Street; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Fresh Meadows; The Movies at Staten Island.*

High Art—See Denby, page 60. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Opens Friday at Angelika Film Center.*

Hope Floats—A small-town girl returns from the big city with her daughter in tow, and is reminded of the person she used to be. Sandra Bullock, Harry Connick Jr., and Gina Rowlands. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Criterion Center; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Cobble Hill; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Horse Whisperer—I cannot imagine that this film would have been anything but a very soft pillow to lay one's head on without Kristin Scott Thomas. One is soothed by it, bored by it, touched by it. One is grateful when it is over. The basic idea of the story is no more than "What if Anna Wintour fell in love with a cowboy?" Kristin Scott Thomas plays Annie MacLean, a strong-willed Brit magazine editor in New York. Annie's horse-loving daughter, Grace (Scarlett Johansson), suffers a terrible accident and loses a leg; the horse, Pilgrim, bashed by a truck and badly scarred, rears and kicks when anyone comes near. But Annie takes action; she packs up her damaged daughter and horse, leaves her husband (Sam Neill) in Manhattan, and heads for Montana and the ministrations of the famous horse trainer Tom Booker (Redford). Tom lets the horse, the girl, the woman—all unhappy creatures—express their misery before he turns them, with a gentle hand, back to their true nature. It's a fantasy, of course, a fantasy directed at women, of a man who is sexually powerful but never aggressive. (Denby; 5/25/98) (2 hrs. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Cobble Hill; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

I Got the Hook-Up—Two guys sell cell phones out of their van and get in trouble with the FBI. Starring Master P., A. J. Johnson, and Gretchen Palmer. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; State; UA East; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Fortway; Kenmore; King's Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Astoria; Crossbay; Elmwood.*

Insomnia—A police investigator sent to northern Norway to solve a young girl's murder begins to unravel as he searches for her killer. Starring Stellan Skarsgard. Subtitled. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Kurt and Courtney—British filmmaker Nick Broomfield talks to a number of scary people who knew the duo when and develops a particularly humorous and unflattering—albeit sketchily sourced—portrait of the Divine Ms. Love. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

La Vie de Jésus—A small-town slacker with not much going on but his girlfriend tires to fend off her potential suitor. Subtitled. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Land Girls—Three girls join Britain's Women's Land Army and tend fields while their men are fighting WWII. Starring Catherine McCormack, Rachel Weisz, and Anna Friel. Directed by David Leland. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Opens Friday at the Paris Theater.*

The Last Days of Disco—See Denby, page 60. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Les Misérables**—A moviegoing mother of my acquaintance asked me what she could take her children to see, and my answer was *Les Misérables,* Bille August's broad-backed version of the Hugo tale.

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Seventeen Candles

Jennifer Love Hewitt is a bodacious prom queen who gets dumped by a dumb jock in *Can't Hardly Wait,* a very fine, funny example of teen film's recent rebirth. Familiar dramatic devices: a wild party, a geeky science buff bent on revenge, and a sensitive, previously overlooked guy (played by Ethan Embry, above) with the depth to *understand* our heroine. Opens Friday, June 12.

Photograph by Darren Michaels/Columbia/TriStar Pictures.

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August works soberly, without excitement of imagination, but decently, too, with a fine feeling for the heroic reach of a decades-spanning narration—misery and obsession stretching over years. Liam Neeson and Geoffrey Rush are both excellent as, respectively, the exemplar of Christian ethics Jean Valjean and the rule-bound, desiccated, implacable police inspector Javert. (Denby; 5/18/98) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; PG-13) *62nd and Broadway.*

Little Boy Blue—A boy's life in a small town is dominated by his sadistic Vietnam-vet father until a stranger brings some normalcy into the mix. Starring Ryan Phillippe, John Savage, and Nastassja Kinski. Directed by Antonio Tibaldi. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Quad Cinemas.*

★**Love and Death on Long Island**—A crusty English writer, Giles De'Ath (John Hurt), falls in love with an image—the face of an American actor, a teen idol named Ronnie Bostock (Jason Priestley). Writer-director Richard Kwietniowski's debut effort is a triumph, a buoyant and elegant achievement—romantic and ruminative yet always precise, a comedy of longing propelled by a strong current of satirical observation. (Denby; 3/16/98) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Marius and Jeannette—A working-class love story between a cement-factory guard and a vivacious supermarket cashier. Starring Ariane Ascaride (winner of the 1998 César for best actress) and Gérard Meylan. Subtitled. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Mr. Jealousy—Eric Stoltz is a man so obsessed with his girlfriend's ex-boyfriend that he begins attending the guy's group therapy sessions under an assumed name. Starring Annabella Sciorra, Chris Eigeman, Marianne Jean-Baptiste, Peter Bogdanovich, Bridget Fonda, and Carlos Jacott. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

The Opposite of Sex—Christina Ricci is a runaway whose brother searches the country for her and learns life lessons along the way. With Martin Donovan, Lisa Kudrow, Lyle Lovett, Johnny Galecki, and Ivan Sergei. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Regency.*

Passion in the Desert—A young French soldier in Egypt hides in the ruins of an ancient city and encounters a leopard. Based on a novella by Honore de Balzac. Directed by Lavinia Currier. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday at Angelika Film Center and Eastside Playhouse.*

Paulie—When a talking parrot talks too much to his little-girl owner, he gets thrown out of the house and has to make his way cross-country to find her again. With Gena Rowlands, Tony Shalhoub, Cheech Marin, and Buddy Hackett. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Pavilion Theatre.*

A Perfect Murder—See Denby, page 49. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Murray Hill Cinemas; State; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Canarsie; Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay; Forest Hills; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

A Price Above Rubies—Renee Zellweger is an Orthodox woman who gets a job in the jewelry business and begins to question the religious community she's living in. Also starring Julianna Margulies and Christopher Eccleston. Directed by Boaz Yakin. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *North Shore Towers.*

Quest for Camelot—The animated story of Kayley, a girl who wants to be a knight of the Round Table just like her late father. Voices by Gary Oldman, Gabriel Byrne, Bronson Pinchot, Cary Elwes, Pierce Bronson, Jane Seymour, Sir John Gielgud, and Don Rickles. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; 84th Street; Lincoln Square; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinema City; Continental; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Six Days, Seven Nights—A high-powered, high-strung magazine editor (Anne Heche) and a cargo pilot (Harrison Ford) are stranded on a deserted island for a week. Danger and romance ensue. Also starring David Schwimmer and Allison Janney. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Opens Friday.*

Sliding Doors—Gwyneth Paltrow is a London girl who gets to answer the eternal question (What if?)

when her life heads down two different paths at the same time. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–3; Lincoln Square; Cinema City; Cinemart.*

The Spanish Prisoner—Campbell Scott, of the serious brow and the serious cleft, plays a young inventor, Joe Ross, a self-made man uneasy among the rich and powerful, yet secretly eager to join their ranks. What it is that Joe Ross has invented we never find out—"the process," it is called, some sort of technological masterpiece that will earn untold millions for Joe's company. A shadowy international businessman (Steve Martin) shows up and flatters Joe and the trap has been set. Mamet has made Rebecca Pidgeon (his wife) quite extraordinarily dislikable as a secretary who claims to be Joe's ally. As Joe gets more and more isolated, Mamet takes us deeper into fear than he ever has in the past, and that's an achievement. Hitchcock is the model here, but to become Hitchcock's equivalent, Mamet has to learn to trust the camera more than he does; he has to stop trying to control everything with language; he has to just give in to the fluency, the ease, the free-flowing pleasure of making a movie. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Cinemart.*

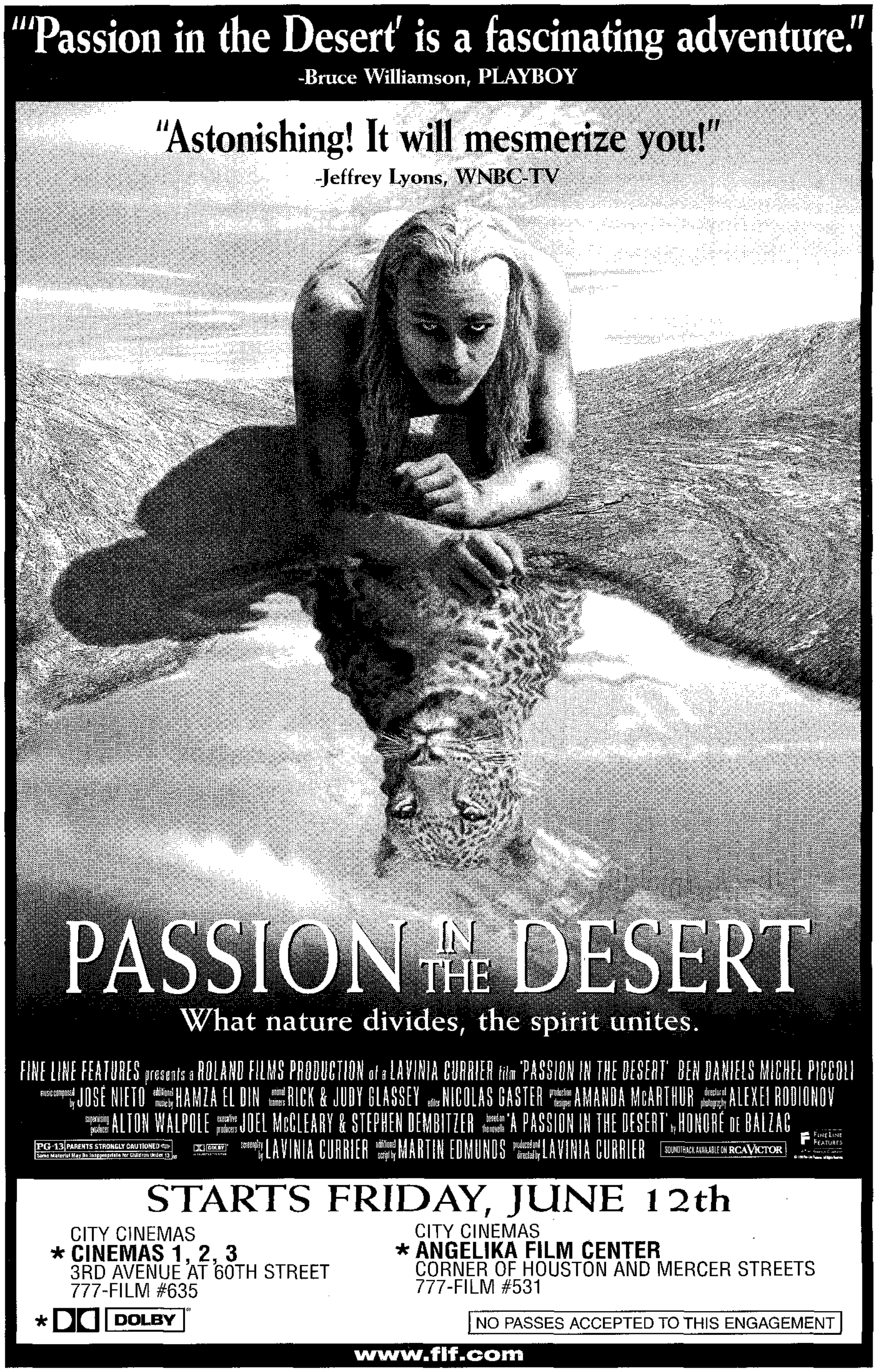
★**Titanic**—Writer-director James Cameron has pulled it off. This fabulously expensive watery epic is actually a very good movie. The sinking is lovely—detailed, agonizingly slow at first and then rushed and panicky and grandly gruesome at the end. People lose their grip and go crashing down the deck or fall from the heights into the water. After the ship goes under, Cameron has his finest, cruelest moment—the survivors left in the vast expanse of freezing water wailing in confusion. The ship may be ponderous, but Cameron's conception stays light in the water. (Denby; 12/29/97) (3 hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) *Embassy 2–3; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Cinemart; Fresh Meadows.*

Tokyo Fist—Writer-director Shinya Tsukamoto (*Tetsuo: Iron Man* and *Tetsuo: Body Hammer*) returns with the story of a love triangle among an insurance salesman, his fiancée, and his old high-school pal. Subtitled. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Truman Show—A clever but empty movie that is rapidly turning into the most overpraised picture of the year, *The Truman Show* is about a young man named Truman Burbank (Jim Carrey) who works as an insurance salesman in a town called Seahaven. From the day of his birth, Burbank has been surrounded by actors, his every move captured by hidden cameras. He doesn't know any of this, though he's beginning to suspect that something in his uneventful life is a bit weird. The lord of this realm is named Christof (Ed Harris), a television "creator," who wields absolute power from his control room. In any case, the movie is being praised not so much for its craft as for its alleged "subversive" implications—the media-age critique, the metaphysics of illusion and inauthenticity—but it's too vague in its metaphors to mean much of anything. This is a profound movie for people who don't like to think, or perhaps for people who are in the media and of the media, and can't imagine any life outside it. *The Truman Show*, however, will not disturb anyone's sleep. (Denby; 6/8/98) (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Astor Plaza; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Un Air De Famille (Family Resemblances)—A French family reunite and pick one another apart at a suburban café. Directed by Cedric Klapisch (*When the Cat's Away*). Winner of three Césars. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Lincoln Plaza and Quad Cinemas.*

★**Under the Skin**—An unnerving and brilliant little English movie which was written and directed by Carine Adler. In Liverpool, a mother (Rita Tushingham) has two daughters named after flowers: There is Rose (Claire Rushbrook), the favorite,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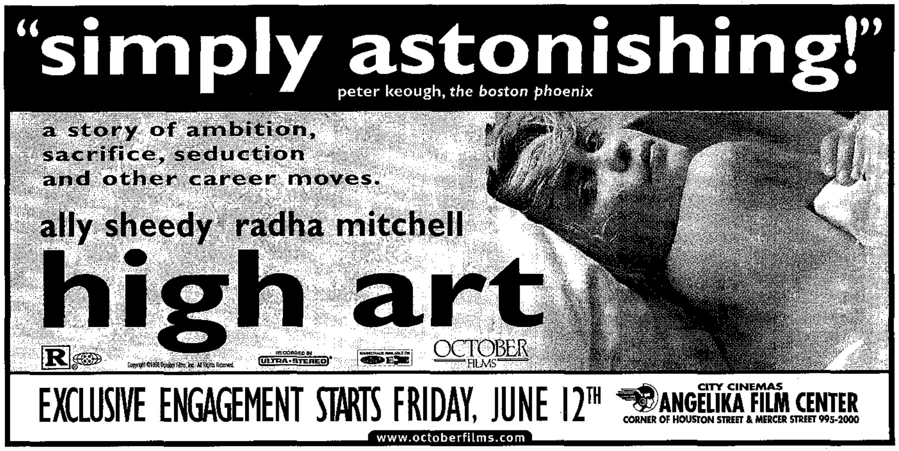
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Talent

The Queen of the Musical

Betty Comden sits, ladylike, in her pink living room on her pink couch and awaits questioning. She's swathed in a silver dressing gown and—even though she's just returned from exercise class—her makeup is perfect. Steeped in the glow of two golden eras, Broadway and Hollywood, this woman keenly understands the importance of a good presentation. She's long ceased commuting between L.A.—where, with partner Adolph Green, she wrote songs and screenplays for musicals like *Singin' in the Rain*—and New York, where the duo wrote lyrics for shows like *On the Town, Bells Are Ringing,* and, most recently, *The Will Rogers Follies.* These days, Comden and Green are enjoying a rebirth of interest in their work: Last summer, the New York Shakespeare Festival staged a revival of *On the Town,* their 1944 collaboration with Leonard Bernstein and Jerome Robbins (a retooled version of which is coming to Broadway this fall), and this week, Film Forum begins a two-week retrospective of their movie musicals (see "Museums, Societies, Etc," for more info). At her home a stone's throw from Lincoln Center, Comden, now 79, is most proud of what may be everyone's favorite: *Singin' in the Rain.* "We liked it—when we finally got it written," she says, her voice a throaty warble. "We had to make up a story and a plot and characters and work [producer Arthur Freed's] songs into a story, and that's very, very hard." Writing was actually a default career choice: Comden had always imagined herself an actress. For months after graduation from New York University, she toured talent agencies and faced daily rejection ("I remember one time I came home and I just got hysterical. My brother had to sit on me and calm me down," she says. "I thought, 'Why am I doing this? I'll never ever get anywhere' "). Then she met Adolph, and they decided to write, perform, and sing a show of their own. Their first effort, in 1938, was an enormously successful satirical revue at the Village Vanguard. With *On the Town,* Comden's career angst was officially over. "I guess you never know what the various elements are that combine to make you what you are," she says. "You just use whatever you have." It's time to go—Adolph's joining her at 1:30, as he has every day for 40 years. As always, they're working on a new show. Comden confides that she's the one who does all the typing. "Adolph," she explains, "was clever enough to never learn how." **PATRICIA FALVO**

Photograph from Film Forum/Photofest.

who is pregnant and happily married, and Iris (Morton), the younger—single, rebellious, and unloved. When the mother suddenly dies, Iris feels nothing—or nothing that she can bring to the surface—and she pitches into a downward spiral of alcoholism and sex. Prowling the streets like a prostitute, Iris is a little crazy, yet she's also just a self-hating girl hungry for connection. Samantha Morton, who is 20, abandons herself to acting in a way that no young American actress would dare. Some of the sex scenes are squalid, but the movie itself couldn't be more delicate in feeling. It's a fairy tale after all: No frog prince appears, but the movie doesn't end in an alley, either. Carine Adler has made a genuinely erotic film without a tinge of exploitation. A triumphant debut. (Denby; 6/8/98) (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

When I Close My Eyes—A woman mourning the loss of her fianceé comes to terms with her grief by trying to communicate with him. Starring Miho Nakayama and Takashi Kashiwabara. (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG-13) *Opens Friday at 59th Street East.*

Wilde—Stephen Fry is the Irish playwright in this exploration of his life and his passionate affair with the young, handsome Lord Alfred Douglas (Jude Law). Also starring Jennifer Ehle, Vanessa Redgrave, and Tom Wilkinson. Directed by Brian Gilbert. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Paris Theatre.*

Woo—On the advice of her psychic friend, a woman agrees to a blind date with a Virgo. Starring Jada Pinkett Smith, David Chappelle, L.L. Cool J., Tommy Davidson, and Foxy Brown. Directed by Daisy v.S. Mayer (*Party Girl*). (1 hr. 20 mins.; R) *Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Beyond Silence; Bulworth; Clockwatchers; Mr. Jealousy, The Opposite of Sex; The Spanish Prisoner.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *La Vie de Jésus; Tokyo Fist.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *The Disenchanted; The Farm; Fireworks (Hana-Bi); Grey Gardens.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Broadway Damage; Déjà Vu; Insomnia; Wilde.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Artemisia; Wild Man Blues.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *I Got the Hook Up; Almost Heroes; The Butcher Boy; Charlie Hoboken; A Day at the Beach; The Hanging Garden; He Got Game; Sliding Doors; Under the Skin.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Deep Impact; Hope Floats.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *I Got the Hook Up; Almost Heroes; Deep Impact; The Horse Whisperer.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *The Big Hit; Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *The Quest for Camelot; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla; He Got Game; Hope Floats; Sliding Doors.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Bulworth.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Bulworth; Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; A Perfect Murder.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Good Will Hunting.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Truman Show.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Artemisia; Hope Floats; The Horse Whisperer.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Bulworth.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Almost Heroes; City of Angels; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla; Hope Floats.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Sliding Doors.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *He Got Game.*

Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Sliding Doors; Titanic.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *The Horse Whisperer.* Opening 6/12: *Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Wilde.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *I Got the Hook Up; Deep Impact; A Perfect Murder.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Hanging Garden; He Got Game.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Love and Death on Long Island; Mercury Rising; The Object of My Affection; Primary Colors; U.S. Marshals; The Wedding Singer.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Bulworth.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *A Perfect Murder.*

6th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Bulworth; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.*
6th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*
eekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.*
irst & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *City of Angels; Deep Impact; The Last Days of Disco; Mr. Jealousy; The Spanish Prisoner; Titanic.*
emini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Almost Heroes; Godzilla.*
ew York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *The Truman Show.*
rpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *Deep Impact; Godzilla; Hope Floats; The Horse Whisperer; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*
A East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *I Got the Hook Up.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

2nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Les Misérables.*
4th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *I Got the Hook Up; Almost Heroes; Bulworth; Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; He Got Game; Quest for Camelot.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Beyond Silence; Chinese Box; Insomnia; The Last Days of Disco; Marius and Jeannette; The Spanish Prisoner.*
Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Almost Heroes; Godzilla; Hope Floats; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot; Sliding Doors; Titanic.*
Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Bulworth; A Perfect Murder.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Deep Impact; Godzilla; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Deep Impact; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*
Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Godzilla; The Truman Show.*
Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *I Got the Hook Up; Almost Heroes; Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla; Hope Floats; A Perfect Murder; Quest for Camelot; The Truman Show; Woo.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *I Got the Hook Up; Deep Impact; Godzilla; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show; Woo.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *I Got the Hook Up; Almost Heroes; The Big Hit; Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla; A Perfect Murder; Quest for Camelot; The Truman Show.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Almost Heroes; Bulworth; Deep Impact; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot; Titanic.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Deep Impact; Godzilla; A Perfect Murder.*
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-4995) *Deep Impact; Godzilla; Hope Floats; The Horse Whisperer; A Perfect Murder.*
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *I Got the Hook Up; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla.*
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *I Got the Hook Up; Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Deep Impact; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *I Got the Hook Up; Almost Heroes; Godzilla; He Got Game; Quest for Camelot; Woo.*
Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla; Hope Floats; The Horse Whisperer.*
Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Boulevard and Eldert Lane, Brooklyn (277-0303) *I Got the Hook Up; Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla; He Got Game; A Perfect Murder; Quest for Camelot; The Truman Show; Woo.*
Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Deep Impact; Godzilla; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*
Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla; Hope Floats; The Horse Whisperer; Paulie; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*
Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Deep Impact; Godzilla; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*
The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla; Hope Floats; The Horse Whisperer; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *I Got the Hook Up; Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*
Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Almost Heroes; Bulworth; City of Angels; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot; The Spanish Prisoner.*
Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Deep Impact; Godzilla; Hope Floats; The Horse Whisperer; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*
Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Godzilla; Quest for Camelot; Sliding Doors.*
Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *City of Angels; Deep Impact; The Horse Whisperer; Sliding Doors; The Spanish Prisoner; Titanic.*
Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Bulworth; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla; Quest for Camelot.*
Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *I Got the Hook Up; Bulworth; A Perfect Murder.*
Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Almost Heroes; Deep Impact; Godzilla; Hope Floats; The Horse Whisperer; Quest for Camelot; The Truman Show.*
Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *I Got the Hook Up; The Big Hit; Deep Impact; He Got Game; Paulie; Sliding Doors.*
Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Hope Floats; A Perfect Murder.*
Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; He Got Game; The Horse Whisperer; Titanic.*
Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Deep Impact; A Perfect Murder; The Truman Show.*
Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Godzilla; Hope Floats; A Perfect Murder; Quest for Camelot; The Truman Show.*
Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*
Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; A Perfect Murder; Quest for Camelot; The Truman Show.*
North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *A Price Above Rubies; Sliding Doors; The Spanish Prisoner.*
Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Deep Impact; Godzilla.*
The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla; Hope Floats.*
Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *The Horse Whisperer.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Almost Heroes; Bulworth; City of Angels; Deep Impact; Godzilla; Hope Floats; The Horse Whisperer; Paulie; A Perfect Murder; Quest for Camelot; The Truman Show.*
Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Bulworth; Deep Impact; Godzilla; The Horse Whisperer; The Truman Show.*
The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Almost Heroes; Bulworth; Deep Impact; Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas; Godzilla; He Got Game; Hope Floats; The Horse Whisperer; A Perfect Murder; Quest for Camelot; The Truman Show.*

Opening

An Unmarried Woman

Jessica Lange is a bitter old shrew in 'Cousin Bette,' Balzac's black comedy of a long-mistreated woman who decides to exact revenge on the extended aristocratic family that torments her (below, Lange practices on courtesan Elisabeth Shue). Opens Friday, June 12.

Photograph by David Koskas/Fox Searchlight.

What looks like a cold, sounds like a cold and feels like a cold, but isn't a cold?

Asthma. But asthma can be much more serious. So if your child has a cough that won't go away, is often short of breath, or wheezes a lot, especially at night or after running, don't treat it yourself. Go to your doctor or clinic.

Breathe easier. Ask your doctor if it's asthma.

National Asthma Education and Prevention Program
National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute;
National Institutes of Health; Public Health Service;
U.S. Department of Health and Human Services.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 6/28: "Indie New York." 6/13: *Liquid Sky* (1982) and *Nadja* (1994). 6/14: *Amateur* (1995), *Metropolitan* (1990), *Theory of Achievement* (1991). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520).

Anthology Film Archives—Through 6/14: *The Unveiling* (1996). 6/12–6/13: *A Man Whose Life Was Full of Woe Has Been Surprised by Joy* (1997). 6/14 and 6/16: *Three Sisters* (1977). 6/15: *Hanuman Presents!*, featuring videotaped readings by Allen Ginsberg, Richard Hell, Taylor Mead, and others. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—Through August 29: "The Cinematography of Gabriel Figueroa." 6/13: *Out There on the Big Ranch* (1936). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6, $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 6/15: *42nd Street* (1933). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Different Light—6/14: *Goin' To Town* (1935). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"Romantic Comedies." 6/10: *The Little House* (1952) and *Sabrina* (1954). 6/17: *The Dot and the Line: A Romance in Higher Mathematics* (1965) and *Desk Set* (1957). "Recent Gay and Lesbian Documentaries." 6/11: *Paul Monette: The Brink of Summer's End* (1997). 6/18: *Paris Was a Woman* (1996). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"The Human Rights Watch Festival." 6/12: *Four Women of Egypt* (1997) and *Blind Faith* (1997). 6/12 and 6/15–6/16: *Death Sentence* (1997) and *We Are Not Your Monkeys* (1996). 6/13: *The Man in Her Life* (1997). 6/13–6/15: *Boy Hero 001* (1997), *An Ordinary President* (1996), and *Off Season* (1997). 6/14 and 6/16: *Rezistans* (1997). 6/15: *Beyond Barbed Wire* (1997) and *Visas & Virtue* (1997). 6/16: *A Letter Without Words* (1997) and *A Quiet Laugh* (1997). "The Cinema of Shohei Imamura." 6/9: *Eijanaika* (1981) and *Karayuki-san* (1975). 6/10–6/11: *The Ballad of Narayama* (1983) and *Zegen* (1987). "Independents Night!" 6/11: *The Life and Times of Life and Times* (1998) and *There Are No Direct Flights Between New York & Marseille* (1998). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.50.

French Institute—"Young French Cinema: First Films by French Filmmakers." 6/9: *Les Amoureux* (1994). 6/16: *Les Gens normaux n'ont rein d'exceptionnel* (1994). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, festival tickets $8.

Museum of Modern Art—"Coming Apart: Films From 1968 and Thereabouts." 6/9: *Once Upon a Time in the West* (1968), *The War Game* (1966), and *Good Times, Wonderful Times* (1965). 6/9 and 6/11: *Blow-Up* (1966). 6/11–6/12: *The Joke* (1969). 6/11 and 6/13: *David Holzman's Diary* (1967). 6/12: *Faces* (1968), *Death by Hanging* (1968), *The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming* (1966). 6/13: *The Shame* (1968), *Warrendale* (1967), *The Bridegroom, the Comedienne, and the Pimp* (1968), *Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach* (1968). 6/14: *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* (1969), *Good Times, Wonderful Times* (1965), *Closely Watched Trains* (1966), *The War Game* (1966), and *Ulysses* (1967). 6/15: *The Money Order* (1968) and *Camille 2000* (1969). 6/16: *Andrei Roublev* (1969), *Death by Hanging* (1968), and *Coming Apart* (1969). "Special Screenings." 6/12: *Kolja & Sana* (1996), *A Peach, a Bird, a Fish* (1996), and *Scars* (1997). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of June: *The Boy in the Plastic Bubble* (1976). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

New York Lesbian & Gay Film Festival—Through 6/14 at the Joseph Papp Public Theater (425 Lafayette Street), The New School's Tishman Auditorium (66 W. 12th St.), and the Brooklyn Museum of Art (200 Eastern Parkway). For info and complete schedule, call 254-8504; tickets, $8.50–$30.

The Reel School—"Inside the Independent Film Scene: Q&A's with the writer, director, producer, and actors." 6/11: Lisa Cholodenko *High Art* (1998). 7 P.M.; the 14th St. Y auditorium, 344 E. 14th St. (965-9444, ext. 240). Class, $10.

The Screening Room—Weekends at midnight: *The Big Lebowski* (1998). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 6/13–6/14: *I Was Born, But* (1932). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $5 members, $6 nonmembers.

Festival Eye of Mexico

When Hollywood beckoned in 1948, Mexican cinematographer Gabriel Figueroa couldn't respond: His political leanings meant the U.S. wouldn't issue him a visa. So one of the world's best cameramen remained in Mexico, where he took artistic cues from friends like Diego Rivera, worked with Buñuel (and Huston and Ford), and helped to create his country's golden age of cinema. Seven of his films, including 'Maria Candelaría' (starring Dolores del Rio, above), appear during "A Cinematic Celebration of Gabriel Figueroa" at the Brooklyn Museum of Art from June 13 to August 29. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Photograph courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum of Art.

theater

Cale Flies Solo in *Lillian*...James Naughton

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Side Man—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen, Al, Ziggy, and Jonesy, and the waitress who beds or marries some of them. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven solid actors in a fine production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed, Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 6/25 re-opening. *Roundabout's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue requires high-powered actors to animate it, and happily, it gets them. As Marc, Alan Alda puts to insidious use his ability to pester with polish. Victor Garber's dapper Serge harbors under the façade of a convivial man-about-town a defensive arrogance expressed with mounting bile. As Yvan, Alfred Molina is pure perfection. (Simon: 3/16/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. Lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The major performances are all at least a mite off, but the supporting cast delivers staunchly. Natasha Richardson is—at last!—an authentically British Sally Bowles, but she is lacking in girlish vulnerability. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Chairs—This tragic Ionesco farce concerns a nonagenarian couple, caretakers of an abandoned tower on an isolated island surrounded by stagnant water. They are ready to die, and have invited everyone conceivable to hear the Old Man's testament, which he, unskilled with words, has hired the Orator to deliver for him. The guests—all invisible presences—start coming. The Old Man chats them up while the Old Woman knocks herself out dragging in seating for them. The stage fills up with more and more empty chairs. Geraldine McEwan's old woman may be a bit too singsongy, but Richard Briers's would-be debonair, self-satisfied yet insecure dotard could not be more appropriately laughable or pitiful. I disapprove of the gratuitous final transformation by the Orator; otherwise this production incises itself indelibly on those privileged to view it. (Simon: 4/20/98.) $35–$60. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8. Through 6/13. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Karen Ziemba, Hinton Battle, and Ernie Sabella. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

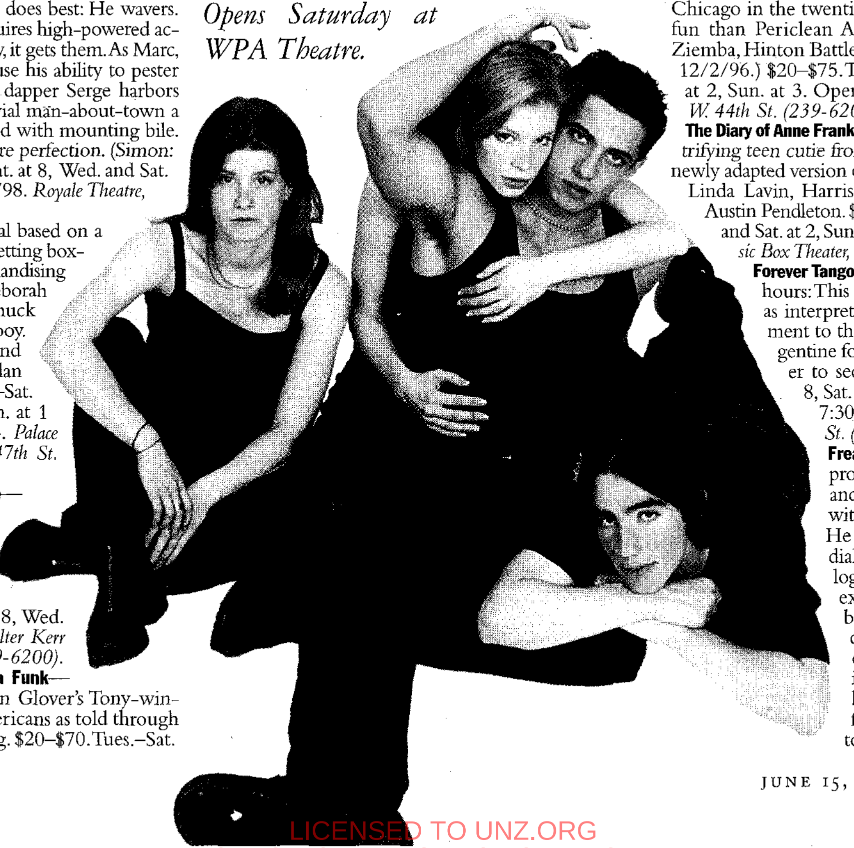
The Diary of Anne Frank—Natalie Portman, the electrifying teen cutie from *Beautiful Girls,* stars in this newly adapted version of the 1955 play. Also starring Linda Lavin, Harris Yulin, George Hearn, and Austin Pendleton. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/4/97. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Forever Tango—Or at least for a couple of hours: This marathon of tango dancing, as interpreted by Luis Bravo, is a testament to the sultry versatility of the Argentine form, not to mention its power to seduce. $20–$75. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 6, and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Marquis Theatre, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Freak—John Leguizamo has proved, in various mediums and genres, that he is versatile, witty, inventive, and charming. He writes and delivers funny dialogue within his monologues, interrupts his acting to execute nimble dance steps both elegant and satirical, and creates characters with facial expressions, vocal mannerisms, and body language that blend into a riotous lingua franca. He brings these skills to his Broadway show, which

Opening
Kid Fears

Weak, ravaged, and dying of AIDS, *John C. Russell got a promise in 1994 from Michael Mayer that he'd direct 'Stupid Kids,' Russell's black comedy about a quartet of suburban teenagers. Mayer, now one of the most sought-after directors in New York, made good on his word. Opens Saturday at WPA Theatre.*



Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

purports to be semi-autobiographical and is surely, in Anatole France's great phrase, a story truer than truth. (Simon: 3/2/98.) $17.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/4. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

High Society—A hybrid of the 1956 movie musical of the same name and Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story.* Music and lyrics by Cole Porter (with an assist from Susan Birkenhead); book by Arthur Kopit. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/98. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Honour—As the former chairwoman of the National Endowment for the Arts, Jane Alexander must have had her share of unpleasant media moments. But at no time, one suspects, did any journalist treat her as disrespectfully as the fictional one in this drama starring Robert Foxworth, Laura Linney, and the former Clinton appointee. Here, the bottom-feeding scribe shows up at Alexander's house to do a profile of her husband—and winds up having an affair with him instead. Written by Joanna Murray-Smith; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $25–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/26/98. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44 St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St.(239-6200).*

The Judas Kiss—David Hare's new play about the relationship between Oscar Wilde and his lover, Lord Alfred Douglas. Liam Neeson plays the condemned baron of bon mots; Richard Eyre directs. $15–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/28. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St.(239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing but also with three very rich hours of life. Music

Ground Rules:

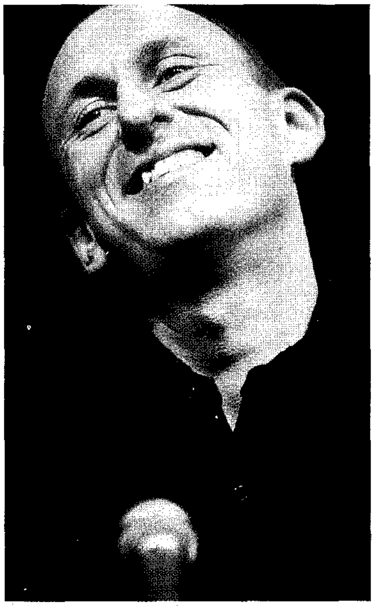
Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Previews

Speak Softly and Carry a Little Shtick

Because they alone must rivet our attention, and because they alone, by definition, cannot carry out an elaborate plot, most successful solo performers create king-size personalities to inhabit. Think of John Cameron Mitchell's rock-and-roll transsexual in *Hedwig and the Angry Inch.* Or Danny Hoch's gallery of miscreants and unfortunates in *Jails, Hospitals & Hip-Hop.* Or John Leguizamo, who's hardly the only freak in *Freak.* Now along comes actor, lyricist, and veteran solo performer David Cale with *Lillian,* a show that moves quietly, uncoils gradually, and has no truck with the outrageous. It tells a simple story of an unassuming person in spare, elegant prose. The British-born actor wears just a pair of jeans and an oxford while telling Lillian's tale, and he animates her with just a few gestures and a slightly recalibrated voice. Joe Mantello, the wunderkind actor-director who staged this show, didn't want his charge getting in the way of his own script. "I really aspire to represent people who are overlooked," says Cale, who, based on his gentle manner, milky speaking voice, and less-than-Leo looks, could easily fall into those ranks. "I've done a lot of one-man shows, but that's something that almost all the characters have in common—they are not overtly flashy people. Their points of views fall between the cracks." Sure enough, Lillian, a bookstore clerk in her forties, would be as transparent on a subway car as the windows. Yet when she tells her story, we can't help listening; ladies like her don't often fall in love with men half her age and marry them, as she has. "I couldn't have written this show ten years ago," muses Cale, 39, and one senses it's true. Though he's only slightly older than Mitchell and Leguizamo, there's a generational difference in his work (he hit his stride at the same time as Spalding Gray and Eric Bogosian) and perhaps a gendered one, too; he counts Laurie Anderson, Holly Hughes, Karen Finley, and Bette Midler among his greatest influences. "They seemed to automatically go under the surface, whereas the men, as dazzling as the surface was, didn't," says Cale, recalling the solo-performance boom of the mid-eighties. Cale has been working on *Lillian,* his sixth one-man show, for nearly four years. In between, he's done lots of other things—movies, lyrics for Elvis Costello, some New Group shows Off Broadway. He was particularly attracted to Bernie, his role in *My Night With Reg.* "The reason," he says, "is because everyone referred to him as boring." (See listings.)

JENNIFER SENIOR



Photograph by Liz Lauren.

and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/97.) $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

mokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

he Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess. $50–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

he Sunshine Boys—This Neil Simon play is a triumph of strategy. (1) It is full of one-liners: easily detachable and portable laughs. (2) The main characters, a retired vaudeville team, now hate each other, hence ever-popular insult comedy. (3) Willie Clark and Al Lewis are also Jewish, so we get audience-tickling Jewish jokes. (4) The background is show business, providing cherished showbiz humor. Add the stage-screen-and-TV-enshrined duo of Jack Klugman (Willie) and Tony Randall (Al), and it's platinum-edged-securities time. This production at the National Actors Theatre revival is rattling good fun. (Simon: 1/5/98.) $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/8/97. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

A View From the Bridge—One of the most distressing tales Arthur Miller ever told. Anthony LaPaglia stars as Eddie Carbone, the longshoreman who lusts after his niece; Allison Janney plays his long-suffering wife. Michael Mayer directs. $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Wait Until Dark—Even if a girl weren't blind, she'd find it pretty unnerving to be trapped in a house with Quentin Tarantino. Unfortunately, the new production of Frederick Knott's 1966 thriller requires that Marisa Tomei be both (blind and trapped, that is) and that Tarantino, as a psychotic drug dealer, torture her. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

As Thousands Cheer—Irving Berlin's 1933 satire of the famous and well-to-do. With sketches by Moss Hart; starring B. D. Wong and Judy Kuhn. In previews for a 6/14 opening. $12. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. *Greenwich House Theater, 27 Barrow Street. (541-8441).*

The Fishkin Touch—Jewish Repertory Theatre presents a new musical about Boris Fishkin, 1910 matinee idol of the Second Avenue Theatre. $35. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 6/14 opening. Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).

Lillian—David Cale's wistful, gentle one-man show about a middle-aged woman who falls in love with a man half her age. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 6/9 for a 6/15 opening. *Playwrights Horizons' Studio Theater, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Love's Fowl—A multimedia puppet opera about Chicken Little, or *La Pulcina Piccola,* who famously believes the world is about to end. With clothespin creatures by Susan J. Vitucci and music by *Dreamgirls'* Henry Krieger. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Previews begin 6/9 for a 6/17 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

A New Brain—Shortly after winning a pair of Tonys for *Falsettos,* William Finn was rushed to the hospital for emergency brain surgery. This new musical, which he also created with James Lapine, is an autobiographical account of the anguished and introspective period Finn spent in a hospital bed, contemplating the possibility of a more limited future. $55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 6/18 opening. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. 239-6200.*

Nunsense A-Men!—Guess it's habit-forming. An all-male version of the Off Broadway's second-longest-running musical. Music, book, and lyrics by Dan Goggin. $30–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Previews begin 6/13 for 6/23 opening. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Pera Palas—This drama by Sinan Unel roams over nearly 100 years and tells three separate stories, all of people trying to build a bridge—not just to the new millennium, but over the Bosphorus, in order to reconcile Turkey's past with its present. Starring Turkey's leading film actor, Ali Poyrazoglu. $20. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 6/8 for a 6/11 opening. *McGinn Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (246-8355).*

Sakim's Restaurant—Writer and performer Aasif Mandvi dramatizing the Indian immigrant experience through his tale of opening a New York restaurant. $30. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Previews begin 6/10 for a 6/24 opening. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder won a Pulitzer for it; now the Public is making it its first Central Park offering of the season. Starring John Goodman, Kristen Johnston, and Frances Conroy; directed by Irene Lewis. Free. Call for specific showtimes. Previews begin 6/12 for a 6/28 opening. *Delacorte Theater in Central Park (539-8750).*

Stupid Kids—John C. Russell's black comedy about a quartet of four suburban teenagers. Directed by Michael Mayer. $30. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and

Cabaret

Naughton to It

James Naughton—good when he's charming, even better when he's rakish—croons an eclectic bill of lovelies in the second installment of 'Manhattan Music: A Performance Festival,' now playing at the Manhattan Theatre Club. Performances run June 9–28.

Photograph by Anita and Steve Shevett.

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8. In previews for a 6/13 opening. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

The Irish . . . And How They Got That Way—A reprise of Frank McCourt's irreverent, affectionate history of the Irish people. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Reopens 6/10. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Villa Villa—De La Guarda, a young theater troupe from Argentina, performs a show that's part carnival, part rock concert, part drama—all above the audience's heads. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Previews begin 6/9 for a 6/16 opening. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

You Never Can Tell—The Roundabout returns to its roots—and what it does best—with this early comedy by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Douglas Martin. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 6/21 opening. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Now Playing

As Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane; alertly directed by Mark Brokaw. Starring Peri Gilpin. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Aunt Chooch's Birthday—The old broad turns 75 and you're invited. More interactive theater from *Tony 'n' Tina* director Larry Pellegrini with dinner, dancing, and lots of family squabbling. $65. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and Sun. at 3. *Vegas Room, 221 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Dinah Was—Before dying at age 39, Dinah Washington had earned herself a dandy moniker—"Queen of the Blues"—and become the first black woman to appear on the all-white pop charts. Yvette Freeman (*E.R., Working*) tells her story in this new play with music. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).*

The Dying Gaul—A new play about sexuality, loss, the Internet, and, because it's by Craig Lucas, the fantasy of living beyond the grave. Directed by Mark Brokaw. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 6/14. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell wrote and stars in this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $40. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, died in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Joseph Gabriel Magic—Magician Joseph Gabriel mixes sleights of hand with large-scale illusions. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Labor Day—A. R. Gurney revisits John, the main character in *The Cocktail Hour,* in his new play about the obscenities of show business. Directed by Jack O'Brien. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Manhattan Music: A Performance Festival—Manhattan Theatre Club presents a trio of cabaret acts, each with its own three-week engagement in venues about town. Now crooning: the redoubtable James Naughton. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Runs through 6/19. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Mindgames—Marc Salem, a mentalist and former director of research for *Sesame Street,* does a slew of fancy math tricks, stops his own pulse, and predicts the contents of people's wallets. $40–$45. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 7, and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 11/17/97. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43r St. (239-6200).*

Mr. Peter's Connections—Peter Falk returns to th New York stage for the first time in 27 years to d this original Arthur Miller play, which the playwright completed this season as Signature Theatre's artist-in-residence. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. a 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 6/21. *Signature Theatr Company, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-PLAY).*

Nasty Little Secrets—A return engagement of Lani Robertson's drama about Joe Orton, the latter-day Molière who died at the hands of his love and mentor. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8 Sun. at 3. Through 6/14. *Primary Stages, 354 W 45th St. (333-4052).*

Never the Sinner—The sensational story of Leopol and Loeb—two wealthy, well-educated teenager who in 1924 murdered a young boy on a whim. $25–$45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 an 8, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Once in a Lifetime—Atlantic Theater Company presents the Kaufman and Hart comedy about a tri of vaudevillians who stormtroop a Hollywood studio. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thrille about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, starring and written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Quidam—Cirque Du Soleil's ninth spectacular—which should, like its previous eight, chill, tickle, and trompe many an oeil. $15.75–$59.50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 6 and 9:30, Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30, Sun. at 1 and 5. Through 7/5. *Big Top at Battery Park City. (1-800-678-5440).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

The Seagull—As rendered by Blue Light Theater Company and translated by Tom Stoppard. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel. From lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations, nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $42.50–$47.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Eli Wallach, who made his Broadway debut more than a half-century ago, stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Through 7/5. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

Opening Disoriented

A first-rate, ten-member cast (including Lou Liberatore from *Burn This* and Turkey's leading stage and film actor, Ali Poyrazoglu) breathes life into *Pera Palas,* Sinan Unel's new play opening Thursday at the McGinn/Cazale. Set in Istanbul's Pera Palas hotel, the drama roams over nearly 100 years and tells three separate stories, all of people trying to build a bridge—not just to the new millennium, but over the Bosphorus, in order to reconcile Turkey's past with its present.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

art

Calder Documentary...Marc Quinn's Sculpture

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

rank Stella—Prints, paper collages, wall reliefs, and sculpture from the nineties; through 6/26. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

oseph Stella—A selection of paintings and works on paper focusing on the artist's nature subjects; through 6/30. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

Melinda Stickney-Gibson/Nancy Cohen—Lyrical abstractions painted on the covers of small books/Assemblages of handmade paper and familiar objects. Through 7/31. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

57th Street Area

Robert Berlind—Small on-site and large studio paintings of reflective surfaces of streams and ponds and of the woods near the artist's summer home in the Catskills; through 7/17. DeNagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Valerie Hird—Paintings that combine images related to the artist's travels in southern Spain, among them tiles, tapestries, and souvenirs; through 6/20. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Ynez Johnston—Mixed-media paintings combining symbols, calligraphy, and jigsaw geometry; through 7/10. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Paul Klee—Paintings, drawings, and prints from all periods of the artist's career; through 7/23. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Isamu Noguchi—A selection of basalt and granite sculptures and fountains that were made by the artist in the eighties at his studio on the Japanese island of Shikoku, many of which have not been exhibited outside of Japan; through 6/26. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Jose Maria Sicilia—Recent beeswax paintings that reference the spiritual writings of the Koran; through 6/20. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Photography

Ghosts in the Machine

Printed from negatives that were exposed around 1967 and recently discovered in a camera in his family's house, Andrew Bordwin's photographs depict not only mysterious images from his past but also the physical effects of time—cellular patterns in the negatives created from summers and winters of expanding and retracting emulsion. At Sara Meltzer's On View, 588 Broadway; through June 27.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Dove Bradshaw—Recent sculpture that continues the artist's investigation of indeterminacy; through 6/27. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Conway & Pratt—*A Woman's Work Is Never Done,* a multimedia installation that examines the traditional roles of American women, by Noni Pratt and Merry Conway; through 6/21. Hudson Square, 200 Hudson St. (334-9365). Free; admission by reservation only.

Angus Fairhurst—New paintings that depict simple images of English forests in primary colors, and photographs that show the artist as a dreamer in the woods; through 6/27. Kern, 558 Broadway (966-1706).

Robert Irwin—Early abstract paintings from the fifties and sixties by this California artist, who turned away from painting in 1969 to become one of the creators of pure perceptual art and whose latest installation is currently on view at the Dia Center for the Arts (see "Museums"); through 6/19. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Jane Kaplowitz/Dave Muller—Wall drawings and works on paper/Drawings, watercolors, and paintings. Through 7/24. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler—A collaborative work titled *The Poetics Project 1977–1997* that consists of five color projections with musical soundtracks by the Poetics, an artists' rock band that Kelley and Oursler were members of in the seventies and eighties; through 7/31. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753). See Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler under "Solo Shows, Chelsea."

Norman Lewis—Atmospheric abstract paintings from the sixties that have not been previously exhibited; through 7/2. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Tom Marioni—New drawings; through 6/27. Roeder, 545 Broadway (925-6098).

Thom Merrick—Wall reliefs of "handwritten" words constructed from copper tubing; through 7/31. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Yong Soon Min—Sculpture and photographs by a California-based artist that continue her exploration of the ongoing conflict and division in her native Korea; through 6/27. Art in General, 79 Walker St. (219-0473).

Rebecca Purdum—New abstract paintings and ink and gouache drawings; through 6/20. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Marc Quinn—Cast-bronze, rubber, and polyurethane sculptures on the subject of mortality, by a British artist known for his work incorporating human bodily fluids; through 7/2. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Daniel Spoerri—Works from the artist's archives on loan from the Swiss National Library of Switzerland, as well as pieces that are pertinent to his stay in the New York in 1963–64; through 7/3. Swiss Institute of New York, 595 Broadway (925-2035).

Tabboo!—Paintings of Manhattan night scenes; through 7/3. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Steve Tobin—Large-scale bronze sculptures, including a series cast from termite mounds in Africa; through 6/21. At Art et Industrie, 52 Thompson St. (966-6800), and OK Harris, 383 W. Broadway (431-3600).

Richard Tuttle—A chandelier and a table designed by the sculptor; through 7/1. A/D, 560 Broadway (966-5154).

Alessandro Twombly—New sculptures in bronze, ceramic, and terracotta whose forms evoke massive sea sponges; through 6/27. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Claude Wampler—Three installations combining sculpture, performance, and video; through 7/11. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Andy Warhol—The first exhibition of the artist's portrait drawings, from his informal ballpoint drawings of friends from the fifties to his renderings of celebrities from the seventies and eighties; through 6/13. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Chelsea

Tony Bellaver—Sculptures that transform the gallery into a temporary laboratory for observing the effects of human manipulation of nature; through 6/27. Martz, 529 W. 20th St. (206-3686).

Liesbeth Bik and Jos van der Pol—An installation by two Dutch artists that is a re-creation of the theory section of the ICA bookshop in London; through 6/30. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Peter Edlund—Paintings of flora and fauna in desolate landscapes; through 6/27. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Arthur Ganson—Kinetic sculptures that hurl knives, spurt grease, and unfold Chinese fans, by a self-taught engineer who is an artist-in-residence at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; through 6/30. Ricco/Maresca in association with William Louis Dreyfus, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler—A collaborative work titled *The Poetics Project: 1977–1997* that incorporates painted panels, video projections, sculpture, music, and drawings in a dense, mazelike

Photograph by Andrew Bordwin, courtesy of Sara Meltzer's On View.

installation; through 9/12. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100). See "Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler" under Solo Shows, SoHo and TriBeCa.

Ellsworth Kelly—Seven recent paintings on shaped canvases, each painted in a single color, through 6/20, at Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200), and his 104-part anodized-aluminum piece from 1957, *Sculpture for a Large Wall, 1957*, through 6/20, at Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200).

Peter Klare/Tom Martinelli—Large abstract wall reliefs that bring to mind design drawings for ordinary home and office furniture/Drawings that depict layers of disc forms in primary and secondary colors. Through 6/27. Eller, 529 W. 20th St. (206-6411).

Ellen Levin—An installation in which objects, figures, and birds in metal, wood, and plastic appear to have been thrown across the floor; through 7/7. Conde, 529 W. 20th St. (691-9866).

Richard Prince—New works on paper that continue the artist's use of layering, gesture, and text; through 6/21. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

David Reed—A new configuration of video insertions and paintings from the artist's ongoing *Las Vegas Piece*; through 7/3. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Andrea Zittel—New living environments from the artist's ongoing "A-Z" series; through 7/10. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (627-6000).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (249-8950). "Crosscurrents," contemporary paintings from Panama; through 7/19.

CDS—76 E. 79th St. (772-9555). Paintings and drawings by first- and second-generation Latin American artists, including Berni, Battle-Planas, Fonseca, Figari, others; through 7/31.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "The '60s in the Seventies," a tribute to the flourishing art scene of the sixties and the legendary galleries in the East Seventies, with works by Arman, Artschwager, Christo, Di Suvero, others; through 6/27.

57th Street Area

Architectural League of New York—457 Madison Ave. (753-1722). "The Inflatable Moment: Pneumatics and Protest in '68," with sketches, models, furniture, sculpture, and architectural drawings by Aubert, Jungmann, Otto, Stinco, others; through 8/29.

Boone—745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929). "View: Four," including installations evocative of disco culture and hand-cut paper dollies, with works by Dalrymple, Evans, Periton, Takahashi, others; through 6/27.

Emmerich—41 E. 57th St. (752-0124). "Painting in Provincetown," with works by Avery, Hofmann, and Tworkov; through 7/31.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Basilico—26 Wooster St. (966-1831). "Deep Thought," with works by Becher, Bochner, Bunn, Chan Schatz, others; through 7/31.

Deitch Projects—76 Grand St. (343-7300). "Paintings from Another Planet," works by Los Angeles artists Appel, Argent, Calame, Cook, others; through 7/31.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Transmissions," an exhibition of videos by curators and critics exploring their absorption and expression of cultural information; through 6/27.

Foster—62 Crosby St. (966-9024). "Camera Ready?," works that use a camera as a resource tool or visual signature, by Cockrill, Leahy, McCall, Petracca, others; through 6/27.

Ross—568 Broadway (343-2161). "Peep Show," with works by Alpern, Arndt, Barsness, Bowen; through 7/24.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). An exhibition exploring the relationship between filmmaker David Cronenberg's work and that of a group of contemporary artists, with works by Acker, Baudrillard, Crockett, Rockman, others; through 7/18.

Chelsea

Alexander and Bonin—132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474). Drawings and objects from Benedict, Chaudouet, Schneider, Shrigley; 6/11–7/31.

Cacciola—501 W. 23rd St. (462-4646). Works by Northampton Village Figurative Artists, including Deihl, Gillespie, Hill, Lund, Milici, Prior; through 7/7.

Cheim & Reid—521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727). "Three Catholics: Warhol, Ruscha & Mapplethorpe"; paintings, photography, and sculpture; through 6/27.

Cooper—534 W. 21st St. (255-1105). "Travel & Leisure," with paintings, works on paper, sculpture, and photography by 30 artists, including Kelly, Oldenburg, Piper, Zittel; through 6/30.

Kempner—501 W. 23rd St. (206-6872). "Now & Then," with works by Frankenthaler, Johns, Marden, Rauschenberg, Warhol, others; through 7/31.

Taylor—529 W. 20th St. (463-7166). "Objects of Desire," with works by Cemin, Fox, Gimblett, Goodman, others; through 7/11.

Tibet House—22 W. 15th St. (807-0563). "The Tibetan Art of Healing," paintings by Nepali artist Romio Shrestha in collaboration with 40 Nepali and Tibetan artists, based on diagrams and illustrations from seventeenth-century Tibetan medical texts; through 8/14.

Tonkonow—601 W. 26th St. (255-8450) and Bound & Unbound, 601 W. 26th St. (463-7348). "Disappearing Act," with works by Byars, Roth, Warhol, Weiner, others; through 8/1.

Other

P.S. 122—150 First Ave. (228-4249). "Shake," an exhibition of snow domes by 41 artists, including Ashkin, Dikeou, Jenkins, Pondick, Scanga, Lanigan-Schmidt, others; through 6/29.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500). "Ahab's Wife," with works by Driscoll, Gillespie, Sans-Arcidet, Scott; through 10/4.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (924-4212). "Wall Work," with works by Huang, Poorbaugh, Stern, Welsh, others; through 7/12.

Williamsburg Art & Historical Center—135 Broadway, Brooklyn (718-963-1150). "Coney Island"; cutouts, constructions, painted assemblages, and banners by Marano, Eagan, and Roberts; 6/13–7/12.

Documentary

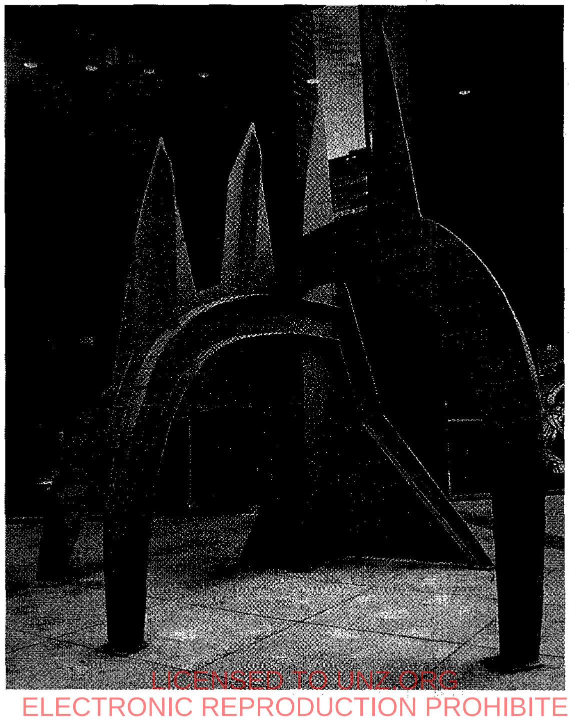
Calder Live

Only one artist could turn the National Gallery of Art's East building into a giant playroom on the Mall: Alexander Calder. In the exhibition now marking the centenary of his birth, visitors are smiling at the familiar mobiles, stabiles, and wire sculptures gathered here in joyous profusion. What brings you closer to Calder's real purpose, however, is a four-minute video by Roger Sherman showing selections of work as it was meant to be seen—in motion. Look first, for example, at the small sculpture called *1939 World's Fair.* At rest, it's an intriguing group of colored and shiny geometrics on a base, all connected by belts and pulleys. Once the piece reappears in the video, however, gyrating in hectic syncopation as a tiny crank is turned, you realize that missing out on the intended motion of these works is like looking at a stuffed hummingbird and never seeing one fly. (There's also a wild clip of the bearlike Calder, who turns out to be light on his feet, partnering a life-size sculpture of Josephine Baker in an energetic samba.)

Sadly, as Calder's work has grown fragile and wildly valuable, the chances of seeing it in motion have diminished accordingly. Luckily, Calder "live" is resurrected in Sherman's documentary, *Alexander Calder,* premiering nationally on June 17 as part of Thirteen/WNET's *American Masters* series (locally at 9 P.M. on Channel 13). Sherman spent four years lovingly filming Calder pieces around the world. The richest lode is at the artist's archive in Woodstock, New York, to which Sherman was given unparalleled access. The film also includes an appreciation of Calder by Arthur Miller, his longtime neighbor in Roxbury, Connecticut.

Being angst-free, Calder's art is sometimes dismissed as mere entertainment. Albert Einstein knew better. At a Calder exhibit, he stood in silent contemplation for 40 minutes watching the slowly moving orbs in a piece called *A Universe.* The sculpture gets only a moment in Sherman's film. But that's long enough to feel the wonder that one maven of the universe felt for another.

PETER HELLMAN



Photograph by Roger Sherman.

Photography

Michael Ackermann—Recent photographs that depict the people of Cabbagetown, the oldest industrial settlement in Atlanta; through 7/26. Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. (477-1820).

Andrew Bordwin—Cibachrome prints that were made from unexposed negatives found in a camera not used since 1967 and whose abstract patterning and intense coloring suggest cellular structures; through 6/27. Meltzer's On View, 588 Broadway (343-8256).

Anoushka Fisz—Large-format photographs that depict nature as dark, erotic, and mysterious; through 6/30. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

David Goldes—Photographs that investigate such scientific principles and natural phenomena as crystallization and surface tension; through 6/28. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Luis González Palma—Theatrically posed photographs of the Mayan Indians of Guatemala that suggest the nineteenth-century portraiture of Julia Margaret Cameron; through 6/27. Danziger, 851 Madison Ave. (734-5300).

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (768-4682), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 seniors and students. "Mathew Brady's Portraits: Images As History, Photography As Art"; 6/12–9/6. . . . "A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of AIDS, by Steve Hart"; 6/12–9/6.

Kasher—54 N. Moore St. (966-3978). "Magnificent Joints: Vintage Skeletal Photographs and Decorative Period Frames, 1845–1945, From the Burns Collection"; through 7/4.

Frank Majore—Large-format photographs of women; through 6/26. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Didier Massard—Staged color photographs that depict imagined versions of exotic locales; through 7/3. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Herbert Matter—A survey of the artist's photographs, including images of works by Giacometti, Calder, and other artists he admired. At the New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6466), through 6/27, and Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223), through 7/4.

Linda McCartney—The late photographer's recent unpublished photographs of the Sussex countryside, East Hampton beaches, and the coastline of Brazil and of simple still-life compositions; through 7/2. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Micheal McLaughlin—Recent photographs of American roadside attractions; through 6/25. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). "Formication," images of insects in nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs by Campus, Gall, the Starns, Sugiura, others; recent landscape photographs of the United States by Toshio Shibata that were commissioned by the Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago; through 7/10.

Scott Morgan—Photographs that depict crosses, circles, and spirals of light; through 6/27. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

Willy Rizzo—Photographs of celebrities taken between 1950 and 1970; through 6/26. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

SoHo Triad—107 Grand St. (965-9500). Photographs of New York by Abbott, Bridges, Stieglitz, others; through 7/19.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Objects of Our Time." Ceramics, furniture, textiles, wood, glass, book arts, and jewelry by 80 British artists and designers; through 9/6. . . . "Ties That Bind: Fiber Art by Ed Rossbach and Katherine Westphal From the Daphne Farago Collection." Fiber works by Charles Edmund Rossbach and his wife Katherine Westphal spanning the sixties through the nineties; through 9/6. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Spirits in Steel: The Art of the Kalabari Masquerade." Life-size steel sculptures by Sokari Douglas Camp that were inspired by the traditional masquerades of the Kalabari people of the Eastern Niger Delta, and masks from the collections of the American Museum of Natural History and the British Museum; through 10/12. . . . "Kings, Chiefs, Women of Power, Nigeria: Photographs by Phyllis Galembo." Large-format color portraits of the women and men of the Benin and Yoruba kingdoms and the Western Igbo in southern Nigeria; through 6/28. . . . "The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 8/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"The Narrative Thread: Contemporary Women's Embroidery From Rural India." A selection of 30 embroidered quilts that were made by Indian women from rural Bihar through the assistance of Adithi, a nonprofit organization; through 8/8. . . . "More Than Meets the Eye: Japanese Art in the Asia Society Collection"; through 8/16. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Finnish Modernism in Design: Utopian Ideals and Everyday Ideals, 1930–1997." A survey of works produced by Finnish designers for the ceramics firm Arabia, the glass factories of iittala, Karhula, and Nuutajarvi, and the textile and clothing manufacturer Marimekko; through 7/12. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Exterior/Interior—The Way I See It: Five Photographers Working in Brooklyn." Works by Peter Garfield, Anne Mandelbaum, Susan Daboll, Martin Dixon, and Michael Spano; through 8/16. . . . "Jewels of the Romanovs: Treasures of the Russian Imperial Court." 250 objects and works of art spanning three centuries of the Romanov Dynasty, among them royal portraits, court gowns, military uniforms, and a selection of Crown Jewels; through 7/5. . . . "Masters of Color and Light: Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement." Approximately 150 works by the American masters drawn entirely from the museum's permanent collection; through 7/5. . . . "Mexican Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." 126 prints by 47 Mexican artists, among them José Orozco, Diego Rivera, and Rufino Tamayo; through 8/9. . . . "Sally Victor: Mad Hatter, 1935–65." A selection of hats by the American milliner, beginning with her earliest creations of the thirties through the decline of the popularity of the hat in the mid-sixties; through 6/21. . . . "Joan Snyder: Working in Brooklyn." Works on paper from the past decade; through 6/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"Opening Our Doors: Selections From the Design Resource Center." Works from the museum's four collecting departments, Drawings and Prints, Wallcoverings, Textiles, Applied Arts, and Industrial Design; through 10/11. . . . Fountains: Splash and Spectacle." The first exhibition to explore the function and design of American and European fountains, featuring original drawings, prints, rare books, photographs, and postcards; through 10/11. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Robert Irwin." Part one of a two-part site-specific installation; through 6/14. . . . "Tracey Moffatt: *Free-falling*." A group of 25 photographs and a video installation by the Australian artist and filmmaker; through 6/14. . . . "Richard Serra: *Torqued Ellipses*." Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14. . . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three installations using fluorescent light and six separate fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

The Drawing Center—"Shadows of a Hand: The Drawings of Victor Hugo." The first exhibition in the United States devoted to the drawings of the nineteenth-century French writer (1802–1885), addressing his prescient relationship to art movements of the twentieth century; through 6/13. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

El Museo del Barrio—"Beatriz Gonzalez: What an Honor to Be With You at This Historical Moment, Works 1965–1997." A retrospective of the Colombian artist's paintings, drawings, and objects; through 10/25. . . . "Guillermo Gómez-Peña's *El Mexterminator*." An installation of curios, paintings, and other objects that is the site for performances by Mr. Gómez-Peña and his collaborators Roberto Sifuentes and Sara Shelton Mann on 6/9 at 6, 6/12 at 1, and 6/13 at 1; through 6/28. . . . Recurrent Memories: A Site-Specific Installation by Diamantina Gonzalez."; through 6/28. . . . "Carmen Herrera: The Black and White Paintings, 1951–1989." Abstract geometric paintings by the Cuban-born artist; through 6/28. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Police Pictures: The Photographs as Evidence." A survey of forensic and evidentiary photographs from the mid-nineteenth century to the present; through 7/18. 100 Washington Square E. (998-6780), Wed. 11–8, Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Peggy Guggenheim: A Centennial Celebration." Paintings and sculptures from Peggy Guggenheim's collection, as well as guest books and other memorabilia from the collector's Venice house; 6/12–9/2. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"George Segal, A Retrospective: Sculptures, Paintings, Drawings." A survey of the artist's works made between 1958 and 1996; 6/14–10/4. . . . "An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine." The first museum exhibition devoted to the painter's work in nearly five decades, focusing on the period between Soutine's arrival in Paris in 1913 and his death there during World War II; through 8/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5, free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Sir Edward Burne-Jones." The first comprehensive American exhibition devoted to the paintings and decorative works of the nineteenth-century British artist (1833–1898) who was among the second generation of Pre-Raphaelites; through 9/6. . . . "Jean Dunand." Furniture and decorative objects by the French Art Deco metalworker and lacquer artist, from the museum's own collection; through 10/25. . . . "The Paintings of Judith Rothschild: An Artist's Search." Paintings by an American artist (1921–1993) who studied with Hans Hoffmann and Stanley William Hayter and is best known for her collages; through 9/6. . . . "The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part I: Calligraphy." An exhibition surveying the development of Islamic calligraphy; through 6/28. . . . "Evocative Fragments." A selection of twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs depicting fragments of the human body; through 6/14. . . . "Honoré Lannuier, Parisian Cabinet Maker in Federal New York"; through 6/14. . . . "Elegant China Ware: Paris Porcelain in America"; through 6/14. . . . "American Ingenuity." A survey of twentieth-century American sportswear; through 8/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum at the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Innovation/Imitation: Fashionable Plastics of the

1930s." A survey of textiles, garments, accessories, and decorative objects made with various kinds of plastics; 6/19–8/1. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum for African Art—"Masterpieces From Central Africa." Central African objects on loan from the Royal Museum of Central Africa in Tervuren, Belgium; through 8/9. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. 12:30–8, Sun. 12:30–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Mary Ann Willson: Artist Maid." A survey of watercolors by the early-nineteenth-century American folk artist; 6/13–9/27. . . . "Edge to Edge: Selections From the Studio Art Quilt Associates." Contemporary quilts by eighteen artists; 6/13–9/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"New Concepts in Printmaking 2: Willie Cole"; through 10/13. . . . "Giacometti to Judd: Prints by Sculptors"; 6/9–10/13. . . . "The Clutter of Happenstance: Photographs by Robert Cumming." Photographs of ordinary objects in tableaux of the artist's devising, made between 1969 and 1981; through 6/15. . . . "Projects 63: Karin Davie, Udomsak Krisanamis, Bruce Pearson, Fred Tomaselli; through 6/30. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. . . . "Berenice Abbott's Changing New York, 1935–1939." A selection of 175 prints from the museum's own collection of the photographer's "Changing New York" project of the thirties which was funded by the Federal Art Project of the W.P.A. and sponsored by the museum; through 6/21. . . . "Bridging New York." An exhibition of paintings, prints, drawings, postcards, and vintage photographs exploring the role played by bridges in the creation of Greater New York; through 6/28. . . . "New York From Above: An Aerial View." Paintings depicting aerial views of the city by Spelman Evans Downer; through 6/14. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"Whistler: Impressions of an American Abroad—Etchings and Lithographs From the Carnegie Museum of Art." A survey of prints by the American expatriate James McNeil Whistler (1834-1903), drawn from the collection of and organized by the Carnegie Museum of Art; through 6/26. . . . "All Things Bright and Beautiful: California Impressionist Paintings From the Irvine Museum"; through 7/5. . . . "California Impressionism: The Stiles and the Bagley Collections"; through 7/5. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri, 12–6 (Fri. 5–6 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Sweet Oblivion: The Urban Landscape of Martin Wong." A retrospective of paintings by the San Francisco–based artist who first came to attention in the eighties for his paintings depicting the graffiti and street-poetry scenes of the Lower East Side; through 9/13. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"Particular Voices: Robert Giard's Portraits of Gay and Lesbian Writers"; through 6/27. . . . "A War in Perspective, 1898–1998: Public Appeals, Memory, and the Spanish-American Conflict"; through 8/29. . . . "A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Adventures in Writing, 1960–1980." An exhibition focusing on the writers, artists, publishers, and communities who produced publications associated with the use of the mimeograph machine from the sixties through the early eighties; through 7/25. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Unconventional Currier & Ives." Lesser-known works produced by the printing firm, among them prints, photographs, certificates, and advertisements; through 7/5. . . . "Militant Metropolis: New York City and the Spanish-American War 1898." A selection of newspapers, caricatures, letters, photographs, and other materials from the Society's Lathrop Colgate Harper Collection of Spanish-American War materials; through 7/12. . . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of N.Y.C. landmarks from the new book *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 8/23. . . . "Paul Robeson: Bearer of a Culture." An exhibition of photographs and memorabilia commemorating the centenary of the actor's birth; through 7/12. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Alex Katz—Under the Stars: American Landscapes 1951–1995." The first retrospective of the artist's landscape works; through 6/21. . . . "Vertical Painting Show"; through 6/28. . . . "Meg Webster 'Pool' "; through 6/28. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"a.k.a. Lewis Carroll." An exhibition of books and memorabilia marking the centenary of the death of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832–1898), focusing on his life as a teacher, mathematician, photographer, and author; through 8/30. . . . "Settling New Scores: Music Manuscripts From the Paul Sacher Foundation." Music manuscripts, letters, and other documents from some 60 composers of this century; through 8/30. . . . "A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East, ca. 2100–500 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 8/16. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

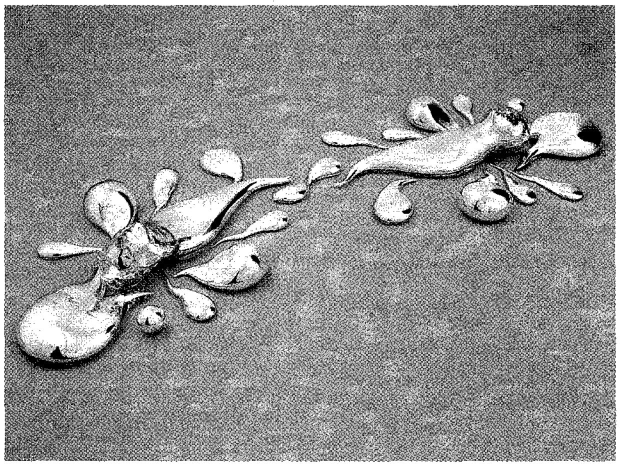
Queens Museum of Art—"Robert Colescott: Recent Paintings." A survey of paintings from the past ten years that explore issues of racial identity, power, and gender, by the 72-year-old African-American artist; through 8/30. . . . "Dawoud Bey." New large-scale Polaroid portraits of students from three Queens high schools; through 8/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5 Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors

Abigail Adams Smith Museum & Gardens—"Sitting in Style: Fancy Chairs and Other Highlights From the Permanent Collection." Selections of nineteenth-century chairs and silver from the museum's collection; through 7/31. 421 E. 61st St. (838-6878), Tues.–Sun. 11–4 (Tues. evening to 9 in June and July); $3, $2 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Norman Lewis: Black Paintings, 1946–1977." An exhibition examining the aesthetic and metaphorical use of the color black in more than 60 paintings; through 9/20. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Unknown Terrain: The Landscapes of Andrew Wyeth." The first retrospective of the artist's work to focus solely on his landscapes, inspired by his life-long environs of Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, and Cushing, Maine; through 8/30. . . . "Charles Ray." A survey of the Los Angeles sculptor's career from 1973 to the present; through 8/30. . . . "Richard Pousette-Dart: The Studio Within." A partial re-creation of the studio the artist worked in for more than 30 years, including 20 paintings from different periods of his career, a selection from his collection of notebooks, and poems and small artworks; through 9/13. . . . "Louise Nevelson: Structures Evolving." A selection of sculptures and works on paper from the museum's collection that highlights the artist's practice of recycling components of existing works to create new ones; through 9/13. . . . "Lee Mingwei's 'Way Stations.' " Two interactive installations, *The Dining Project* and *The Letter-writing Project*; through 7/19. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Who What When Where: An Installation by Carrie Mae Weems"; through 7/10. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.



Talent Like a few of his British contemporaries, Marc Quinn has made death and mortality an overriding theme of his sculpture—visitors to London's Royal Academy "Sensation" exhibition won't soon forget *Self,* a cast of his head in his own frozen blood. The artist's New York debut features nude human figures life-cast from rubber, bronze, and polyurethane; his "Morphology" series of silvered glass (left, *Cloned Morphology*); and two refrigerated sculptures of flowers frozen in full bloom. At Gagosian Gallery, 136 Wooster Street; through July 2.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 6/10 at 10 and 2: "Important Jewels." On view from 6/5. 6/11 at 10: "Important Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 6/5. 6/11 at 10 and 2: "Finest and Rarest Wines." On view from 6/5. 6/15 and 6/16 at 10 and 2: "The Haskell F. Nonnan Library of Science and Medicine, Part II." On view from 6/10.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 6/11 at 10 and 2: "Antique and Fine Jewelry." On view from 6/6. 6/16 at 10 and 2: "Furniture and Decorative Arts, Including Silver." On view from 6/12.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 6/10 at 10: "Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, and Coins." On view from 6/6.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 6/10 at 10:30: "Important Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 6/4.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (606-7000). 6/10 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Jewelry." On view from 6/7. 6/10 at 10:15: "Arcade Art Deco." On view from 6/7. 6/11 at 10:15 and 2: "Russian Works of Art." On view from 6/5. 6/12 at 10:15 and 2: "Art Deco." On view from 6/7. 6/13 at 10:15 and 2: "Collectibles." On view from 6/7. 6/15 at 10:15: "Silver." On view from 6/11. 6/16 and 6/17 at 10:15 and 2: "Americana." On view from 6/12.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 6/11 at 10:30 and 2:30: "Photographic Literature, Photographs, and Czech Avant-Garde Books." On view from 6/6.

Photograph courtesy of the Gagosian Gallery.

restaurants

Street Food...Not Just Juice...Babbo

Manhattan

Lower New York

Acappella—Food is prepared table-side at this Northern Italian downtowner. Ask for owner-host Sergio to explain the specials, or choose among veal chops, the Italian-flag combination of three styles of pasta, and lobster Acappella. Try the prix fixe lunch. Jackets required. *1 Hudson St. (240-0163). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

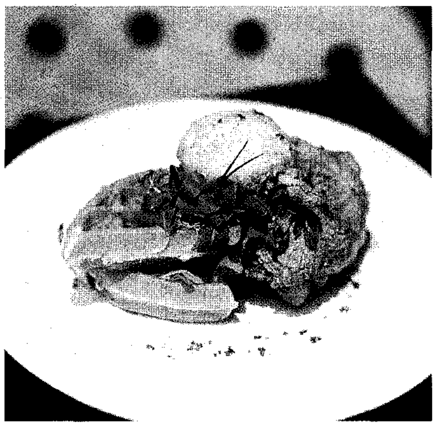
Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

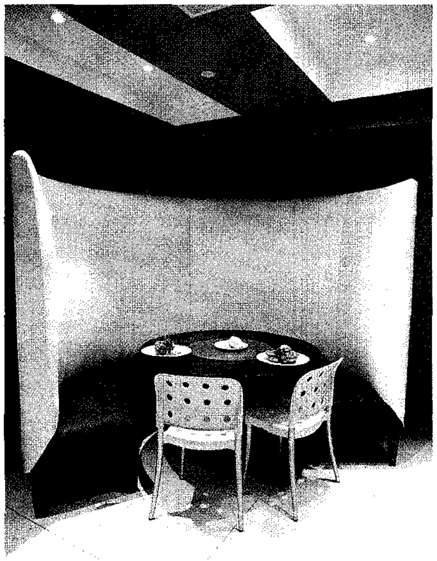
Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Opening
High-Cool Cafeteria

The greasy-spoon spirit has been stylishly resurrected at Cafeteria, the glorified luncheonette and lounge on the site of the old Kap's Coffee Shop. A consortium of hipsters from Circa and '44,' plus (clothes) designer and partner Victor Alfaro and (restaurant) designer Ilan Waisbrod (BondSt, Republic) have conspired to create a 24-hour canteen incorporating nighttime D.J.'s and all-day breakfast. Chef Tyler Florence intersperses the meatloaf-and-macaroni-and-cheese vernacular with au courant flourishes like Argentine filet mignon in ruby-port reduction, and roasted portobello steak with Maytag blue cheese and black-eyed peas. (119 Seventh Avenue, at 17th Street; 414-1717.)





Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

S.O.B.'s—Few people know there's a kitchen in this popular Latin American music hall. The menu—a fusion of Latin, Caribbean and Brazilian flavors—includes dishes like grilled shrimp tossed with tropical relish and chicken breast stuffed with plantains and chorizo. *204 Varick St. (243-4940). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45.00. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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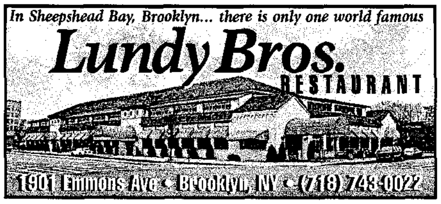
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Below 14th Street, West

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish or beef. Perfect for pre– or post–Film Forum noshing. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (47 8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front conver this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Grea food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (98 2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Grand Ticino—This venerable Greenwich Villag Italian restaurant has attracted the likes of Fran McCourt, Al Hirschfeld, and John Patrick Shanle who set part of *Moonstruck* on its comfortabl premises. Try the ostrich with Barolo wine sauc the bistecca alla Fiorentina, and the panna cott *228 Thompson St. (777-5922). (M) AE, DS, MC,*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loung feel and is open around the clock with a men that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fenne tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover fo the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489) (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situate within an eighteenth-centur carriage house previousl owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano musi enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822) (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Salam Cafe and Restaurant—Thi casual Arabic restaurant ensconced in a Village brownston offers a broad variety of Middl Eastern food, including kebabs couscous, and lamb with yogurt-and-sesame sauce, plus lot of vegetarian options. Try th Lebanese wine. *104 W. 13th St (741-0277). (I–M) AE, MC TM, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evok Thomas Edison, the namesak of this sleek spot invented b Charles Palmer and designe Fernando Saralegui, but the foo is all very twentieth-century crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

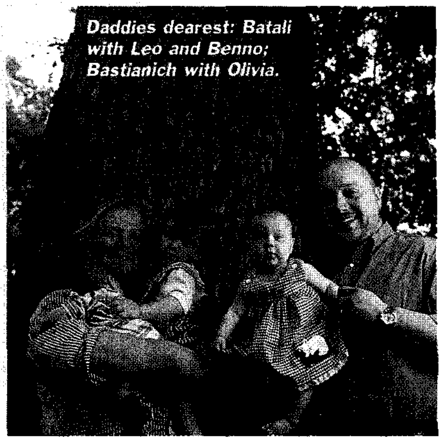
An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for

Opening

In the Name of the Fathers

Chef Mario Batali and restaurateur Joe Bastianich, partners in the new Babbo Ristorante and Enoteca opening this week in Greenwich Village, hatched their business plan over a series of late-night dinners. *Bad* late-night dinners. The overworked duo (Bastianich and his mother own Becco, Frico Bar, and Felidia; "Molto" Mario runs the vastly popular Pó between taping sessions of his fast-paced Food Network cooking show) would meet after work to decompress. "Fridays at one in the morning," says Bastianich, "there's only a handful of people who want to have dinner with you." And whenever they ate Italian, says Batali, "we were sadly disappointed." Though Batali did his best at Pó to combat rampant mediocrity, he got to feeling guilty about having to deny so many people a reservation, an unfortunate consequence of its Lilliputian size. And Bastianich, indoctrinated in the tourist-ridden and impersonal world of midtown restaurants, was eager to migrate downtown. Thus Babbo, which, besides being an effortless six-and-a-half-minute walk from Pó, had an excellent pedigree: For nearly half a century, it was the Coach House, a converted carriage house turned legendary American restaurant. History-minded diners expecting continuity will find close to none—Batali and Bastianich have gutted the interior, installed an extensive wine bar serving *quartinos* (a third of a bottle rather than a glass), and replaced the lamb chops and crab cakes with Batali's creative and seasonal brand of Italian food. While Pó regulars will recognize some Batali signatures—bagna cauda, testa, and beef-cheek ravioli, for example—Babbo's elevated price range ($20 compared to Pó's $15) allows him to showcase fancier ingredients like squab and softshell crabs. There's still room for Coach Farm goat cheese, made by the chèvre family Batali married into. And even though this is Bastianich's first venture without Mom, family is very much on the partners' minds. *Babbo* is Italian slang for *Daddy*, appropriate since both men are new fathers. Which might explain what they were doing out of the house at 1 A.M. in the first place. (110 Waverly Place; 777-0303.) ROBIN RAISFELD


Daddies dearest: Batali with Leo and Benno; Bastianich with Olivia.

drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

olo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

rew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

ampagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

l Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

iramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

leartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juniper berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

I Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mad 28—This stylishly streamlined restaurant serves homemade pasta, risotti, and thin-crust pizzas that emerge from a wood-burning oven built into a spectacular flagstone wall. The soaring space's other focal point is the large-screen TV, which is regularly tuned to European soccer broadcasts. *72 Madison Ave., nr. 28th St. (689-2828). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

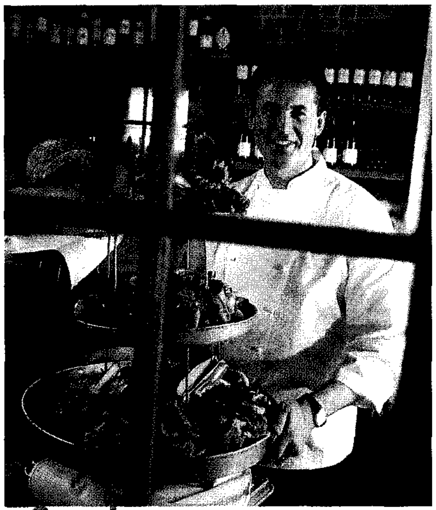
Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*



Opening

Eclectic Avenue

Liberated from the culinary confines of Vince and Eddie's regional Americana, chef Scott Campbell goes Gallic at his new Avenue, a French-American hybrid opening for breakfast and lunch this weekend (dinner to follow). The wainscoted premises will be open from 8 A.M. for croissants and brioche, yogurt with apricot compote, and Austrian apple pancake, straight through 4 P.M. for self-service lunch. Or make a picnic of mixed-fromage tartlet, she-crab soup, and offbeat salads of the day, like orange couscous with hazelnuts and currants, or shrimp, bean sprouts, and cilantro. (520 Columbus Avenue, at 85th Street; 579-3194.)

Photograph by Robert Wright.

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Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pacific East—This streamlined, casual Chelsea restaurant is the spin-off of an enormously successful Hamptons destination for Asian seafood. Lobster-and-shiitake gyoza, cedar-planked black cod, and other fusion fish abound. *318 W. 23rd St. (243-0777). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex–Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, ye lowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, ar pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piar music performed nightly, and cigar smokers ha their own private lounge in which to indulge. *1(E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gra the Waldorf's posh dining room has become rei vigorated. Known for his long association wi French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a sp cial touch with foie gras and handles seasonal Ame ican ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets require harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Wa dorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, th elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in th frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offe a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyak and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *28 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, C DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstag and New American cuisine. Executive chef Ne Myers has a flair with meats and creatively pre pared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with blac bean-and-mango sauce, and crab cakes accompa nied by cole slaw rolls. Try something from the ex tensive raw-bar menu. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144 (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropi cal iced tea. The dining room serves the mos imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go o a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby c the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sun day. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorize eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters i winter and a garden in the summer and early fal make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rocke feller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark i still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. Th elaborate interior provides a peaceful backgroun for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit all Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. $55 spring tasting menu features new fish dishes The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions o well-priced Northern Italian served in a casuall elegant atmosphere. Free parking from five til closing for dinner customers. *863 Ninth Ave., a 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eatin businessmen and the people who love them. Th festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhous on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fres seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfel caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

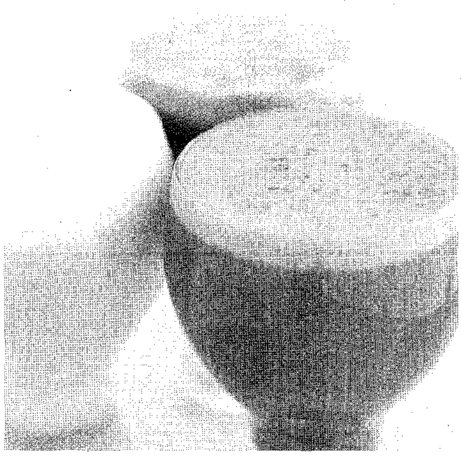
C2 at the China Club—The restaurant at the newly relocated China Club is conspicuously upscale fo its Eighth Avenue address and surprisingly calm for its affiliation with the dance club upstairs. Che Eban Ross has created an eclectic menu of Asian-influenced dishes like tuna-and-salmon tartare with daikon-hijiki slaw and braised lamb shank with maple-roasted acorn squash. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

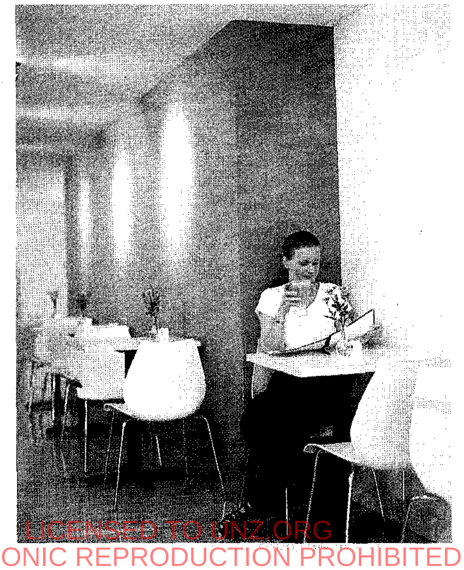
Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed pota-

Opening

Fit to Be Tried

Before emigrating from Poland fifteen years ago, Chris Guga was a mime—a body-focused occupation that augured his current health-food career. He and his wife, Teresa, have parlayed managerial stints at Mangia and a posh fitness-club concession into Nutribar, a serene, sunlit Flatiron juice bar and café. Yam casserole with turmeric, coconut tempeh and tofu in curry vegetable stew, and maple-marinated sirloin with yams and sunchokes belie the notion that nothing can be good and good for you. (29 East 20th Street; 477-4777.)





Photographs by Steven Freeman.

toes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ommonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

stiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ohnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shopping **Crêpes, the ultimate Parisian street food, are undergoing a revival at cafés, sidewalk kiosks, restaurants, and now supermarkets. The installation last week of Dean & Deluca's crêpe station, offering made-to-order sweet and savory versions—from banana-chocolate and lemon-sugar ($4) to ratatouille and crab ($7)—means you'll never have to shop on an empty stomach again.**

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual Indian restaurant in the heart of midtown is a convenient spot for onion bhajia, chicken tikka masala, dal bukhara, and other subcontinental standards. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Tuscan Square—Pino Luongo's most ambitious project yet, this Rockefeller Center paean to all things Tuscan combines a rustic dining room; a downstairs marketplace complex of salad, sandwich, and pasta bars; and a retail department selling kitchenware, clothing, leather goods, and stationery. Chef Patrick Nuti's Tuscan menu offers such enticing entrées as chicken-and-ricotta meatballs and garganelli with pancetta, puréed leeks, fava beans, and baby peas. *16 W. 51st St. (977-7777). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kids' menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Deniz à la Turk—The focus in this casual East Side Turkish restaurant is on superlatively fresh fish. Nibble on appetizers like red beans in lemon and olive oil; mashed eggplant salad; and mussels stuffed with rice, pine nuts, and currants. The seafood and meat—like lamb chops, Turkish meatballs, and rib-eye steak—are char-grilled and succulent. *400 E. 57th St. (486-2255). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, nonprofessionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pondicherry—Although the entrance is situated directly next to the Paris Theatre, this new restaurant is somewhat sequestered down a flight of stairs. But the serene, comfortable environs are anything

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: *(E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate,* $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

but cramped. Filmmaker Ismail Merchant is credited with contributing several recipes to chef Jean-Luc Kieffer's French-Indian menu. Some representative dishes include bouillabaisse, chicken biryani, French-Indian lamb stew, and ginger salmon. *8 W. 58th St. (750-7474). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Filippo—The Upper East Side never seems to tire of elegant Italian restaurants like this one. Specialties include garganelli, salmon and artichokes, and grilled orata and branzino with rosemary and garlic. *1315 2nd Ave., at 69th St. (472-6688). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Giovanni 25—This elegant regional Italian restaurant has a loyal neighborhood following that partakes of a menu heavy on game and dishes luxurified with seasonal truffles. Try the Dover sole and the black risotto with cuttlefish. *25 E. 83rd St. (988-7300). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like jumbo lump-crab gyoza and coriander-spiced tuna loin. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82n St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls Open and serving all the time. Stop in before o after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Evelyn Lounge—A lounge-style bar uncommo on the Upper West Side, with the requisite couches, armchairs, Oriental rugs and, upstairs, a cozy restaurant serving an accessible American menu o roast chicken, pork chops, steak, and burgers. *38 Columbus Ave., at 78th St. (724-2363). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Casa Pepe—Mexican and Spanish fare meld in this elegant restaurant, with garden dining in fine weather and a fireplace to warm up the gray days of winter. The seafood-heavy menu finds best expression in the zarzuela de mariscos, the paella marinera, and the tacos Vera Cruz. *114 Bay Ridge Ave. (718-833-8865). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Photograph by Robert Wright.

ASK GAEL

What's new on the Tuscan front?

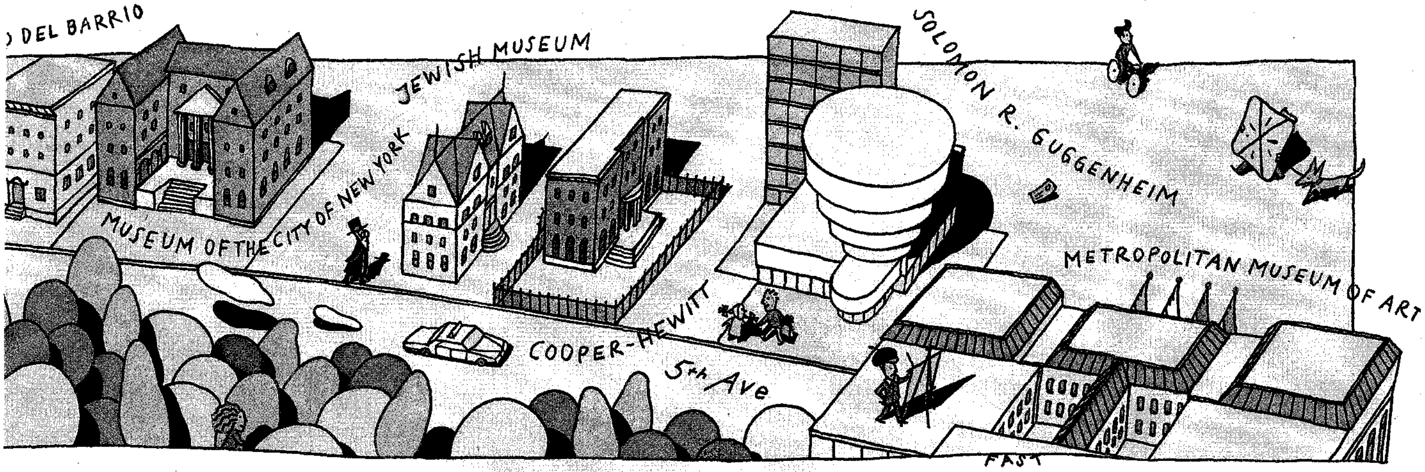
Mezzaluna's heat in 1984 ignited the rage for Tuscan cafés on the Upper East Side and spread as far as Istanbul. Now padrone Aldo Bozzi has drafted the same Florentine architect behind the uptown trattoria's artful flash to fashion the rich look of his new Osteria del Mezzaluna, opening next week on lower Fifth Avenue. Antique wood paneling, a 1790 pharmacy counter, a turn-of-the-century butcher's counter, and orange sponged walls bring mellow warmth to the new café-cum-ristorante. There will be no fusion or confusion. That isn't Tuscan. Expect carpaccio, bruschetta, and buffalo mozzarella, pizzas from the wood-burning oven, the house's familiar pastas and simple grills of meat and fish. Pasta and entrées are $11.50 to $20 at lunch, slightly more at dinner. (75 Fifth Avenue, near 15th Street; 633-9933.)

the mix

Coney Island Now...Urban Forests

Radio Highlights

ew York and Company—Weekdays at noon. 6/8: Michael Palin on *Hemingway's Chair;* Fen Montaigne on *Reeling in Russia.* 6/9: John Lewis on *Walking With the Wind;* Barry Lopez with *About This Life.* 6/10: Calvin Trillin on *Family Man;* Malachy McCourt on *A Monk Swimming.* 6/11: Mario Vargas Llosa on *The Notebooks of Don Rigoberto;* artist George Segal. 6/12: David Sedaris on *Naked.* Leonard Lopate hosts. WNYC, 820 AM.



lassic Radio—Sundays at 11 P.M. 6/14: *The Amos & Andy Show* and *Suspense,* "A Little Piece of Rope," starring Lucille Ball. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

ity Folk—Weekdays at 6 A.M. 6/10: Billie Holiday's *Lady Day.* 6/11: Largo's self-titled new album. 6/15: An encore presentation of Meg Griffin's interview with Francis Dunnery. 6/16: Country rock from Wilco, Son Volt, the Derailers, the Hangdogs, and Whiskeytown. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

asper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 6/13: The 1998 Tony Award Presentation Show. Live from Radio City Music Hall, interviews with the nominees, winners, and special guests following the presentation. WOR, 710 AM.

The Written Word

udy Blume—6/15 at 8:15 P.M.: The author of 21 books discusses writing and friendship. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

ndira Ganesan—6/9 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from *The Inheritance.* "The Salon" at Benetton, 597 Fifth Ave., bet. 48th and 49th Sts. (685-4300, ext. 118); free.

anjay Nigam—6/11 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *The Snake Charmer.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-1322); free.

elected Shorts—6/11 at 7 P.M.: Blair Brown, Cherry Jones, Lee Grant, and others read from works that evoke the art of Andrew Wyeth. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $17.

Mary Saracino—6/18 at 8 P.M.: Reading from *No Matter What.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-1322); free.

Lawrence Millman—6/9 at 1 P.M.: Reading from *An Evening Among the Headhunters.* The Small Press Center, 20 W. 44th St. (764-7021); free.

Italian-American Writers—6/13 at 8 P.M.: Reading from recent work at the Cornelia St. Café, 29 Cornelia St. (989-9319); $5 includes a drink.

Tom Perrotta—6/14 at 3: Reading from *Election.* The Sculpture Garden at the Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000, ext. 334); $4 suggested contribution.

Happening **The pronounced cultural pride of New Yorkers is never more justified than during the annual Museum Mile festivities. Now in its twentieth year, the event closes down Fifth Avenue in the evening and fills it with jugglers, clowns, musicians, and museum patrons (heading, of course, to the nine institutions whose doors are open free of charge). June 9; see listings.**

Lectures and Panels

Promote Your Book—6/9 at 5:30 P.M.: Tips and techniques from the executive editor of *Publishers Weekly,* the president of Parkhurst Communications, and others. The Small Press Center, 20 W. 44th St. (764-7021); $25.

"The Working Class"—6/10 at 7:15 P.M.: Avery Corman, the author of *Kramer vs. Kramer,* will speak. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Tadanori Yokoo—6/17 at 6:30 P.M.: One of Japan's greatest contemporary artists and a founder of the Pop movement of the sixties will discuss his work. Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $10.

"Remembering Stravinsky"—6/11 at 6:15 P.M.: Robert Craft reminisces about his creative association with the composer. The Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); $10.

Summer Comedy—6/14 at noon: With Scott Blakeman, Judith Sloan, Randy Credico, and Walter Shapiro. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $25.

Cokie Roberts—6/9 at 8 P.M.: The ABC News correspondent discusses her book, *We Are Our Mother's Daughters.* 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

"The Entertainment Industry"—6/17 at 7:15 P.M.: Gene Wilder offers his insights. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Democratic Senatorial Candidate Debate—6/8 at 8 P.M.: An opportunity to hear Democratic Senate candidates speaking about their highest priorities for this campaign. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Events

The 20th Annual Museum Mile Festival—6/9 at 5:45 P.M.: Walk from 82nd St. to 104th St. and visit nine of New York's finest cultural institutions. The opening ceremony will take place at the Museum of the City of New York, at Fifth Ave. and 103rd St. (606-2296), with Mayor Giuliani, Virginia Fields, and Earle Mack; free.

The 16th Annual "Welcome Back to Brooklyn" Festival—6/14 at 6 P.M.: Leonard Lopate, host of WNYC's *New York & Company,* actors Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson, writer Frank McCourt, jazz legend Randy Weston, and many others will be on hand to celebrate the borough with three stages of entertainment, international crafts and cuisine, and 300 exhibits. Grand Army Plaza (718-855-7882); free.

Tours

Central Park—6/13 at 1 P.M.: A walking tour through New York's collective backyard. Meet at the northwest corner of 66th St. and Central Park West (439-1090); $8.

llustration by Ingo Fast.

Immigrant New York—6/13 at 1 P.M.: Visit the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, Little Italy, and what was once Little Germany, Little Ireland, and Little Africa. Meet at the front steps of City Hall (439-1090); $10.

Historic Harlem—6/14 at 1 P.M.: Investigate the history of the center of African-American culture in New York City. Meet at the northwest corner of 135th St. and Lenox Ave. at the Schomburg Center (439-1090); $10.

Brownstone Brooklyn Garden District—6/14 at 11 A.M.: Gardeners and garden lovers will delight in this exploration of private and community gardens in Fort Greene, Clinton Hill, Prospect Heights, Park Slope, and Brooklyn Heights. Call 718-855-7090 for tickets, information, and a map of the participating gardens; $8 in advance, $10 on the day of the event.

The Upper East Side—6/14 at 2 P.M.: Rediscover the architectural treasures of New York's fabled Gold Coast. Meet at the northeast corner of 78th St. and Fifth Ave. (935-3960); $15.

Manhattan's Civic Center—6/15 at 2 P.M.: An exploration of City Hall, Surrogate's Court, and the Municipal Building. Meet at St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway bet. Fulton and Vesey Sts. (935-3960); $10.

Literary Greenwich Village—6/14 at 11 A.M.: The quintessential Old New York rowhouses that formed the backdrop of many of the stories of Henry James and Edith Wharton will be stops on this tour of local literary inspiration. Call 996-1100 for further information; $18.

Chinatown Culinary Walk—6/13 at 11 A.M. and 6/14 at 2 P.M.: Sample everything from dim sum to mango ice cream with the guidance of a Chinese chef. For additional information, call Wok Walks at 925-5369; $12 includes a map and recipes. Bring a shopping bag.

Chinatown Beyond Tourism—6/13 at 10:30 A.M.: An examination of how the Chinese community lives, shops, and dines in the diaspora. Meet at Ferrara's, 195 Grand St. (935-3960); $15.

Pubs and Poltergeists—6/13 at 6 P.M.: A tour of the "haunted" taverns of the West Village. Meet in front of St. Luke's in the Field Church on Hudson and Grove Sts. (969-8262); $10.

"The Streets Where We Lived"—Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 2:30 p.m.: A regular walking tour inviting visitors to stroll the Lower East Side and discover how different immigrant groups shaped the city. Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 90 Orchard St. (431-0233); $8.

Art From Ancient Chinese Tombs—Tuesdays at noon; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 4 p.m.: A museum tour concentrating on the range of objects discovered in Chinese tombs on recent archaeological digs. Meet at the information desk in the main rotunda of the Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Call 423-3500 to confirm the day and time of the tour; the schedule is subject to change.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call 769-7020 for reservations and times; $8.

Benefits

Central Park Conservancy 1998 Noriko Maeda Spring Celebration—6/11 at 7 P.M.: An event to raise money for the ongoing care and preservation of the park, with a tasting menu by guest chefs from twenty restaurants—including Les Célébrités, Molyvos, Verbena, Payard, Ciao Bella, Osteria del Circo, and Union Pacific—a silent auction, gondola rides, dancing under the stars, and a finale of fireworks. Bethesda Terrace, Central Park near 72nd St. (310-6636); $200 in advance.

Exhibitions

Rodin at Rockefeller Center—6/17–8/31: A public exhibition of eight masterpieces, including *The Thinker.* Channel Gardens, between Fifth Ave. and Rockefeller Plaza at 50th St. (632-3975); free.

"Verdant Riches Revealed"—Through 7/31: A treasure trove of botanical and horticultural books, from a medieval manuscript on herbal remedi to rare sixteenth-century treatises on horticu ture and garden design. The New York Botanic Garden at the Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. (83 6690); free.

"Landmarks of New York"—Through 8/23: An exh bition of photographs by Barbaralee Diamonste coinciding with the release of *Landmarks of Ne York III,* which documents more than 1,000 hi toric sites. The New-York Historical Society, 2 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

"Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photograph artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years service by African-American veterans. Intrep Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (95 7055); $10.

New York From Above: An Aerial View—Through 6/1 An exhibit of 26 paintings by contemporary arti and geographer Spelman Evans Downer that cha the evolution of Greater Gotham over the pa 100 years. His work depicts historical landscap before extensive urbanization and also includ space-age satellite views of Manhattan. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contr bution.

"A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic P rades"—Through 1/10/99: Mini-floats, para phernalia, and photographs celebrating cu tural identity in New York. The City Partne Gallery at the Museum of the City of Ne York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. Call 534 1672 for more information; $5 suggeste contribution.

"Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898"—Through 6/28: The show features stars, cos tumes, and a set of models reflectin Broadway 100 years ago. The Museum of th City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103r St. (534-1672); $5.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition com memorating the consolidation of the fiv boroughs to form New York City. Th Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fift Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

Hall of Biodiversity—Ongoing: Devoted to th variety and interdependence of earth's livin things and their critical importance to huma survival, the hall includes a dramatic glob tour of nine biomes and a diorama of th Central African Republic's rain forest. At th American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); $8 suggested contribution.

"Working"—Through 6/20: The dignity o working is explored in student photograph text, videos, and performances. 1199's Brea and Roses Gallery, 310 W. 43rd St. (631 4566); free.

"SPOTS"—Through 6/22: The Society o Publication Designers will present its annual exhibition of the illustrations that energize magazines and newspapers. The Museum of American Illustration, 128 E. 63rd St (838-2560); free.

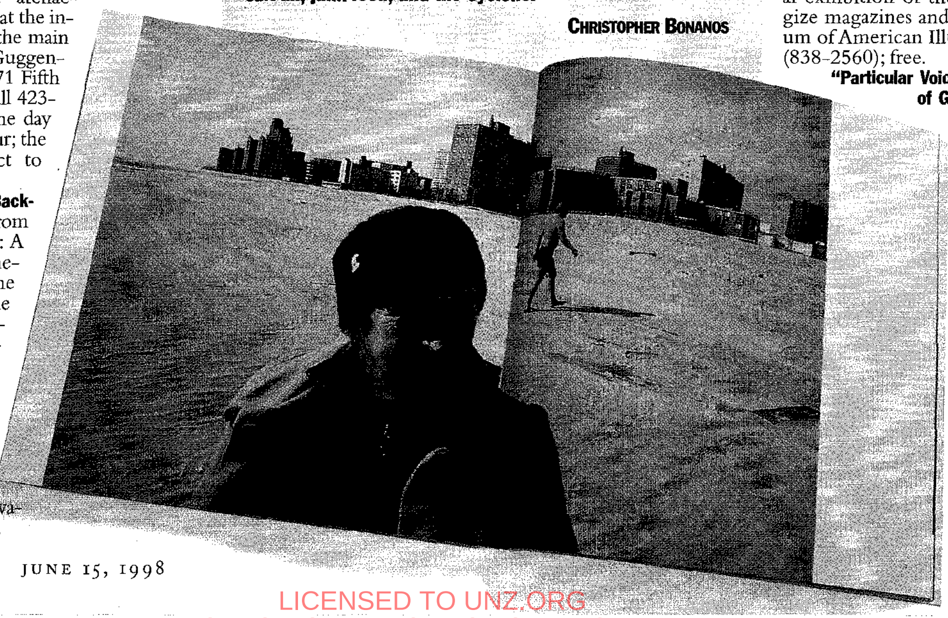
"Particular Voices: Robert Giard's Portrait of Gay and Lesbian Writers"—Through 6/27: Features 110 black-and-white prints and selected manuscripts fron the library's archives New York Public Library, Center for th Humanities, Fifth Ave at 42nd St., third floo (869-8089); free.

"Opening Windows i Time"—Through 9/27 A sculptural installatio by B. Amore featurin his own Italian ancestors (among other former tenement residents). Lower East Sid Tenement Museum, 6 Allen St. (431-0233); $ museum admission.

In Print
Advance to Boardwalk

Long ago and far away, Coney Island was a showplace, a resort where New Yorkers dressed up to "walk the boards." It was only later on, after the BMT reached Surf Avenue in the twenties and the war put the brakes on car travel, that it became a great unifier, the day-trip destination for preppies and slum dwellers alike. (Even sixties fires and seventies blight couldn't quite kill it.) And while nostalgia-drenched black-and-white photos of prewar Coney Island are evocative, they're powerful in a way that has little to do with what the place has become. The color saturation of Kodachrome was *made* for Coney Island, and Weegee himself couldn't make it look properly lurid in black-and-white. Photographer Harvey Stein works in color, however, and has been taking pictures there for nearly 30 years. His new *Coney Island* (W.W. Norton; $19.95) shows it as it is, rather than as we pretend to remember it: The worn and chipped paint on the game booths, girls in too much makeup, utterly unself-conscious men with bathing suits smaller than their mustaches. The only thing that's missing is the queasiness that comes from an afternoon of salt air, junk food, and the Cyclone.

Christopher Bonanos



Happening

Garden of Good and Plenty

People make a tremendous fuss over peak blossoms and foliage, but few take note of peak greenery—which happens to be now, before the siege known as summer parches just about everything in its path. One of the best ways to savor the current lushness is on the Brownstone Brooklyn Garden District's (self-guided) tour of 24 private gardens—some of which seem more like urban forests—and 13 community ones. June 14; see listings.

"America's Concentration Camps: Remembering the Japanese-American Experience"—Through 1/5/99: An exhibition that tells the story of this shameful chapter in American history through the eyes of the incarcerated. Photographs, mementos, and home videos contributed by some of the 120,313 people who were held in the camps—two thirds of whom were American citizens—will be on display, along with maps and statistics from each camp. Ellis Island Immigration Museum, New York Harbor. Call 363-3200 for directions to the museum and more information; $5.

Bridging New York—Through 6/28: Selections from the museum's painting, print, and photographic collections dealing with the city's bridges. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

Online

***New York* Magazine on the Web**—Follow the links in "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) to visit a new Website reviewed every day. This week: Wander the wall-less halls of an online Smithsonian exhibit; read how recent grads cope with post-high-school anxiety; honor a cancer survivor with the first cyber-quilts; just try not to cringe at the humor on Owl!; and then strut your downtown sass at the New York Webzine *Tag*. But before you leave www.nymag.com, check out all our other great stuff, like selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, plus daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," a new neighborhood guide to Brooklyn Heights, "First Words" for bibliophiles, and our Subscriber Service Center.

Sports

Buick Classic—6/8–6/14: Davis Love, Tom Lehman, and Ernie Els are just some of the stars who will participate in this PGA tournament at the Westchester Country Club. Tickets are $10 to $80. Call 800-765-4PGA for information.

TDI Museum Run—6/10 at 7:15 P.M.: More than 1,000 runners participate in this 5K after-work fun run celebrating New York's great tradition of art and culture. Call 860-4455 for information.

PowerBar 8 Flavor 8K—6/13 at 9 A.M.: Get energized for this roughly five-mile loop around Central Park. Call 860-4455 for information.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
METROSTARS						MIA MSG 7PM	
LIBERTY				CLE LIFE 8PM		HOU NBC 4PM	
YANKEES		MON MSG 7PM	MON MSG 7PM	MON WPIX 7PM	CLE WPIX 7:30PM	CLE FOX 1PM	CLE MSG 1:30PM
METS	TB FSNY 7:30PM	TB FSNY 7:30PM	TB WOR 1:30PM	FLA FSNY 7PM	FLA FSNY 7PM	FLA FSNY 7PM	FLA WOR 4:30PM
	6/8	6/9	6/10	6/11	6/12	6/13	6/14

Photographs courtesy of the Brownstone Brooklyn Garden District.

Lippert *continued from page 23*

time in human sexuality, Dr. Ruth Westheimer could say "penis" and "condom" with impunity, because her elfin body and cartoony accent made safe-sex information nonthreatening. Judge Judy, another diminutive woman known by her first name, presides in an era (routine middle-school shootings; legal clouds over the White House) when we're looking for ethics and morality in all the wrong places.

In Sheindlin's courtroom, there's no vacuum, and she's in absolute control. Her brand of justice comes lightning-fast, like judicial Cheerios, sometimes two rulings in a 22-minute period. (How's that for a culture starving for authority and closure?) From her large leather chair, Judy characterizes the actions of those who come before her with such pre–Phil Donahue terms as *good, bad, normal, stupid, crazy,* and *dumb,* which sound inflammatory given the extreme attempts by TV interviewers in recent times to appear nonjudgmental.

> *"Let me get this straight," she tells one defendant. "You have the Camaro and the stereo.* **She has the Visa bill and fond memories of you?"** *Judge Judy is an Estelle Getty figure on a tough-love bender; between her and Dr. Laura, the media have mean covered.*

"If anything, I've cleaned up my language for TV," she tells me, speaking from the country house in Putnam County that she shares, along with a midtown Manhattan apartment, with her husband, Judge Jerry. In what was a remarriage for each, the Judges Sheindlin collectively raised five children, *Brady Bunch*–style—two of hers and three of his—and now have three grandchildren. She commutes every two weeks to California to tape.

"You have to use language that people understand," says Sheindlin. "I know lawyers who practice their *Webster's* skills on litigants. There was a judge who was sentencing a 14-year-old child of poverty, putting him in jail, and he said, 'This will have a prophylactic effect.' So that entire message was lost on the kid. *Good, bad, normal, right, wrong*—these are words people understand. P.C. doesn't cut it." ■

nightlife

Kraftwerk...Cornelius...Tizol

Concerts

JVC Jazz Festival—The city's biggest, longest-running swingfest returns. It doesn't get under way in earnest until next week (and lasts through 6/27), but the Sylvia & Danny Kaye Playhouse's "festival within the festival" kicks off 6/15. Various times and locations. Call 501-1390 for information and festival brochures.

"Texaco New York Jazz Festival"—The Knitting Factory's forward-looking, stylistically vast challenge to JVC hegemony recently changed its name from "What Is Jazz?" to its new, sponsor-friendly handle. Through 6/14, various times and locations. Nightly passes, $30–$50, available at the Knitting Factory box office (see "Clubland" listing for details); tickets for individual shows available from Ticket Web, 269-4849. For complete festival schedule, including all club events, visit www.jazzfest.com on the Web. All festival events marked with an asterisk (*).

Beck—The king of cut-and-paste pop gives his *Odelay* one last, Nudie-suited hurrah before he puts out his next, highly anticipated album. With Ben Folds Five and Elliott Smith & Quasi. 6/11 at 7 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantaugh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $20.*

Harry Belafonte—The great and gruff-voiced star revisits "Day-O" and beyond. 6/15 at 8 P.M. *The Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College at Nostrand Ave. and Ave. H (764-0347). $35–$200.*

"Caravan"—Subtitled "An Adventure with the Latin Jazz Genius of Duke Ellington and Juan Tizol," this bill gives long-overdue recognition to the Puerto Rican composer of "Caravan," "Perdido," and a slew of other tunes made classic by Ellington, Gillespie, and Parker. Steve Turre, Mongo Santamaria, and Byron Stripling star. (See page 88.) 6/13 at 9:30 P.M. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $25.*

Comic Relief 8—Billy Crystal, Whoopi Goldberg, and Robin Williams host HBO's annual yuks-for-bucks fund-raiser. 6/14 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Avenue of the Americas, at 50th St. (307-7171). $65–$175.*

Paquito D'Rivera*—With David Sanchez and Ralph Irizarry & Timbalaye. 6/14 at 7:30P.M. *Hudson Tent, Battery Park City, near Chambers St. and West Side Highway (269-4849). $32.*

Bela Fleck and the Flecktones*—The godfather of bluegrass-jazz. 6/9 at 7:30 P.M. *Hudson Tent, Battery Park City, near Chambers St. and West Side Highway (269-4849). $25.*

Galactic*—With Dirty Dozen Band and Michael Ray & the Kosmic Krew. 6/11 at 7:30 P.M. *Hudson Tent, Battery Park City, near Chambers St. and West Side Highway (269-4849). $20.*

Tribute to Judy Garland—Alan King, Lorna Luft, Elaine Stritch, Jack Jones, and Weslia Whitfield star in this homage to the star. Guess we're still not in Kansas. 6/16–6/17 at 7:30 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (903-9750). $18–$75.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

The Guinness Fleadh—The "Irish-music festival" is anything but all-Celt. But if there's one thing the vastly disparate performers in this four-stage revue have in common (aside, of course, from being good to guzzle stout to), it's a commitment to music as literature, social comment, or poetry—anything but Lollapaloozoid mosh-music. Day One's lineup includes Sinead O'Connor, X, the Chieftains, Chumbawumba, Richard Thompson, and Loudon Wainwright III. Day Two sees the Indigo Girls, X, Rosanne Cash, Yo La Tengo, Billy Bragg Los Lobos, Tracy Chapman, Shane McGowan, an Frances Black. 6/13–6/14 at 11 A.M. *Downing Stadium, Randalls Island (307-7171). $40 per day.*

Performance
Stout Sounds

Sinead O'Connor headlines day one of the Guinness Fleadh (pronounced "flah"), topping a bill that features the Chieftains, Richard Thompson, and Squeeze. Other well-known Irish stars at the two-day Celtfest include Los Lobos, the Indigo Girls, and X. Randalls Island, June 13 and 14 (see "Concerts").

Illustration by Nataly Ascencios.

Joe Henderson*—A veritable tenor summit, this tripl bill matches Henderson's contemplative cool wit opener David S. Ware's bellowing free-jazz bluste With Kevin Eubanks & Dave Holland Quartet. 6/1 at 7:30 P.M. *Hudson Tent, Battery Park City, near Chambers St. and West Side Highway (269-4849). $32.*

"The Greatest Hits of Jerome Kern"—No need to lool for the silver lining in this latest installment of th Lyrics & Lyricists series. Anna Bergman, Jodi Langel, and James Lockett star. 6/13–6/15 at P.M. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100) $35–$38.*

Kraftwerk—In the seventies, these Teutonic man-machines completely reconfigured the landscape o rock with their pulsing, hypnotic electronica. An when Afrika Bambaataa discovered their "Trans-Europe Express," hip-hop was similarly transmogrified by his groundbreaking use of the song i his own "Planet Rock"—which spawned an entire dance-music subgenre based around the same beat. After a lengthy hiatus, the German threesome returns to survey the electro-empire they begat. 6/13 at noon. *Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W 34th St. (307-7171). $30–$35.*

Natalie Merchant—The erstwhile 10,000th Maniac now plugging her third solo album. 6/14 at 8 P.M *The Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (307-7171). $30*

Stevie Nicks—With Boz Scaggs. 6/14 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantaugh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $39.75–$53.25.* 6/17 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall. 260 Sixth Avenue, at 50th St. (632-4000). $52.25-$92.25.*

Pulp—Brit-pop's latest over-the-top breakout this London outfit substitutes grizzled, *film noi* romanticism for the pompous bombast that makes Oasis such a bore—and comes up with something haunting and unique. 6/16 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St (307-7171). Sold out.*

Ravi Shankar; Ravi Coltrane Quartet with Alice Coltrane*—The highlight of the Texaco festival, this show couples Shankar's thrilling and meditative ragas with Coltrane's extension of his father's similarly cerebral legacy. And, in a totally harmonic convergence, Trane widow Alice joins in on piano. Not to be missed. 6/14 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (629-8850, ext. 131). $30–$50.*

"The Best of St. Ann's"—A gala dinner and concert benefiting the renowned Brooklyn institution. The night's dizzyingly high-caliber cast includes Deborah Harry, Garth Hudson, Fontella Bass, David Krakauer, Harolyn Blackwell, Ricky Ian Gordon, Corey Harris, Susan McKeown, Cyrus Chesnut, John Kelly, Mary Margaret O'Hara, Greg Garing's Alphabet City Opry, and Jimmy Scott. 6/11 at 7 P.M. *Arts at St. Ann's, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn (718-858-2424). $40–$225.*

James Taylor—6/9 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantaugh, Long Island. (212-307-7171). $15–$39.50.*

Henry Threadgill Society Situation Dance Band*—With Butch Morris's Holy Ghost. 6/12 at 7:30 P.M. *Hudson Tent, Battery Park City, near Chambers St. and West Side Highway (269-4849). $25.*

"To Herb Ellis With Love"—Tal Farlow, Charlie Byrd, Andy Summers, and scads of other six-string-slingers salute the great guitarist, who comped for Ella and continues to lay down his own cleanly satisfying lines to this day. 6/16 at 8 P.M. *Sylvia & Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. at Lexington Ave. (772-4448). $35.*

'rumpet Mentors: A Salute to Sweets, Joe & Snooky"—Harry "Sweets" Edison, Snooky Young, Warren Vaché, and others blow their horns. 6/17 at 8 P.M. *Sylvia & Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. at Lexington Ave. (772-4448). $35.*

'our Feets Too Big: The Music of Fats Waller"—Waller guitarist Al Casey, along with Clark Terry, Ralph Sutton, Al Grey, Kenny Davern, and numerous living legends swing through "Honeysuckle Rose" and other gems from the thirties. 6/15 at 8 P.M. *Sylvia & Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. at Lexington Ave. (772-4448). $35.*

Clubland

:me Underground—Once a skanky afterthought beneath a Cajun eatery, this intimate club has been overhauled, cleaned up, and become the unlikely venue of choice for big-name rockers and legitimate up-and-comers alike. 6/9: Danielle Howle & the Tantrums. 6/13–6/14: The Kaisers; the Neanderthals. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

'lene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 6/11: Babe the Blue Ox. 6/14: Paul Simon offspring Harper Simon. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

ottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 6/10: Farm Dogs, with Bernie Taupin, Jim Cregan, Robin LeMesurier, Tony Brock, and Tad Wadhams. 6/12: Robyn Hitchcock; Clem Snide. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

owery Ballroom—The Mercury Lounge's roomy new Lower East Side outpost, where up-and-comers can hone their big-room chops. 6/10: Lloyd Cole; Baby Steps. 6/11: Blonde Redhead; the Makeup. 6/12: Firewater; Elysian Fields. 6/13: Ivy; Komeda. 6/16: Tuatara. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

rownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 6/13: Quasi. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

hicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 6/11: Heavy Metal Horns. 6/12: Tony O. 6/13: Sam Taylor, with Lil Mama. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

he Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 6/11: Underground hip-hop enterprise Lyricists' Lounge presents their weekly party, "360." 6/12: John Fahey. 6/13: Martian Lovefest. 6/15: Lhasa Cement Plant bring New Yorkers their deliciously restrained take on free-rock. "Show your ear plugs at the door," the band promises, "and receive a free kick in the ass." *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

:ving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 6/8–6/10: Sonic Youth, with Milford Graves (6/8); Solmania and King Loser (6/9); Sean Lennon and Nod (6/10). 6/12: Edwin McCain; Pete Droge. 6/15: Curve; Dandy Warhols. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

/anny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. 6/9: Gravity. 6/10: Susan Tedeschi. 6/11: Anson Funderburgh. 6/12: The Bill Perry Band. 6/13: Little Buster & the Soul Brothers. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Talent

Monkey Man

In the post-Beck era, it seems, the world is filled with genre-hopping hybridists. New Jersey duo Ween follows a tongue-in-cheek country album with a collection of sea chanteys. Belgium's dEUS samples Charles Mingus and carps about how Serge Gainsbourg was unfairly appropriated by the French (when *everyone* knows he was really Belgian). Into this stylistic smorgasbord enters Tokyo's Keigo Oyamada. Under the *nom de rock* Cornelius—borrowed from Roddy McDowall's chimpanzee character in *Planet of the Apes*—Oyamada pulls off feats of musical integration previously unimaginable: On his U.S. debut, *Fantasma*, loungey sixties pop abuts spot-on re-creations of My Bloody Valentine's early-nineties drone-rock; a Beach Boys–perfect a capella passage follows a harmonica solo just sloppy enough to make you wonder whether Bob Dylan dropped by the studio for a cameo (for the record, he didn't: Oyamada-san plays all the instruments). But for all its eclecticism, *Fantasma*'s real strength is its coherence. Symphonic in scope and structure, the album flows from song to song without breaks, and finds musical themes resurfacing in wildly different contexts: A descending theremin melody from the fluff-pop "Micro Disneycal World Tour," for instance, emerges ten songs later in the country-ish "Thank You for the Music." Oyamada got his first taste of the cultural-Cuisinart business as a teenager, playing, he estimates, in nearly twenty Tokyo cover bands, each dedicated to the music of a particular group—the Specials, the Cramps, 7 Seconds. Now 29, Oyamada is a bona fide star in Japan and runs his own label, Trattoria (which, fittingly, has the soundtrack to *Planet of the Apes* in its catalogue). These days, he plays other people's music only rarely, as on "2010," a speedy rendition of Bach's Passacaglia in C minor, backed by a drum-and-bass beat. Was the pairing an ironic comment? A radical critique of Baroque music? Sort of. "He thought," Oyamada's interpreter replies, after a lengthy exchange with the musician, "it sounded good." Cornelius makes his good-sounding New York bow at Shine, June 11 (see "Clubland" listings).

ETHAN SMITH

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 6/9: Sean Lennon. 6/10: Mach Five; Menthol. 6/11: Belizbeha; Rogue's March. 6/12: Syrup U.S.A.; Les Savy Fav. 6/13: Mary Ann Farley; Eddie Skuller. 6/15: Hayden. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 6/12: Phil Perry. 6/13: Katende. 6/15: La Tropica Orchestra and Domingo Quinones. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Shine—Open only since December, Shine's already attracting crowds, and the usual celebrity suspects, like John-John, Wesley Snipes, megacool oldtimers like Jimmy Plant and Robert Page, and Leo, Leo, Leo! 6/11: Cornelius (see box, this page). 6/12: Jeb Loy Nichols. *285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (941-0900).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 6/11: Merle Haggard; Shaver. 6/12–6/13: The Funky Meters. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 6/10: The Fat Possum records "Eyescratchers & Ball-Lickers" tour. T-Model Ford; Hasil Adkins; Elmo Williams & Hezekiah Early; Robert Cage. (Arrive early for free biscuits and gravy.) 6/15: The X-Executioners. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244) $.*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays, the Duke Ellington Orchestra. Every Friday the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 6/10–6/13: Bobby Watson & Horizon. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $10–$30 cover; $10 minimum. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

'hotograph by William P. Gotlieb/Library of Congress; Ira and Leonore S. Gershwin Fund.

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 6/9–6/14: Abbey Lincoln. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Iridium—With apologies to Kenny G, Steve Lacy is probably the most influential soprano saxophonist in the history of jazz besides Sidney Bechet, and maybe Coltrane. The horn player who best caught Thelonious Monk's angular vibe (and put it to good use with Cecil Taylor in the sixties), Lacy puts his instrument's potentially chirpy tone to downright brilliant use. He brings his trio here for a rare New York appearance, 6/9–6/14. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. The crowds are still thin on weeknights, which is a good thing for audiences: You can't keep a scene like this secret for long. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 P.M., guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight. 6/9–6/13: Michael Wolfe. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. Chill out in the sub-basement Old Office lounge. 6/9: Dave Holland Quintet; Oliver Lake Big Band; Myra Melford's the Same River Twice★. 6/10: "Summit Conference," with Sam Rivers, John Hicks, Reggie Workman, Julian Priester, and Pheeroan Aklaff; Kurt Elling Quartet; Chris Potter★. 6/11: Bobby Previte; Eric Reed Trio; Daau★. 6/12: Jane Bunnett & Spirits of Havana; Marc Ribot & Cubanos Postisos★. 6/13: Fred Hersch Solo. 6/14: Matt Wilson Quartet; the Brass Music of Thomas Chapin. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Performance

Juan's Way

You'd think the man who gave Duke Ellington classics such as "Caravan" and "Perdido," inventing Latin jazz in the process, would be a revered figure. Strangely, though, Puerto Rican composer Juan Tizol (1900–1984) has remained comparatively unsung. With their June 13 show "Caravan"—the first all-Tizol program, *ever*—Steve Turre, Mongo Santamaria, and five well-versed compatriots aim to change all that. (Merkin Hall; see "Concerts" listings.)

Photograph by Hiroshi Nomura/Matador Record

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. Through 6/14: Chucho Valdés Quartet. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Toyota Comedy Festival—A ten-night, citywide yukfest. Highlights include appearances by *Newsradio*'s Andy Dick, Bob Newhart, and Friars Club stalwarts Alan King, Freddie Roman, and (if we're lucky) Joey Adams. Through 6/13, at various times and locations. For information, call 977-1100. All shows marked with a dagger (†).

Bob Newhart†—The highlight of the festival, the hero of seventies comedy returns to stand-up. With Joy Behar. 6/12 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). $30–$55.*

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Tuesday–Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fri. and Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 6/9: Salsoul Sketch Comedy; Twist† Fest. 6/10: Julie Halston's New York; Spilt Milk Sketch Comedy. 6/11-6/13: Wendy Liebman†. 6/12-6/14: Paul Mooney†. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—Chelsea's high-class variety showplace offer's sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and music—all in a theater vaguely reminiscent of the old *Late Night With David Letterman* set. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. 6/9: "The Best of Freshly Squeezed Talent"†. 6/10: Joy Behar; Susie Essman; Judy Gold and others†; "The Big Bad Music Show PrimeTime"†. 6/11: "Great Teenage Death Songs of the '60s" with Chris Cerf†. 6/12: "The Best of Central Fungus" with Jeff Mackin, Euphobia, Dale Goodsen; Jessica Woods; Tammy Faye Starlight and others†; Dave Chappelle†.*253 W. 28th St., (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 6/11: A Moonlight Comedy Boatride with Dave Chapelle, Colin Quinn, Darrell Hammond, Mario Catone, Susie Essman and others†. 6/8–6/14: Best of L.A. Comics with Mark Cohen; Rondell Sheridan; Allan Havey; Jon Manfrellotti. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and 12 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

"Comic Relief Unplugged"—6/13 at 9 P.M. *Catch a Rising Star, 253 W. 28th St. (697-1386). $350.*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 6/9: Craig Kilborn; Paul Michael Mercurio; JR Havlan; Ray James; Steve Rosenfield; Jim Earl; and Louis Black†. 6/10: John Bush; Dan Naturman; Michael Epps; Tim Young†. 6/11 & 6/12: The Milk Duds†. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82 Sts. (861-9386).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial come spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8: P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10: P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknigh Two-drink minimum. 6/10: "Baby Boomer H mor"; "White Trash Comedy," featuring J: David, Jum Gaffigan, and others†. 6/11: Ward Wheeler; Third Rail; Comedy Express†. 6/1 6/13: Tom Rhodes; Keith Robinson; Greg Gir do. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

HERE—6/9: "Color Me Richfield"†. 6/10–6/1 Anita Liberty†. 6/11: The Bert Freshners 6/12–6/13: "Why Is the Clown Yelling At Us with Marc Maron; The Bert Freshners†. *145 Si Ave. (647-0202).*

Luna Lounge—At Monday night's "Eating It," mer bers of *The State* and *Saturday Night Live* turn regularly, as does Janeane Garofalo. Expect lots personal monologues, of a post–Spalding Gray v riety, plus the odd freak in dime-store costum and glitter-encrusted wings performing numbe from the Krofft Superstars show. Some of it is su cessful, some is not, but none of it is Jay Le warmed over. $5 cover. *171 Ludlow St. (26 2323).*

Solo Arts Group—6/9: "Smorgasbourne" featuri Emmy Laybourne†. 6/11: Upright Citize Brigade†. 6/12: "Ralph Fiennes Is Ralph Fienne with Mike Bleiden and Jason Nash; "Ratbit with Scott Prendergast†.*36 W. 17th St. (87 7900, ext. 1348).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known drop by here unannounced to warm up for *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Show Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11: P.M. 6/9: DCA Showcase; The Best of Tri-Sta Comics†. 6/10: "Comic Kids"; Eric Kornfiel Tom Hertz; Tom Slade; Zach Galifianakis; Mil Estime; Corey Kahaney; Mike Royce†. 6/1 Jamie DeRoy; Chris Araidi; Laurie Kilmartin; Ji Morris; Rob Magnotti; Joey Vega.†. 6/12–6/1 Mike Estime; Tom Stade; Tom Hertz; Zach Galif anakis; Caroline Rhea†. 6/14: "Young Friar Showcase," hosted by Abe Hirschfeld. *236 W. 78 St. (595-0850).*

Surf Reality—The Lower East Side's fave spot f sketch and improv, slackerly and otherwis 6/11–6/12: "Toilet: A Live-Action Sitcom 6/13: "101st congress of Unnatural Acts†." *17 Allen St., second floor. (673-4182). $.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major ove haul, the Oak Room hosts some formidab names in its cozy environs. Through 7/4: Su sannah McCorkle. *59 W. 44th St. (840-680*

Cafe Carlyle—Pianist–raconteur–bon viva Bobby Short is back for his annual sprin run. Tues.–Sat. Every Monday, Woody Alle swings through the early set with Eddy Dav & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:4 and 10:45 P.M. $50 ($25 for Davis's lat Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hote Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newe post-show snuggery, right next door to a overwrought Russian restaurant—steer cle of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen an you'll be fine. Through 6/20: Steve Ross "Hooray for Love." Tues.–Thurs., sets at P.M. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $4 cover; two-drink minimum. *363 W. 46th S (586-0244).*

Michael's Pub—Julie Wilson's standing-room-onl show at the recently relocated boîte has been ex tended into an open-ended run. Sets at 9 and 1 P.M. $20 cover, Tues.–Thurs.; $25 cover Fri.–Sa $15 minimum. *Bill's Gay '90s, 57 E. 54th St. (75 2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, an wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtow Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinne is at 6:30 P.M. $50 cover. All summer long, "I Lov New York" celebrate the Big Apple in song. *3 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

in concert

Phildanco at the Joyce

Classical Music

Tuesday, June 9

lfo Del Monte, Tenor—Performs Italian art songs nd French and Italian opera and operetta arias. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $20.*

Wednesday, June 10

ith Sainte Croix, Composer—A performance of her *Visions of Light and Mystery. Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $15.*

Thursday, June 11

dor Szederkenyi, Violin, and Sylvia Shadick-Taylor, Pino—Perform modern chamber works by Stra- inksy, Carrabré, Prokofiev, others. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. 247-7800), at 8; $28.*

gemusic—Quartet performances of Dvořák and chumann. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brook- yn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; 20–$30.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Friday, June 12

Taipei Percussion—Performs works by Wen Loong-hsing, Lai Deh-ho, others. *Taipei Theater, McGraw-Hill Building, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 48th St. (373-1850), at 7:30; $15.*

Sunday, June 14

New England Symphonic Ensemble—Performs the world premiere of John Leavitt's *Northbrook Psalms* as well as *Missa Festiva* and Feldman and Marcus's *River in Judea. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$65.*

Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra—Performs an all-Brahms program with choruses. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $16–$65.*

Bargemusic—See 6/11, at 4:30.

Taipei Percussion—See 6/12, at 2.

Previews

Time to Breathe

Eiko and Koma get more than their fair share this week, when they'll spend eight hours a day concentrating on that most involuntary physiological activity for their new work, *Breath*. The trancelike piece from the Japanese dancer-choreographers is playing at the Whitney, an appropriate venue for movement so minute and precise that the duo could be confused with a sculptural installation.

Monday, June 15

Manhattan Chamber Orchestra—Performs works by Howard Cass, others; Richard Aulden Clark, conductor. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $15–$30.*

Kirsten Agresta, Harp—Performs works for harp, including compositions by Francisque, Houdy, and Britten. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $28.*

Opera

Amato Opera—Performs Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, 6/12 and 6/13 at 7:30, and 6/14 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dance

Eiko & Koma—Perform *Breath*, a "live installation." *Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3600); free with museum admission.*

Phildanco—Performs choreography by Ronald Kevin Brown, Milton Myers, others, 6/9–6/13 at 8, 6/13 and 6/14 at 2. *The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $28.*

American Ballet Theater—Performs choreography by Balanchine, Robbins, and Martins, 6/12–6/17. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $18–$115.*

New York City Ballet—Performs classics from the repertoire, 6/12–6/17. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $15–$68.*

Coco Girls—Las Flamencas—Perform *10 Seconds of My Fame*, 6/2–6/6 at 8. *St. Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (579-3949); $25.*

Gordon *continued from page 41*

Once the furor over *20/20* subsides, the biggest remaining headache at ABC News will be fixing the Godzilla-size disaster that is *Good Morning America.* In a year when NBC's *Today* show could boast of a 7 percent increase, to 6.2 million viewers, and newly feisty *CBS This Morning* posted a 14 percent increase, to 2.9 million viewers, *Good Morning America* has stumbled badly, as the show's ratings fell 13 percent, to 3.9 million viewers. The show had long been produced by ABC's entertainment division, but in 1995, as ratings began to sag, it was kicked over to a reluctant news division to produce.

ABC News doesn't know *what* to do with the program. In desperation, ABC executives seem to be trying everything at once. *GMA*'s anchors have been replaced, its executive producer has been replaced twice, and the set's been redone. In a nod to the *Today* show, *GMA* is moving to a ground-floor studio in Times Square next fall. But so far the new show continues to flop.

GMA's recent hiring of antediluvian gossip maven Cindy Adams seems like a stroke of desperation, but hey, you never know. More worrisome for ABC's reputation as a news organization was the show's broadcast heralding the opening of Animal Kingdom, the new Disney theme park. Other news shows covered the story, but *GMA* presented what amounted to a two-hour infomercial for Disney. Weatherman Spencer Christian kept gushing about how "authentic" the African villages were, while McRee likened the work of creating the park to "the Book of Genesis." It was positively painful to watch an obviously uncomfortable McRee lob Michael Eisner such softball questions as "Would Walt Disney approve of this?"

Asked about the much-maligned segment, Westin grimaces and offers a lawyerly defense. "Insofar as it happened, it didn't come from Disney. There was no pressure from Michael Eisner," he insists. He defends the show as visually entertaining television, adding that *GMA* did include a story about animal deaths at the park. "It's awfully difficult five days a week to get your stride right," he admits, "to show some enthusiasm but not go over the top."

No one will ever accuse Westin of going over the top. But that may be the point. David Westin's appointment represents a diagnosis by Iger and the Disney hierarchy that what ABC News needs is not an Arledge-like avalanche of new ideas but a period of stability. What Westin offers is a calming humane presence amid the hurly-burly of competitive and corporate pressures. But is he the man to restore ABC's former glory? Stay tuned. ▬

kids

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Street Circus...Dancing Boroughs

Children's Events

Museum Mile—To celebrate 100 years of the consolidated city of New York, along with 75 years of the **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,** five huge puppets—each representing one of the boroughs—dance up a storm. Accompanied by Great Small Works and their Invisible Hand Orchestra, schoolchildren are invited to parade down Fifth Avenue with the twelve-foot personifications of their borough, starting at about 6:30 P.M. All the museums from 104th Street to 82nd Street will be open, free of charge—each with appropriate festive hoopla. At the annual chalk block party at **EL MUSEO DE BARRIO,** for example, kids decorate the avenue with chalk as they see fit. 6/9 from 6 to 9 P.M. (For further information, call the Museum of the City of New York at 534-1672.)●●

Nosy—A musical version of *Pinocchio* is presented by the Bronx Arts Ensemble and the Belmont Italian-American Playhouse 6/14 at 2. **LOVINGER THEATER,** Lehman College, 250 Bedford Park Blvd. West, the Bronx (718-601-7399); $7.

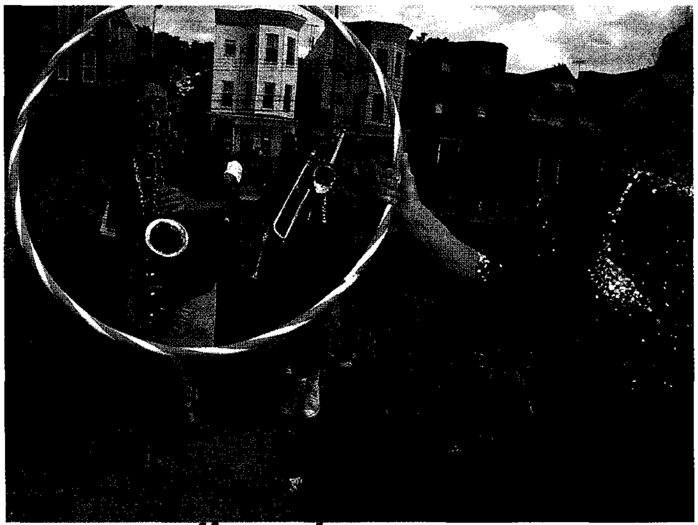
Reopening—Remember the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF THE ARTS**? Not to be confused with the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN**, CMA was a smallish SoHo-based "doing museum," a big hit with kids weary of gallery-hopping who wanted to make some art themselves. The original Spring Street location closed in September of last year, but thankfully, as of 6/6, it has new digs. The museum will be in a "building phase" until the September grand opening, but many of the most popular features are already back: the Ball Pond, drop-in art activities, and a spectacular new playhouse. Hours are Wednesdays noon to 7 and Fridays and Saturdays noon to 5. 182 Lafayette St., bet. Broome and Grand Sts. (274-0986); $4 .

Twin-Based—Most people are so busy looking up at the World Trade Center towers that they don't notice the five-acre **AUSTIN J. TOBIN PLAZA** at its base. The entirely flat, paved plaza is the site for several family-oriented events this month. See the premiere of a Showtime film, *Escape From Wildcat Canyon*, 6/13 from noon to 2. Coming up (6/27 from noon to 2): "Children's Super Stars Days" will include short performances by a group called Medieval Times that re-create that era of knights in shining armor. Just off Church St. bet. Liberty and Vesey Sts. (435-4170).●

Toad of Toad Hall—Syracuse Stage's lush musical production of *The Wind in the Willows,* adapted from the children's classic Kenneth Grahame came up with to entertain his son Alastair at bedtime, includes the show-stopping "I, Glorious Toad," the auto-fixated amphibian's love song to himself. Through 6/14. **NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10–$25.●

Homing—The colorful annual "Welcome Back to Brooklyn" festival gives kids opportunities to shoot hoops, hear African drumming, watch Arab dancing, try out in-line skating, and take in an exhibit of the "Jewels of the Romanovs." A parade of 1,200 marchers—many dressed in the clothes of their countries of origin—proceeds from the **BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART** to Grand Army Plaza. Baboons, wallabies, burros, and other animals hold informative open houses both at the plaza (from noon to 6) and at the **PROSPECT PARK WILDLIFE CENTER** (from noon to 4:30). A free shuttle bus links festival sites, 6/14 from noon to 6. Entertainment is free and participating museums waive their admission fees. For more festival information, call 718-855-7882, ext. 54, or visit www.brooklyn.org/welcome.●●

Slam Dancing—Hard to believe that in 1998 five teams of fourth-, fifth-, and sixth-graders representing eight New York City schools dance the steps of the merengue, fox-trot, rhumba, tang
and swing. The competitive event, known as t
"Colors of the Rainbow Team Match," is unc
the auspices of the American Ballroom Thea
Company. Arrive early to get a seat. **DE SO
SCHOOL,** 143 Baxter St., bet. Canal and Grand S
entr. on Hester St. 6/11 from 5 to 6:30.●●



Happening
Circumnavigation

Bessie-award-winning Circus Amok's gender-bending, Giuliani-baiting, jaywalking—on stilts—spectacle appears this week in front of Coney Island's Cyclone (June 13 at 4) and at Tompkins Square Park (June 14 at 4). Dressed in a low-backed blue gown, the proud-to-be-bearded ringleader Jennifer Miller addresses "ladies, gentlemen, boys, girls, and the rest of us" in neighborhoods all over the city. For times and locations of other free Circus Amok performances (all summer long), call 477-5829, extension 315, or visit www.ps122.org.

Tall Tale—Sail out of the **SOUTH STREET SEAPORT,** a
the twentieth century, on H.M.S. *Rose,* the larg
active wooden tall ship in the world. Sailors ne
to be 10 years of age or older; no prior sailing e
perience is required. Day trips set off at 9 and
turn at 6 on several weekends from now throu
August. To reserve, call 748-8786. The cost, whi
includes lunch, is $150 per person.

Downsizing—Susan Delery Whedon, formerly w
the York City Opera, performs *The Land*
Smiles—on a somewhat smaller scale—with
troupe of hand and rod puppets at noon. A pup
production of *Cinderella,* staged to the Prokof
score, follows at 1:30. Weekends through the e
of June. **PAPAGENO PUPPET THEATER,** 462 Colum
Ave., near 82nd St. (874-3297). Reservations
quired; $5.

Getting To Know You—A bunch of successful ch
actors—including Simba's understudy in the c
rent Broadway production of *The Lion King* a
Gloria in *Wait Until Dark*—moonlight in *Bro*
way Kids Sing Broadway. Show tunes in the p
gram include "I Won't Grow Up," "Fo
Glorious Food," and "It's a Hard Kn
Life." Weekends at noon. **JOHN HOUSE
THEATER,** 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220). Ti
ets are $20.

Florals—**WAVE HILL** is awash in flowers at t
time of year, and so naturally the glori
oasis of nature is also awash in "J
Bloom" flower-related activities. Famil
are invited to sketch as well as combine
vorite flowers to make a garden coll
6/13 and 6/14; next weekend (6/20
6/21), bring a T-shirt or a tie to decor
with images of poppies for Papa (as a
ther's Day gift). The workshops are give
1 and 4 at the 28-acre public garden's K
lin Learning Center, W. 249th St., and In
pendence Ave., Riverdale, the Bronx (7
549-3200). Free with admission to
grounds: $4, $2 students and seniors, fre
charge Saturdays from 9 to noon.

Uphill—*Everest,* the acclaimed, not-for-t
faint-of-heart IMAX movie about a rec
ascent to the summit of the world's tal
mountain, is shown four times a day all summer, in the nation's largest domed IMAX theater. **LIBERTY SCIENCE CENTER,** Liberty State Park, Jersey City, New Jersey (201-200-1000). Combined admission to the museum and the Kodak Omni Theater is $13.50, $11.50 students and seniors, $9.50 children ages 2 to 12.

Urban Pleasures—Children are welcome to sit at tables in **BRYANT PARK** and play chess any day that weather permits—all summer long. Free chess lessons for children are also given weekdays from 2 to 4, sponsored by New York Chess and Backgammon. Younger children can play with wooden toy sailboats in the park's elegant fountain (for $1 per half-hour). Bryant Park is bordered by Fifth and Sixth Avenues and 41st and 42nd Streets.●

C U

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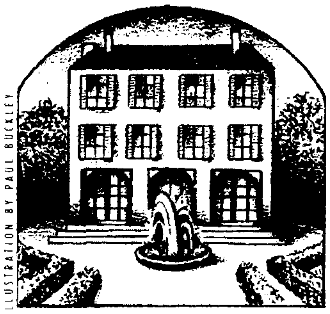

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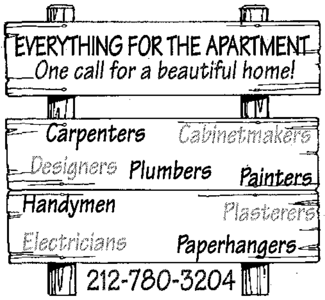

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Ready At Last—I'm an attractive, intelligent, European-born, nonpracticing Jewish widow living on LI - creative, artistic and very family-oriented, somewhat sophisticated but very down-to-earth, with a great sense of humor. Love city culture and offerings, but need country living. Love traveling and being at home. I'm happily well-adjusted, physically active, in good shape and a nonsmoker. Ready at last...to meet a fun-loving, healthy, attractive, independent gentleman, 55-70ish, of similar background, to share same and new interests and pleasant times. Please send note and photo. 3926 ✉

Asian Woman Sought—For summer romance. Successful, travel-weary investment banker with international Wall Street firm; single white male, 35, 6'1", 195 lbs, good-looking and in-shape, dark hair and eyes, with disarming smile and humor, strong sense of self - therefore money and job clearly not defining issues. You: 25-35, attractive, slim with expressive eyes. More importantly, you are "real", independent, inquisitive, confident, have a point of view, live to laugh, are witty enough to keep up and comfortable with who you are. If you don't have trouble getting a date, just getting the right date, change your life - answer this ad. Photo/note appreciated. 3942 ✉

Gay White Male—37, corporate exec, seeks 30ish, stylish, successful guy with a great attitude, winning personality, busy schedule and a passion for the culinary arts. Photo/note, please. 3918 ✉

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Dynamic, Desirable—Very attractive, professional NJ woman, slim, great smile, seeks educated, handsome, fit white male, 45-58, for endless possibilities. Note/photo. 3917 ✉ ☎

PhD Candidate—White male, 44, marriage-minded, seeks tall, intellectually curious, emotionally available woman to dive into the deep blue. 3993 ✉ ☎

Strawberry Blond—Green-blue eyes, JD, 32, fit, Jewish - loves movies, travel and a good laugh. Looking for a man with similar interests to share good times. Photo. 3919 ✉

Handsome, Athletic, Cultured—40s, seeks female counterpart. Photo. 3961 ✉

Is There A Doctor In The House?—This upscale, very attractive redhead, successful businesswoman, 5'4", shapely, would like to meet you. I'm down-to-earth, fun, love the country, outdoors and animals. Seek professional, successful, soft-spoken, caring, generous individual, 5'10" plus, 50 or over. 3950 ✉ ☎

Woman Of Substance Sought (32-42)—By unconventional, 5'8", 155, 48, LI male (think quiet country about an hour east). Looking for attractive, physically fit, nonsmoking counterpart with time to travel and enjoy life's rewards, such as the love of animals and the beauty and adventure of nature. Nonworkaholic a must. Note/photo/phone. 3947 ✉

Handsome Professor—Age 50, seeks adventuresome, lovely younger woman, nonsmoker. Photo. 3925 ✉

6'5", 45-Year-Old Single White Male—Seeks special 25-45-year-old, single white female for relationship. I am a published author who lives off the beaten path. I like movies, going to the beach and baseball games in the summer, and watching NFL and NBA games in the fall. Phone number please. 3956 ✉ ☎

Not Looking For Marriage—Near-30, slender, pretty, creative professional woman seeks captivating man, 25-35, with a love of the arts, laughter and more. Nonsmoker. Note. 3940 ✉

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Strictly Personals, 2 Park Avenue,
11th Floor, NY, NY 10016
***Excludes Fall Preview & Year-End Double Issues.**

Beautiful, Single Professional—Successful, white Catholic female, 41, who loves dining, sports, theater, music and the beach. Seeks professional man, 5'9" plus, 39-52, with similar interests, for a monogamous relationship. Photo. 3915 ✉

Handsome, Sincere, 6' Gentleman—Dentist, 41. Seeks pretty, warm, intelligent lady. Photo/bio. 3973 ✉

NJ Beauty—With great style and passion for life, seeks CEO or MD, 40 plus, with desire to love and be loved by successful, secure, sexy woman. Photo a must. 3895✉

Gay Japanese Executive Man—40s, loves opera/jazz/movies/travel/swim. Seeks Asian professional or executive, 35-45. Photo/phone/note. 3904 ✉

Successful Christian Male—Good-looking, slim, 40s, professional, unencumbered, many interests, seeks female for good times and hopefully forever. 3980✉☎

Beautiful Blond/Blue—30, 5'7", single Jewish lady - slender, athletic, successful professional - enjoys outdoors, reading, film. Seeks fit Jewish man, 30-40, with solid values and integrity, for a possible soul connection. Note/photo. 3930 ✉

European Woman—43, 5'11", trim, seeks a tall, trim man to share concerts, opera, tennis, good food, beach and travel. Kind, considerate and honest a must. Smoker or nonsmoker, tolerant of the habit. Photo. 3911 ✉ ☎

Bullseye—Bright, pretty, humorous woman with adventurous spirit, seeks intelligent, handsome, sunny, communicative man, late 30s-40s, for love, laughter and life. Photo. 3914 ✉ ☎

Reward Offered!—The refined (50-60) gentleman I seek possibly does not peruse the personals. Please tell your boss/client/father/neighbour that a unique, elegant and intelligent British-born Jewish woman, with a passion for adventure, awaits his inquiry. I energetically play tennis, cycle, ski, cook, travel, renovate old houses and antique. Captivating and eminently presentable, at my ease in town and out. Life is never dull around me. 3984 ✉

Playful Goddess, High IQ—Very attractive, witty, educated Jewish female, 49, seeks male counterpart. 3955 ✉☎

Shining Star Looking To Share Orbit—Me: female, 40ish, Jewish Manhattanite with no baggage, who is attractive, active, sensual, romantic, honest and humorous. You: 45-60, classy, successful, cultured and passionate. We: desire fun, shared interests, and seek the possibility of an enduring and committed relationship to develop. Note/photo/phone. 3970 ✉

Divorced White Male—44, 6' tall, attractive, fit, Catholic, emotionally and financially secure, successful professional but not a workaholic, lives in Queens, seeks 34-40ish woman who is fit and fun, to enjoy laughter, adventure and romance, for long-term relationship. Note/photo/phone. 3946 ✉

I'll Show You Spectacular Photos—From Yellowstone. I'll be a loyal friend. I'll laugh at your wicked sense of humor. I'll cherish your gentle, generous side and admire your success. Now just tell me you're 45-55, nonsmoker, and want a serious relationship with a pretty Jewish professional. Photo/note. 3936 ✉

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New York Magazine, Box # ______
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Affectionate, Energetic, Optimistic
And kind Jewish female seeks counte
part. Slim and very pretty, loves travelin
skiing and picnics in Central Park. I'
looking for the fun and fulfillment of
great relationship. Seek caring, succes
ful, single Jewish male, 39-47. 3981 ✉☎

Handsome, Elegant, Kind, Secure
Seeks slender, educated lady, 50s. Danc
theater, travel... Photo/note. 3879 ✉

Witty California Gal—Ex-model, see
decent, directed, intelligent Christi
man, 38-53. Note/photo/phone. 3978 ✉

Strong Yet Tender—Attractive, sel
aware, Jewish professional male, 5'11
fit, adventurous. Seeks Jewish femal
30s, for marriage, family. 3963 ✉

Tall, Handsome, Charming—Gentl
man, 46, intuitive, witty, perceptiv
pinstriped, fit and Jewish, who loves ball
and jazz - seeks relationship with bea
tiful, bright, upscale, personable, vibra
fascinating, available, athletic, very f
leggy woman, 35-45. Photo. 3983 ✉ ☎

European-Born Black Female—We
Indian-cultured, seeks white profession
man, 38-49, with integrity and char
to share life's journey. 3933 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Bright And Warm—38-yea
old woman, 5'9", seeking intelligent a
kind gent who is open to life's swe
surprises. Photo/note appreciated. 3943 ✉

Psssssst!—Very good-looking, in-shap
34-year-old Wall Street profession
(MBA) who splits his time between NY
and southern CT. Although successful, I'
down-to-earth, have solid family valu
and a great sense of humor/adventur
Hopefully, you are slim and sexy, wi
model looks, a creative mind and
engaging personality (am I asking t
much?)... Like me, you probably wo
a lot and find it tough to meet quali
people. You're also probably hesita
to answer this ad even if your instinc
tell you to do so. Anyway, if this hits hon
or sounds interesting, let's get in touc
The worst that could happen is a ni
phone conversation. Note/photo. 3974✉

Pretty Professor—Shapely, genuine
attractive woman, 5'7", both serio
and fun - loves theater, dining, skiin
nature. Seeks warm, open, good-natur
professional man, 50-62, for friendshi
romance and possible long-term relatio
ship. 3949 ✉

Fore—Enjoy golf... Patience and sen
of humor on and off course a mu
Professional lady, 51, slim, Jewis
nonsmoker, widow - enjoys golf (for fu
travel, music. Seeks "mensch", mid-la
50s, with same qualifications. Note/pho
(optional). 3967 ✉

NYMessage

ttractive NY Woman Artist—50, seeks omen friends to share movies, museums, onversation, etc..."girl things". 3929 ✉

'anted: Partner For Parenthood—incere, attractive, fit, financially secure lder gentleman seeks bright, healthy, ncere woman, 30-40, interested in single otherhood, to have, keep and nurture a ild with his assistance. Physical relations ptional. Arrangements negotiable. Please clude photo, age, relevant information. OB 3733, Grand Central, NY 10163

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your ad in NY Messages

ll The Way"—Romantic woman who lieves it could be like the Sinatra song. tractive, slim, 44, honest, optimistic, vironmentally-conscious, who loves to nce. Overworked but enjoys theater, ovies, music and nature. Responses from man, 40-50, with a generous and caring irit, who likes to laugh, is emotionally, ysically and financially fit. Note and oto appreciated. 3958 ✉

ead Of A Children's Foundation—tractive blond female, 44, Ivy-educated, nior League member, seeks single male ysician, investment banker or other ofessional, 43-59, for a committed lationship. Note/photo/phone. 3951 ✉☎

exy, Very Attractive, Intelligent—, female attorney - enjoys movies, aveling, dancing and the Islands. eeks kind, intelligent, generous, ccessful, handsome male, 35-48, for mmitted relationship. 3908 ✉

uccessful, Semi-Retired Lawyer—Mid s, Midwestern, good-looking, seeks autiful, cosmopolitan, tall former odel/dancer type, 35-45, for life of ve, luxury and comfort. 3966 ✉ ☎

ivorced, Nonreligious—Jewish-avored math professor, 69, 5'9", YC, two children, Ivy League, bookish. eks woman, 59-71, to share life of e mind. 3997 ✉

isexual?—Jewish professional, 39, 9", fit, seeks Jewish female, under e 8, to start a family. 3952 ✉ ☎

uccessful Mensch—Handsome, uthful 56 (looks 45), loves upscale avel, tennis, art, music, fine dining, assages, skiing, laughter. Non-neurotic, od listener. Seeks trim, classy, bright dy, 40s, nonreligious, nonsmoking, beat and articulate, with zest for life. ote/photo, please. 3986 ✉ ☎

anted:—Jewish female, age 30-42, lucated, funny, warm, looks in the 7-10 nge, redhead preferred, no taller than 4", as companion to Jewish male, , 5'5", attorney, looks in the 8 range, eative, loves everything but horseback ding. No: cold-fish princesses, money-iented individuals need apply. Note ly, please. 3913 ✉

Seeking Ally McBeal—Jewish lawyer, mid 30s, athletic, professional and ambitious yet warm and charming, seeks adorable, dynamic woman, 25-33, with similar and complementary qualities. Photo/note. 3962 ✉

Tall, Athletic—Handsome and financially secure male, 30, seeks self-assured and refined woman, 22-35, with great disposition and passion for life. Note/photo, please. 3953 ✉ ☎

Good-Looking, Successful Man—Warm, witty, artistic, stylish, evolved and happy business owner, just turned 60, 5'9", divorced. Lives well, animal lover, outdoors, movies, theater, museums, well-traveled. You are very pretty, bright, shapely, 40-50. Photo gets reply. 3985 ✉

Modelish—Wants handsome Christian professional over 5'10", 38-49. 3916 ✉☎

Very New York Gay Woman—Would love to hear from a sharp, stylish lady: Holly Golightly grown-up, to share in pursuits of the heart, the soul and the city. 3992 ✉

Upper East Side Gentleman—Late 60s, 6'1", very active in business and life, seeks an attractive, tall, slim lady, 40-50, unencumbered, for a romantic, good life. Photo or no reply. 3909 ✉

Handsome Christian Widower—5'10", slim athletic build. Has holistic outlook on life. Likes nature and animals, dancing and romance. Seeks good-looking, tall and lithe Christian woman. Photo please; will exchange. 3935 ✉

Lease With Option To Buy—Pretty, down-to-earth, upbeat, witty Jewish female, creative professional, 38. Likes skiing, bicycling, travel, photography and laughter. Seeks handsome, smart, sincere, funny professional guy, 33-43, who's bought plenty of wedding and baby gifts and is ready to have friends reciprocate. Note/photo/phone. 3975 ✉

I'm—A 30-year-old, 5'7", very pretty, thin, fit, intelligent female. You're Jewish, 29-37, a handsome, secure professional looking for a lifetime partner. How come we keep missing each other? Photo a must for a response - will exchange. 3945 ✉

It's About Time—I'm a classy, very pretty, 40-year-old, Jewish blond female, professional, 5'3", who enjoys laughing, loving, tennis, dining, working out, family, friends and all life has to offer; great personality and good-natured, excellent education. I'm looking to meet a man, 35-50, with similar background, who will care for and appreciate me as I do him. Photo and phone. 3921 ✉ ☎

Mythical Man—Uncommon, savvy, urbane, well-made, mature, amiable, charming, wryly respectable, romantic and playful - racquet, tango, board games, scuba. Ready for avowal and fidelity with petite, winsome, pensive, ungathered, comely lass. Note/photo/phone. 3964 ✉☎

Sleek, Saucy Strawberry Blond—5'6", passionate spirit, athletic bent, loves to dance. Seeks cute, fun, smart Christian male, 43-51, with open heart, evolved soul and dancin' feet. 3920 ✉ ☎

Gay Man—Retired, secure, fit, seeks mate. Travel near and far, ditto. 3976 ✉

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Seeking That Special Woman—If you are 5'6" or above, nonsmoker, love sports, music, have a Jewish background, and can enjoy a fireplace with a good book and someone special next to you (I am 6', 195 lbs, active 50), and you are 35-40 and interested in having a family, send photo and note. POB 821, NYC 10156

Classy Woman MD, 54—Italian origin, seeks professional man, to 59, with strong family values. Fairfield County. 3905 ✉

Cute Beach Man—With new boat, 40, 6', 175, affectionate, romantic, loving, caring, athletic body - loves sports, tennis, biking, running, golf and dancing. Please, photo a must. 3991 ✉ ☎

Very Attractive, Slim Blond—Jewish, looking for that special gentleman, 58-65. Photo essential. 3912 ✉

Looking For A Man—60-70, who likes the arts, a man who deals with realities all day and fantasy all night. Me - a sensitive, witty, secure woman, European background, who wants a man who is secure within himself and enjoys the company of a woman with a great sense of humor. Note/photo. 3907 ✉

Gentleman—Seeks adventurous woman, 40-50ish, for NY fun. 3937 ✉

Tall, Handsome, Blue-Eyed—32, Catholic, funny and intelligent white male, seeking female, 24-29 - athletic, attractive, humorous, secure, nonsmoker. Photo, note and phone. 3988 ✉ ☎

Caring Attorney—Good-looking and marriage-minded Jewish male, 36, 5'11". Enjoys rollerblading, cycling, travel, weekends away. Seeks slim, attractive female to share the future. Note/photo/phone. 3941 ✉

Tall, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active and attractive female seeks white male, 60-65. 3965 ✉

Pretty Professional—NYC, 59, slender, elegant, affectionate, seeks talkative single male, intellectual/humanist/music lover, to 72. Photo/note, please. 3910 ✉

Pure And Open Heart—Divorced Jewish male, 38, funny, smart (PhD), attractive, athletic, muscular, 5'11", 195, seeks special woman. You should be smart, secure, funny, attractive, enjoy movies, theater and opera. I am looking for a once-in-a-lifetime love - someone to share everything with. Everyday I want to ask what I did to deserve you, and I will live every moment to make you feel the same. Note/photo/phone. 3969 ✉

Confident, Educated, Mature—Very successful and unpretentious entrepreneur. Divorced white male, dad, 6'2", 180 lbs. Seeks articulate, intelligent female with a high level of integrity for storybook romance leading to marriage/family, perhaps children (yours, mine, ours). No picture... 1,000 words. Email to: powerbroker@ibm.net or 3903 ✉ ☎

Wife Wanted—Very successful Texas businessman, 39, 6', 210 lbs. Enjoys walking, racquetball, tennis and music. Looking for a very pretty, very nice Lebanese woman for romance, friendship and family. Note/photo. 3923 ✉

Attractive LI Female—Green-eyed, slim, 51. Seeks fit, intelligent male, 49-59, to enjoy dining, walks, movies, puzzles, NY Times, laughs...together! 3972 ✉

Gay White Male—32, 5'7", 140 lbs, brown hair, green eyes, boyish looks, very handsome, compassionate, great sense of humor and fun, intellectual, enjoys movies, NYC, quiet times and music. Seeks same, 30-40, for friendship and relationship. Must be down-to-earth and have a great sense of humor, lots of affection and a great attitude. No mind games, please. Letter and photo a must. 3957 ✉

MARY ANN MADDEN #914

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

HONK IF YOU LOVE NOISE

SMILE IF YOU CAN MANAGE IT

I BRAKE FOR LUNCH

Above, bumper stickers. Competitors are invited to provide one *original* sample, please.

Results of Competition 911, in which you were asked to name up to four related characters and devise for them one or two opening lines.

Report: O Tempura. O Morays. O Morality Plays. Greek Tragedy. O Al Capp. Thackeray. Tom Wolfe. O Wine. Mathematics. Medicine (read Viagra) and Science. The occasional opening line seemed a bit forced (or as the Austrians say, de Trapp) once we heard the characters' names. As in Perry O'Dontist saying to Ruth Canal and Mal Occlusion: How's that toothache? So, for economy, we include some cast-only below. The better to see you with, my dears.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Enter Gelato, Duke of Porcini; the Duchess Polenta; and Gnocchi, a mime.
Gelato: Amuse us, wretch.
Gnocchi:
Polenta: I tire of him—can he not walk *with* the wind?

A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.
sp. ment.: Irene Gaden, Levittown, N.Y.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Enter Features, King of Syndication; Editorial, an outspoken adviser; Op Ed, the loyal opposition; Page, a page.
King: Enemy columns approach! Do many guards remain?
Op Ed: Majesty, we are finished: 30.

Leonard Sims, N.Y.C.

Enter Nicotine, Prince of Katarrh; his wife, Emphysema; and his concubine, Puff.
Prince: Emphysema, I will bed with Puff tonight.
Emphysema: Remember to use the filters.

David I. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

And Honorable Mention to:

Enter George, his son George, his brother George, his brother George, his brother George, his brother George, and his brother George.
George (one of them): Father, why?

Jeremy Newberger, N.Y.C.

Enter Prozac, King of Librium; and Zoloft, his adviser.
Prozac: The mood of the land has changed, gentle Buspar.
Zoloft: Yes, Your Majesty. At last we have found a prescription for peace.

D. Braverman, West Bloomfield, Mich.
sp. ment.: Suzie Bolotin, Chapel Hill, N.C.

Enter Chip Olestra; Bulimia, his wife; and their children, Jenny and Craig . . .

Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

Enter Pyorrhea, Besieger of Periodontium; Calculus, commander of his Northern troops; and Gingivitis, commander of his Southern troops.
Calculus: Support for the State of Periodontium is weakening.
Gingivitis: Milord, Periodontium is ours. We have just won the Battle of Edentulous Ridge.

Dr. Roger D. Kellerman, Albany, N.Y.

Enter Billy Rubin, a young man; Sarah Tonin, his fiancée; Mel A. Tonin, her father; and Nora Pinephrine, her aunt.
Nora: Your father and I agree that marriage to this man would be a dark stain on our family's bloodline!
Billy: Sarah, how can you ever concentrate with these hormones raging all around you?

Michael A. Gelman, Madison, Wisc.

Enter Euripides, Third Baseman; Socrates, Catcher; and Pericles, Umpire.
Euripides: That was clearly a Homer! Are you blind, you Cretan?
Pericles: I know you Plato win, but I'll eject you if you keep it up!

Richard Panchyk, Westbury, N.Y.

Enter Dorito, Frito, and Little Debbie, three sisters of Snackovia, and Pringle, a navy lieutenant.
Dorito: I feel such a longing to return home to Olestra.
Frito: Hush, you'll wake baby Ruth.

Jeff Tenzer, N.Y.C.

Enter Phil Ologist, a professor of linguistics, and his assistant, Stet.
Phil: So, my friend, what's the good word?
Stet: Benevolent, beneficent, beneficial . . .
Phil: Don't be a wise ass.
Stet: Iamb what iamb.

Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

Enter Macduff, Lady Postyern, Sir Ague Cheeks, and a various group of naked Druids creeping in backwards . . .

Frank Klick, Muscoda, Wisc.

Enter Pa Dedeux, a dancer; Rose Adagio, his paramour; and Leo Tard, his tailor . . .

Pericles Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Enter Mort Gage and his mistress, Grace Period, followed by Eve Icht, his wife . . .

Michelle Feeley, Arlington, Va.

Enter Johnnie Walker; his Old Grand-Dad; his friend Jim Beam; and his dog, Ripple . . .

Angela Melograno, Carlstadt, N.J.

Enter Bill Gold, CEO of Usurer Bank; Dee Fault, a teller; and Sir Charge, British Bank Examiner . . .

Edwin P. Rapport, Shaker Heights, Ohio

Enter Pop Tarts, Granny Ola, and their daughter, Mandy Rice-Krispies.
Pop: Does it seem to you that we're getting a bit stale?
Mandy: Perhaps we should try to start thinking outside the box.

John Burlinson, Austin, Tex.

Enter Dora Mater; Pia Mater, her sister; and Sir E. Brum, their cousin.
Sir E.: Dora, you're being too hard on Pia.
Dora: That's your problem, E., you think too much.

L. M. Buczynski, Somerville, N.J.

Enter Luisa Larghetto, a princess; Vivian Vivace, a courtesan; and Marcello Mazurka, a mute.
Luisa: Reinaldo Retrograde has made a most appealing overture with his rondo.
Vivian: Be cautious, dear, he's such a loose canon.

Scott Porter, Madison, N.J.

Enter Sir Grantham Alfred Gibbon, a musical-theater composer; Allegra, his paramour and inspiration; and Max Coda, an agent . . .

Richard Northcutt, Woodbury, Tenn

Enter Archie Median, Professor of Mathematical Statistics; his wife, Pi; and Sigma, a standard deviate.
Archie: Eureka! I've found the solution to Fermat's Theorem!
Pi: Big deal. Just don't forget to clean the tub when you're through.

Leonard Greenberg, Sterling, Va

Enter Basil, thane of Durkee; Cayenne, his hot-tempered daughter; Rosemary McCormick, his cook; and Oregano, his sage.
Basil: Rosemary, prithee, gaze through yonder portals of thyme. Is the weather seasonable?
Rosemary: Alas, my Lord, the weather is peppered with arrows and the smell of saltpeter from the Battle of Parsley.

Bob Kopac, Poughkeepsie, N.Y
sp. ment.: Matthew Grob, N.Y.C

Enter Stanley and Davis Cupp, brothers.
Davis: Some champagne, brother?
Stanley: Two minutes in the penalty box for you—you know I want a beer.

Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y

nter Rhonda Mouse and her suitor, Dell Doubleday.
ell: Is this truly good-bye?
honda: Don't think of it as good-bye but rather as Auf Wiedersehen.
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

nter Ada Verb and her friends, Connie Junction and Pippa Noun.
da: Connie, dear, your participle is dangling.
onnie: How embarrassing. I feel like a complete oxymoron!
Heidi Sanchez, Bethpage, N.Y.

nter Saint John of Wort and two monks, Brothers Ginkgo and Ginseng.
inkgo: But, Father! You *can* heal people. I've seen it.
ohn: No, my son. Until my prayers have been evaluated by the Feudal Directorate of Apothecaries, they are not intended to treat, cure, or prevent any disease.
Linda Laster, Arlington, Va.

nter Paul Plunger (Christopher Plummer), a political snake; and Piper Wrench (Farrah Fawcett), a common washer . . .
Ogden Nield, Hollywood, Fla.

nter Bull Chicago and two Guards.
ull (in a hoarse voice): Shoot and keep on shooting. Watch out for traps.
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

nter Viagra, King of Pharmacopoeia; his queen, Prozac; and young Prince Valium, who yawns.
rozac: It appears that someone is ready to go to bed.
iagra: Is it that obvious?
Kyle Williams, Woodbury, Tenn.
sp. ment.: Howard Slenk, Grand Rapids, Mich.

lace: A writer's mind.
nter four creative elements, Religion, Royalty, Sex, and Mystery.
Christ," said the King. "The queen is pregnant. I wonder who did it?"
Martin Christopher, Springside, Saskatchewan

nter Synecdoche, the crowned head; Metonymy, his right hand; Hyperbole, a man of vast renown; Hyperbaton, the king's retarded son; and Simile, a catlike creature.
yperbole: My liege, the moon devoured the sun!
yperbaton: That I must see.
Marcia Lloyd, Brooklyn

nter the First Couple; Yasser, a snake; and Bibi, G-d.
ibi: Everybody out of the garden, right now.
Murray J. Aronson, Long Beach, Miss.

ules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY NLY** to Competition Number 914, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **ITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by ne 19. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries ecome property of *New York*. Results and winners' ames will appear in the July 13 issue.

Kirn *continued from page 51*

furrow a little longer for the next year."

Powers, a sort of plainspoken Pynchon with the temperament of the good-guy nerd who patiently helps out struggling football players with their physics papers, reduces business to pleasing epigrams and symmetries. Again, the idea is perpetual regeneration. Clare's breakthrough product, a soap called Native Balm, is stamped with the stereotyped profile of a native American even though its psychological purpose is to cleanse the consumer of any trace of savagery. And the company, founded on freshness, draws a huge boost from the bloody Civil War and later, in its heavy-industry phase, creates factories "more hostile to life than the center of Verne's hollow earth."

Clearly, gain entails much loss and purity much filth, the trick being to maintain an upside margin, however slim, that will buy the whole dubious project another fiscal year. Powers, the writer, revels in such conundrums—they juice his giant light bulb head—but how does he feel about them? Appalled, like Dickens? Angry, like Upton Sinclair? If one read only *Gain's* corporate-history chapters, the conclusion would have to be: slightly skeptical but fundamentally awed. The price of rescuing the corporation from the behemoth cliché is to sympathize with it and respect it, Frank Norris and Ralph Nader be damned. And Powers does. His wide-angle fatalism about commerce even glints at times with Bill Gates optimism. Powers plays down but doesn't rule out the chance that the wheel of invention, toil, and speculation just may land us all in heaven someday, virtual immortals with IRAs fat enough to last through all eternity.

But then there are the cancer chapters. The revelation that Laura, who lives for her backyard plot of herbs and flowers, is dying because of the very herbicide that made her garden grow, is poignant as all hell in theory but perhaps a bit too perfect in practice—one of those truth-is-stranger-than-fiction phenomena that actually don't work in fiction because, in books as opposed to life, we know there's a human author back there somewhere applauding himself for coming up with them. What does work, though, in the same well-researched and thought-through way that the soap-making chapters do, is Powers's slow-drip, excruciating rendition of contemporary chemotherapy. Here, in these lifesaving drugs that kill—though every now and then not quite—he finally has his master metaphor for the two steps forward, one and nine-tenths steps back procession of industry that, Powers hints, is what we collectively have for hope. ■

Walter Kirn's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

NEW YORK

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

	S	T	A	T	U	E		A	R	M	P	I	T	
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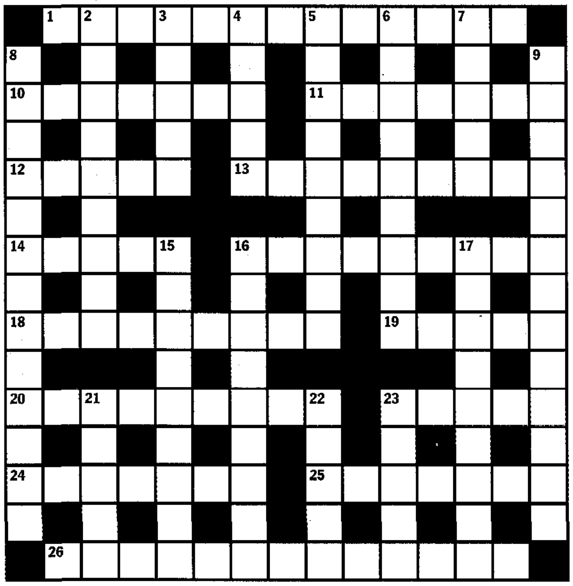
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Keep quiet! To talk rubbish is out of order. (6,2,5)
10 Become aware that lies are risky. (7)
11 A passion for European travel. (7)
12 A girl is caught in wire netting. (5)
13 Lib. defies whip! That shows scepticism. (9)
14 Acknowledge juvenile's not Conservative. (5)
16 Lord eats a consomme that's far from clear! (9)
18 Enclosed area stocked with drink is a challenge to those in the pub. (4,2,3)
19 Have a strong drink before hard trek. (5)
20 Greek goddess gets washed. That's hard and dangerous! (9)
23 Direct attention to umpire's hesitation. (5)
24 Hermit's ulcer's troublesome. Ambulance finally is here. (7)
25 Ergo, a country in Africa's a country in Africa. (7)
26 Small book stolen by one into corruption. (6,7)



DOWN

2 Agent loses head and hugs celebrity artist. (9)
3 Detachment and ensign initially get together. (5)
4 Make a change and put me in last. (5)
5 Exaggerate the number of deliveries to the gallery. (9)
6 Writer got up earlier in the afternoon to produce literary work. (5,4)
7 Artificial intelligence bears out politician was elsewhere at the time. (5)
8 Regular's career is a stock type. (8,5)
9 Often hear door forced to get another drink. (3,3,3,4)
15 Make the little beast bowl and throw. (9)
16 Exercise is about to stiffen soldiers' disposition. (9)
17 A briefcase is left with a page. (9)
21 Toulouse-Lautrec took part in producing what's right. (5)
22 Pried into agreement in Kent. (5)
23 Authorisation to wind up the clock. (5)

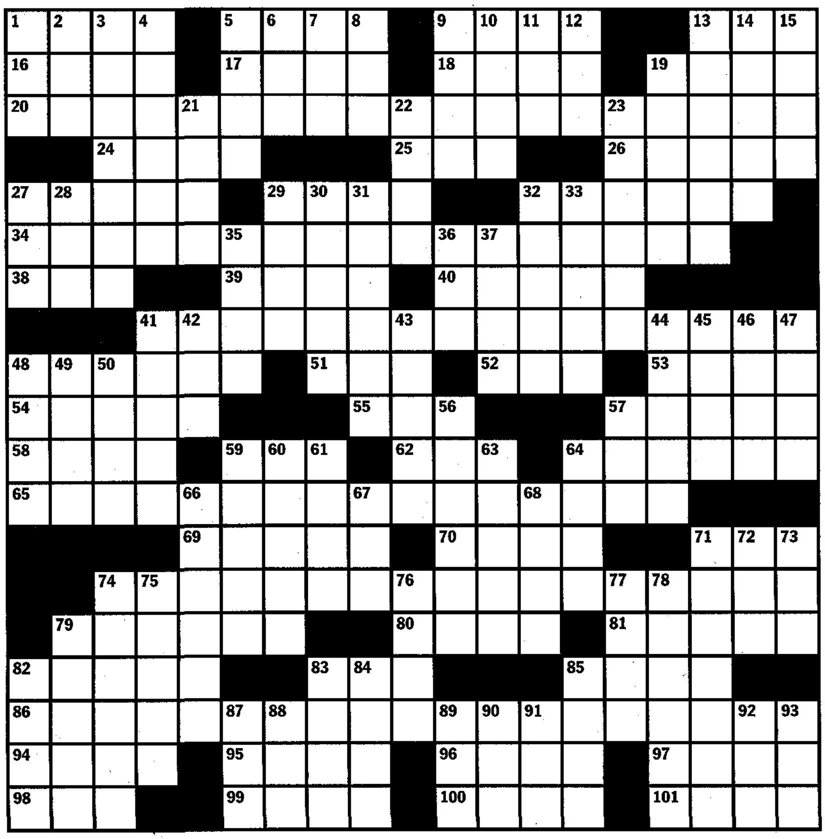
'Shakespeare Plays': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

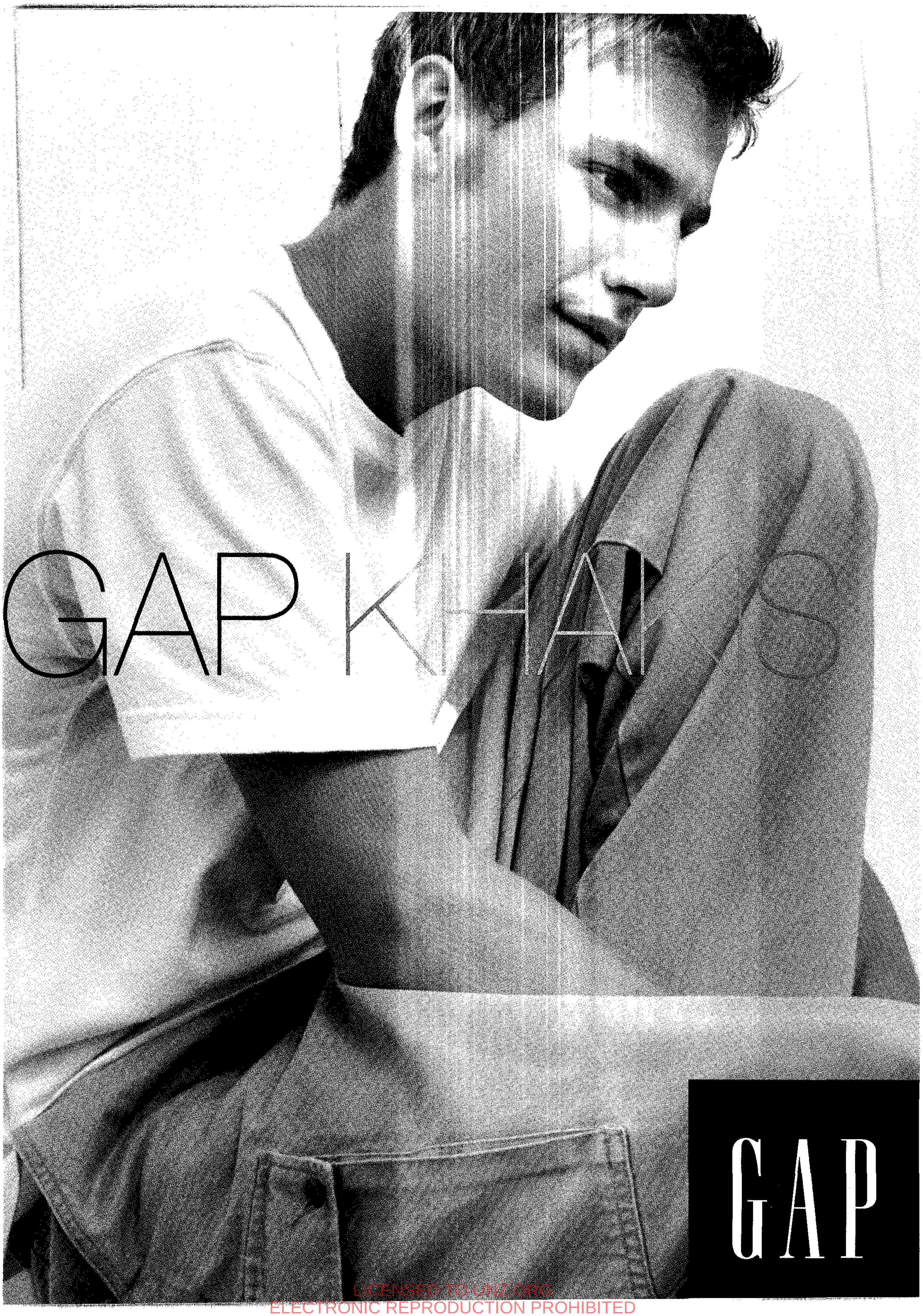
1 Impose, as a fine
5 Pirate's booty
9 Luggage piece
13 Alphabetic trio
16 Femme friend
17 Alley Oop's love
18 Sound from the lair
19 God of thunder
20 Tumult at Weight Watchers?
24 Antacid brand
25 Nancy Hanks's son
26 "My Friend" and "La Douce"
27 Playground fixture
29 Historian's subject
32 Picabo of Olympics skiing
34 Cause of stock-market killings?
38 Thumbs up
39 East of the Caucasus
40 Wernher von ——
41 How a Tory feels after winning an election?
48 Sock plaid
51 Taken for a sucker
52 ——-Cat (winter vehicle)
53 Nanking nanny
54 A Dionne quintuplet
55 What limos guzzle
57 Kin of lotto
58 Getting —— years
59 O.S.S. successor
62 Laptops, e.g.: abbr.
64 Roundup need
65 Shakespeare's auto pioneer?
69 Disengage shoelaces
70 "Mourning Becomes Electra" role
71 Los Angeles judge
74 Businessman feared by Bambi?
79 Bette and Diane's "First Wives' Club" co-star
80 Otherwise
81 Juliet's "What's in ——?"
82 City on the St. Lawrence River
83 Pay dirt
85 Toward the mouth
86 Shakespeare's smelly fellows?
94 Start of a counting-out rhyme
95 Former shahdom
96 Pebble Beach sport
97 Russian range
98 Robinson's title, in a song
99 Port side
100 Bookie's quote
101 Ride the runway

DOWN

1 On the —— (fleeing)
2 Flightless Australian bird
3 Fall guys
4 Violinist Menuhin
5 Covers with turf
6 Go courting
7 In the style of
8 Shoot the breeze
9 Food, slangily
10 Learning by repetition
11 McEwan or McKellen
12 For
13 Sounded the hour
14 Mr. Chips portrayer
15 Fractions of joules
19 Pitched
21 Last word of the Bible
22 Sworn promise
23 Air-raid warnings
27 Pig's digs
28 Bend the truth
29 Watch the birdie
30 "—— Called Wanda"
31 "Hogan's Heroes" camp
32 One of the Cassidys
33 Cape Cod town
35 Was a philanthropist
36 Reflux of the tide
37 B'way hit signs
41 Reclining
42 Grand —— Opry
43 Suit to a different medium
44 Scottish squire
45 Discontinued Dodge
46 Grand-scale tale
47 Pulled the trigger
48 Berserk
49 Hindu princess
50 Wide smile
56 Principal's place
57 Part of A.B.A.
59 Subject of a Shelley opus
60 "Candle —— Wind"
61 Diva's big moment
63 Vassals' acquaintances
64 Kind of wolf
66 Jump over
67 Hankering
68 Office quitting time, often
71 Modern-dance proponent Duncan
72 Smothers brother
73 Any number divided by itself
74 Mental deficients
75 Poem of mourning
76 Really rain
77 Historic city east of Osaka
78 Overly routinized
79 Marge Champion's husband
82 Stanch
83 Norway's patron saint
84 Budget consideration
85 Light-switch positions
87 Zilch
88 Numero of "coins in the fountain"
89 Freudian factor
90 Sleepyhead's land
91 Like Methuselah
92 '30s boxer Baer
93 "Aladdin" prince



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 103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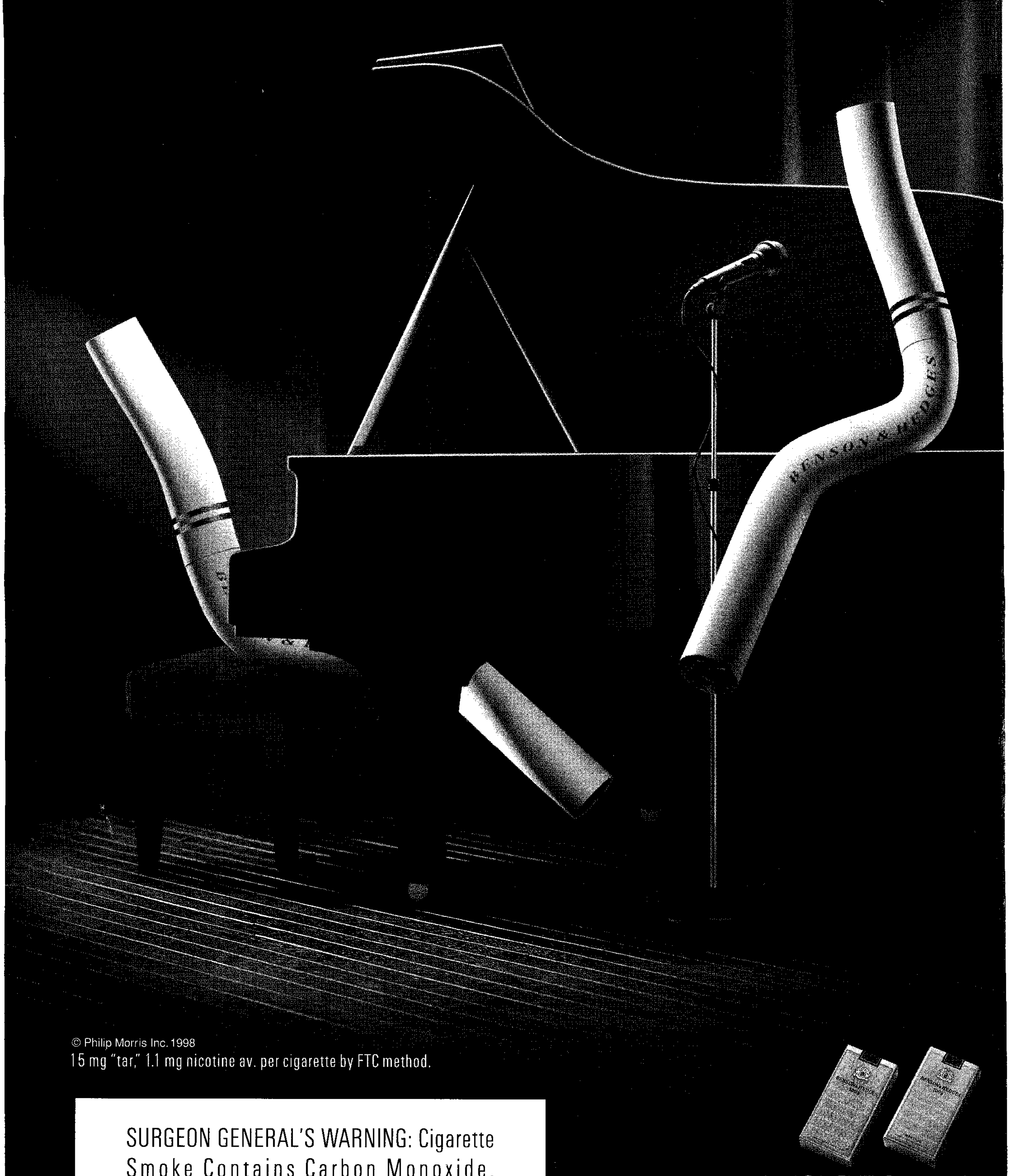
GAP

EBONY & IVORY
BENSON & HEDGES



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